

JOURNAL

OF

A TOUR

MADE BY

SEÑOR JUAN DE VEGA,

THE SPANISH MINSTREL

OF 1828–9,

THROUGH

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND,

CHARACTER ASSUMED BY AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL,

STATIONERS' COURT.

MDCCCXXX.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY T. BRETTELL, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET.

PREFACE.

The general interest and curiosity which I excited during my assumed character, has been the principal inducement for my venturing to bring to the world the following Volumes.

I am, therefore, inclined to think, those persons whom I may have had the pleasure of encountering, and who have witnessed various of my "adventures," and expressed so much anxiety for the welfare of "The Spanish Minstrel," may feel an inclination to follow him through some few more of his "eccentric movements."

This maiden step of venturing my Narratives into print, I trust will call for clemency towards the language in which they are related.

Conscious of my small resources to give good colouring to incident,—many a "funny one" has been omitted; and many, from the

more feasible reason that it would not be "quite correct."

I feel it necessary to say, that I do not vouch for various long dialogues in this Journal, being narrated *verbatim* as they occurred; but, as far as a retentive memory, and a general practice of taking notes daily can avail, I have given them: and I can confidently say, that, although they may differ slightly in language, they do not at all in the subject.

As I attempt at no more than a simple but faithful relation of circumstances, I hope my Reader will not condemn me for a want of those acquirements to which I do not aspire; and that the "universal impartiality" which pervades these Volumes will be taken as a criterion to act towards me. If so, I can have no reason to complain.

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. I.

The Author's motives for undertaking this Excursion—Is surprised in a Romantic Dream—The Whig shifted—A Companion enlisted—The Scheme investigated—A Deserter—The Journey determined on—A Stock Song promised—Disappointment—The Project nearly abandoned—The Song arrives—Final Determination—Dreaming again—Cranbourn Alley and Monmouth Street—The Minstrel's Wardrobe discussed and arranged—His Name selected—Painful Farewell with his Relations—Preparations for the Journey—The Start . . . . . *Page* 1—18

CHAP. II.

The Street—A strange Dilemma—The Greenwich Coach—A liberal Companion—Invited to Breakfast—The Route finally determined—The Chambermaid—Boots—Breakfast with my new Friends—Exercise my Calling for the first time—Rochester—I play publicly—Get several Engagements—Return Home—Scene in the tap of the Cooper's Arms, a delicate Exhibition of parental Feeling—Modern Hospitality of a Landlord—Suspected of being an Englishman—Quit Rochester—Public-House Hydrophobia—Travelling in a Van—Arrive at Sittingbourn . . . 19—38

CHAP. III.

Play to a religious Family—Generosity of an English Soldier—The little and the full-blown Rose of Sittingbourn—The Village Parson discussed—How to know an Englishman—Low Wages and early Oysters—A bit of Pigtail—Scalding hot Tea—Sympathy of two French Emigrants—Leave Sittingbourn—The Road to Canterbury—Joined by two Companions—Irish Politics—Arrival at Canterbury—Adventures in the Parlour of the Fleece Inn—Sally the Chambermaid—How to find Bugs—A new Acquaintance—Sixpennyworth of Singing—A very strange and vexatious Coincidence—The Bar of the Duke of Dovor . 39—62

CHAP. IV.

Melancholy Reminiscences at Midnight—Breakfast at the Dane John Lodge—Attend the Cathedral Service—Embarrassing Situation behind the Duke of Dovor Bar—A Thirsty Tea Party—New Occupations—Dane John Gardens of an Evening—Geographical Argument in the Duke of Dover Parlour—An unfortunate Interpretation—A Fair Specimen of Domestic Economy—The Kiss—The Druids' Club—How to grow Fat on Beer—Anecdote of Columbia—The Baker's Family—I am engaged to play at an Evening Party—A very cunning Cobbler frightens me out of Canterbury—The Waltz—I get a Letter of Recommendation to all Licensed Victuallers . . . . . 63—94

CHAP. V.

Arrive at Margate—Difficulty in obtaining Lodgings—The Pier—A bad Night—Flattering admiration of an old Lady—The pious Shoemaker and Family—Riego—A supicious Mother—The Tailor—The Margate Cryer—Go to Rams-

gate—A London Acquaintance—Lady * * *—An Adventure in a Tavern—Mr. S——, the Cook—The Ladies' School at Church—A Royalist—A cunning Discovery—A visit from the Margate Shoemaker—An interesting Tea Party—The generous Baker of Canterbury comes to Margate, and the Family send for me—I have additional proofs of their good nature—A pleasant Walk disturbed 95—121

CHAP. VI.

Invited to the Baker's—A difficult Question—Generosity of Mrs. A—— —Economical Arrangement of my Journey—Take my leave of the H ——'s—I quit Ramsgate—Columbian method of Cool Walking—Arrive at Deal—A pretty Widow—Leave Deal for Dover—Engaged to play for some Ladies at their own House—Refused admittance into Dover Castle—A good deal puzzled by a Spanish Lady—Go to the Pier, and meet my first Companion in the walk to Canterbury—Again prevented seeing the Castle—A Bargain with a Sentinel—Spend a pleasant Morning with my Patronesses of yesterday—Another Disappointment to see the Castle—Storm a Fort and enter it—Apply to the Commandant for Permission to go over the Castle, and refused

My Writing compared by the young Ladies to that of an Englishman—Boys at twenty-five—Invited to another Baker's House—A pleasant Party . . . . . 122—146

CHAP. VII.

I succeed in my Attempt to see the Castle—Disappointment—The Irish Soldier—A Bargain at the King's Arms Library—Leave Dover—Arrive at Folkstone—Sandgate—Hythe—The Barracks and circular Redoubt—Journey to Rye—Drunken Coachman—A pugnacious Lady—The Donkey Cart upset—An untoward Collision, but accidental

—Arrive safe at Hastings—I am discovered by a London Friend—The Old Castle—An Evening Party—A good-natured Husband—Serenade a Lady—Follies of divulging Secrets—Determination to quit Hastings—St. Clement's Cave—A warm Journey—Meet some Dover Acquaintances—A Disappointment—How to relieve sore Feet
Page 147—175

CHAP. VIII.

Gipsy Encampment—Their Hospitality—Invitation to stay with them all night accepted—A fatal Discovery—I escape by Stratagem—Arrive at Tunbridge dreadfully fatigued—A "hearty Tea"—The Night-mare—Generosity of the Landlord of the A—— Inn—Quit Tunbridge—Arrive at the Wells after a miserable Walk—Disappointed in Lodgings—A cheap Dinner—An old Acquaintance—A Public-House Scene—Difference between a Baker and a Miller—A new way to make Punch—My last Shilling—Wet Day—An Invocation—Sunshine, and great Success . 176—215

CHAP. IX.

Sent for by a Lady to play at an Evening Party, and excuse myself—A comfortable Night's rest—Visit the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells—A Seaman adrift—An old Sweetheart—Captain N. D.——and the flannel Petticoat—Broken Victuals—A troublesome Customer—Cross Questions—A Dance in the Kitchen disturbed—The pretty Confectioner—A lucky Thought—A cozy *tête-à-tête* spoiled—Visit the high Rocks and Trees—Quit Tunbridge—A fortunate Ride Uckfield A religious Shepherd—A French Beggar—My night Companions discuss the propriety of robbing me 216 241

CHAP. X.

Arrival at Brighton—The Quakers' Meeting—Invited to Dinner by a Friend—A walk on the Pier—The Dinner—A new Scene on Sunday—"How happy could I be with either"—The Plagiarist exposed—Again detected—Prospect of a pretty Pupil—The Quaker's Farewell—The Post-Office—A Disappointment—A stout Resolution—The Boys' School—A theatrical Scullion . . 242—263

CHAP. XI.

A naughty Old Lady—Wright's Library—I am engaged for the Evening in Hanover Crescent—Collins's Ode on the Passions, by the Scullion in Pantomime—I am engaged to teach the Guitar—An inquisitive Customer—Adventure at a Tailor's—A Brother Minstrel—An Introduction—The First Lesson—The Town discussed at the French Minstrel's—His Adventures—The Madman—A peeping Husband—The lost Husband . . . . . 264—285

CHAP. XII.

Attentions of a Polish Gentleman—A Visit to the Quakers—The Tarts in Danger—How to get well out of a Scrape—An Invitation to the Kitchen—A Dance; or, High Life below Stairs—The Young Quaker—Learn some new Songs of my French Ally—Introduced to another Minstrel; an Italian - National Vanity—Trial of Skill in a Public-House—I win the Palm—The infatuated Butcher—A Ladies' School—An amusing Scene interrupted—A Mistake—Bid Adieu to my brother Minstrel—Scene in a Lady's Bed Room—an unfortunate Chair—The Parting Glass 286—309

CHAP. XIII.

Arrive at Worthing—Procure some warm Clothing—Make Friends with a Frenchman—His wife—Short Commons—A lucky Day—Go to Arundel—The Castle—The Journey to Chichester—Arrive there—Tea Party of Independents in a Chapel—Lieut. N——'s generosity—The Bishop's Palace, and Adventure—Little Rosetta—A Straw-bonnet Maker's Work-room . . . . . *Page* 310—333

CHAP. XIV.

Portsmouth—A Russian Seventy-four—A cunning Man—Visit the Fleet—My Relation's Tomb—Southampton—Followed by a Mob—The Artist—A Conquest—French Idioms—Sit for my Portrait—Mr. M——'s Family—Terrors of a Spanish Name—Generosity of an Artist and his Wife—Affecting Adieu—Leave Southampton 334—352

CHAP. XV.

Salisbury—A Dinner Invitation—A religious Controversy—A Clergyman wishes me to teach him Spanish—The Cause of the Refugees—A Mob—A French Officer—He puzzles me—An unexpected Invitation—Again embarrassed—I promote a Subscription for the Spanish Refugees—Bavarian Broom Girls—I leave Salisbury . . . 353—369

CHAP. XVI.

I arrive at Bath—A Chimney-Sweeper stuck fast—Bath Mosaic Hospitality—The Jew and his Wife—The Street-Keeper—Play to some Ladies—The Jew's Wife—The Wedding Ring—Strolling Conjuror and Party—He wishes to enlist me as a Member—A Jew and his Wife—The Mayor . . . . . 370—387

CHAP. XVII.

I go before a Magistrate—His Conduct—Allowed to play thirty Days—Introduce myself to two Neapolitan Musicians —Invite them to my Lodgings—A musical Party—The Finale—An elderly Lady and her Daughter—A *soi-disant* servant—She proves to be an amorous Widow—Her Daughter—I am invited to their House *Page* 388—401

CHAP. XVIII.

A strange Salutation—The Widow E——— —She is very communicative—The Wards in Chancery—Infidelity of Spaniards—Their Ingratitude—Another Visit to the Widow—She grows rather naughty—History of an unlucky Amour —The Dinner—The Widow's Enthusiasm—Innocence in Danger . . . . . 402—416

JOURNAL OF A TOUR,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

The Author's motives for undertaking this Excursion—Is surprised in a Romantic Dream—The Wig shifted—A Companion enlisted—The Scheme investigated—A Deserter—The Journey determined on—A Stock Song promised—Disappointment—The Project nearly abandoned—The Song arrives—Final Determination—Dreaming again—Cranbourn Alley and Monmouth Street—The Minstrel's Wardrobe discussed and arranged—His Name selected—Painful Farewell with his Relations—Preparations for the Journey—The Start.

In consequence of a disappointment which I suffered about the end of July 1828, in the completion of an object I had for a long time ardently devoted my attention to, and which I had designed

should regulate the future operations of my life, I again became a man of leisure. My time falling heavily on my hands, I determined to break in upon its monotony, and convert the means of pursuing pleasure to better purposes than the idle charms of fashion. I felt that I should be considerably relieved, if I could hit upon any plan which would vary the scene either agreeably or usefully. The first idea that suggested itself was the Continent; thither I had never been, and there I could more advantageously improve myself in those languages I had already acquired a knowledge of; I should also have a wider field to contemplate the manners and customs of a different people, and acquire a more extensive knowledge of mankind. This latter consideration, I freely admit, possessed great inducements; for I have always been deeply gratified by those researches which are best calculated to develope the intricate associations of human nature. Paris, as a matter of course, was fixed upon for my first destination, and with no small satisfaction did I contemplate the inexhaustible delights of this famous centre of attraction. The delusive charms, which such a vortex of pleasure and gaiety creates, had already passed through the ordeal of minute scrutiny, and I was considering what course I should pursue, after an ample satiety of Parisian *agrémens*, when recollections of the past interweaving themselves with these speculations on the future,

my travels in Columbia were frequently brought to mind. During my stay in that country, I had become well acquainted with the habits and manners of the Spaniards;—spoke their language with tolerable fluency;—had also known, and still knew, a great many Spanish emigrants personally, and many others by name.—What, thought I, if I assume the appearance, and personate one of those unfortunate characters, whose distress and persecutions have always found a sympathetic asylum in the breasts of my own generous countrymen, and travel through these hospitable kingdoms? My acquaintance with the provincial habits of the English and Irish is very limited, and the idea of such a tour suggests many delightful opportunities of attaining that interesting information, in a manner not only unique in its method, and consequently gratifying from its novelty, but strictly calculated to lay before my observation the real character of all classes; for I entertain little doubt, under such a disguise, of being thrown into every variation of society. My qualifications for such an undertaking seem in every respect to suit; as, in addition to an intimate knowledge of the Spanish language, and the manners of the people, the darkness of my complexion might well justify my being taken for one of that nation. I possess at the same time some little facility on their national instrument, the guitar, and have

acquired, through my unfortunate friends, a slight knowledge of that revolution, which has finally driven them from their native homes. The trip, under these circumstances, was irresistibly captivating, and the more I contemplated the enterprise, the more my determination to undertake it became matured; whilst Paris and all its fascinating joys were gradually banished from my thoughts. No obstacles of any importance presented themselves, except fatigue, and chance of discovery from prying curiosity; the former I felt superior to under the spirit which the task inspired me with, and I must rest entirely on my own ingenuity for defeating the latter. After frequently rehearsing the true Spanish shrug of the shoulders, and *colloquial muscular movement* of the features, I felt prepared for all risks. Every thing was settled in my own mind, and I already fancied myself travelling in the character of a wandering Spanish minstrel. My dress, which was immediately determined on, was to consist of a cloak, jacket, and breeches, with my neck bare, and collar falling on the shoulders: a kind of style I considered indispensable, although I was perfectly aware that it was now out of use in Spain. In short, I fancied myself so completely disguised that I could not possibly be known, were I to meet with any old acquaintances, however sincere they might be in their recollections of me. The use of a wig, which I was then wearing in

consequence of ill health through fever, seemed to afford additional means for defeating any suspicion; and I felt convinced that, by its removal and the exhibition of a bald head, I might, without any conversation, evade all doubts.

As I was one morning, however, giving full scope to my imagination on this sort of metamorphosis, I approached the glass, to satisfy myself by experiment. At that particular moment a friend was suddenly shown into the room by my servant, who, in a more piano style, as I thought, than was his ordinary custom, opened the door. I was entirely abstracted by my romantic dream, and did not hear him enter, nor was I at all conscious of his presence, till I saw his person reflected in the glass at which I was standing; I immediately pulled on my peruke, and, fancying that I had happily succeeded in escaping his observation, I begged him to be seated; having taken a chair, I was about to enter into the usual chat of a morning call, when he commenced the conversation, by saying—"Hallo, my dear fellow, "are you inventing a new *coiffure* for the next "'Monthly?'" "What! what do you mean?" I replied impatiently, for I began to suspect that he had seen my wig. "Rather short behind, is'nt "it; the style is certainly cool, but somewhat "formal in front I think, and too much of the "cockatoo top," continued he very gravely, and then burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

I was greatly surprised that he should notice, or even suspect me of wearing a wig, for it had never been the subject of observation; and approaching the glass, I discovered that, in my hurry to replace it, I had turned the back part forward; nor could I refrain from joining in the laugh against myself, with as much spirit as my friend, although I was provoked at this early detection of one of my disguises; indeed, the very comical appearance of the thing was ludicrous to an extreme. Unwilling that he should suspect me of an attempt to conceal the fact, for want of any other excuse at the moment, I declared that I had been shaved for the purpose of consulting Mr. De Ville, as I placed great faith in the science of phrenology, and was very anxious to learn his opinion of my disposition. This attempt at explanation by no means improved my position, for he immediately replied—"That "peruke is the identical one you heard me praise "the other evening, under the idea that it was "your own beautiful hair! What a farce! and "your saying to me at the same time, rather "significantly, by the bye, 'I am afraid you are "'paying me an unmerited compliment.' It is "really surprising that, during the long time I "have known you, and the intimacy which has "existed, I did not detect it before. Why now I "see it is exactly like a wig, I could tell it im-"mediately." This observation now afforded me just grounds for laughing at him, and I replied that,

for all his discernment, he was dull enough not to have seen it before. I now stated to him that the real motive for cutting off my hair was, that I intended to play a particular *rôle*, and, being anxious to disguise myself as much as possible, I thought this would be one of the most effective means I could adopt. His curiosity being excited, he declared that, as he had discovered one secret by his visit, I must confide to him the other. With this solicitation I immediately complied, and gave him a general detail of the project I had in contemplation: he declared himself highly delighted with it, and expressed a strong desire to accompany me; his anxiety, however, became less violent on the discussion of certain obstacles and privations which presented themselves; finally, at the idea of losing his hair, and substituting a black caxon as a *sine qua non*, he abandoned the scheme altogether, saying, that he thought I had better go by myself; but, continued he, "If you are "really in earnest, I should be very happy to be "your confidant, and be of any service to you in "your absence." I accepted his offer, and acknowledged the obligation: and, having bound him to secrecy, he promised never to divulge my intentions.

The novelty of the enterprise brought on a conversation altogether relating to its merits and difficulties. I had hitherto been too much absorbed

by the general view I had taken of the scheme to give sufficient attention to those minutiâ, which must necessarily have gone through a close examination before I could have ventured on the journey. The presence of my friend, however, and the deep interest he expressed about the affair, enabled us to bring forward every point relating to it; and I hold myself under great obligations for the ingenuity with which he threw out many useful and necessary suggestions. One of these, however, had nearly proved fatal to the undertaking. He advised me to prepare some simple little ballad, in the style of the Bavarian Broom Girls' song, and to give it the appearance of having been written for myself, applicable, at the same time, to the character of a refugee. This I was to sing in a feigned foreign accent, and sell wherever I could. My friend advised that the air should be one which was generally known, and popular in this country. I approved of the idea, but declared my inability to take Parnassian flights, although I could, perhaps, arrange the words, if I had them, to some very simple air; and I expressed great fear of confiding the task to any one else. He immediately volunteered his services, and promised that, after having sacrificed to the "Nine," he would write some verses which I could adapt to any music I liked best. "As we have been talking about those little Bava-" rians," added he, "I think *O Mien Lieber*

"*Augustin* would suit very well." If you think so, I replied, *à la bonne heure;* and this was finally agreed upon to be the air.

In the course of two or three days, my friend called again, and, having looked for his song with considerable anxiety, I was greatly disappointed to find that he had come without it. He excused himself by a declaration of inability; but, seeing that I was chagrined, he again promised, and took his leave. Day after day passed away, and, neither friend nor song appearing, I began to sicken of the exploit; and, as I found myself defeated of that very requisite to which of all others I had attached the greatest importance, I became restless and uncertain; the charms of a minstrel's life gradually diminished in my estimation, and my mind again reverted to the Parisian trip. I had almost yielded to a conviction that this would, in fact, be a more advantageous, as well as a more agreeable appropriation of my time, and I commenced making arrangements accordingly. When every thing was nearly prepared for the journey—a whole fortnight had elapsed since the last visit of my friend, who, I thought, had forgotten his promise and abandoned the task; I was at this juncture, however, greatly astonished at the arrival (one day) of a printer's messenger, bearing to my address a proof copy of a little ballad which my friend had composed, and sent for my approval, requesting me at the

same time to make such objections as I thought fit. Having read over the song, which was as follows:—

THE SPANISH EXILE.

From Spain I have come, a minstrel to wander,
Over Britain's free shores, and all quite alone;
For fighting for my country to free it from bondage,
You see I am left an exile from home.
Fair ladies, pray listen, my guitar's only left me,
And selling some songs to relieve my distress;
I hope you'll take pity, and try to relieve me,
And give me a rial, or else buy a song.
Give a rial, buy a song,
Give a rial, buy a song,
Oh, pray give me a rial, or else buy a song.

If for opposing my king you think me disloyal,
And merit the fate which does now me oppress,
Oh, sons of free Britain, who are truly so loyal,
Would'nt you fight for your country when in distress?
Fair ladies, whose beauty does truly enslave me,
Consult your kind feelings, and say if I'm wrong;
I know you'll take pity, and try to relieve me.
&c. &c.

I determined in my own mind that it was very well adapted to the purpose, and, without any idea of making use of it, I wrote a note of thanks to my friend, lamenting that I had given him the trouble of writing the song, as I had abandoned the project for which it was intended. He had no sooner received this information than he re-

paired to my apartments—expressed his regret at the contents of my note, and urgently persuaded me to retract my determination. He observed, that I was fearful of the fatigues which would attend the journey. I replied that, on the contrary, I did not anticipate any great fatigue, but confessed, that, having made up my mind to a different pursuit, I certainly preferred the ease and comfort of it. He prevailed on me, however, to take up my guitar, and sing his ballad. The air was the same we had originally determined on. I tried it again and again, and felt so much pleased with the production, that I had it by heart in a few minutes. The song seemed to revive my taste for romance, and, together with my friend's solicitations, rekindled a desire to assume the character of a wandering minstrel. To his urgent persuasions, I made a promise, before we parted, that his poetical labours should not be thrown away; and having expressed his satisfaction, he left me to meditate afresh on this romantic exploit. All the arrangements for my journey to the Continent were countermanded in a very short time, and I began sedulously to consider the means I must adopt to prepare for this migratory excursion.

The strain on which my fancy was now indulging, pictured to me a fund of amusement, abundance of anecdote, and the various scenes which nothing but a disguised character could

possibly have an opportunity of being thrown into. If I play my part well, I thought, and feign ignorance of my language, I shall doubtlessly hear many things of a very curious nature;—I shall also hear my own praise or condemnation given with unbiassed feeling. Policy and politeness, I am well aware, save people who are not deaf and can understand, from personal observation; but, disguised as I must be, wherever I may suffer from being talked at, I shall have the consolation of being amply compensated by many opportunities of looking into the hearts of others, however much they may be disguised. Here is indeed a fine field to wander through the intricate mazes of mankind, thought I; and, without giving consideration to any further inducement, I was resolved upon the enterprise. I immediately ordered two hundred copies of the song, and desired the engraver most particularly not to let any one see or have an impression of it; he promised me the number in eight days, and also to adhere strictly to my wishes. I wrote to my friend, informing him of my final resolution, and engaged myself busily in projecting the necessary dress for the occasion. Beginning with the top of my person, I first went to Cranbourn Alley, and ordered a straw hat, with a crown about five inches high, sloping gradually towards the top in the form of a sugar loaf, the rim about four inches broad; this I was promised should be finished and sent home in a few

days. My next excursion was to Monmouth Street about the close of the evening, to forage for a jacket and cloak. I was very soon invited by a Jew to "valk in." One has only to pause for an instant in front of any old clothes establishment, when the anticipating Israelite, like a spider in his web, instantly darts upon his prey; but with more civility than that offensive insect, he affects a sort of polite invitation, while he is forcing you into his snare. Decline his attention to your presumed wants, and I'll defy you to pass on to your business till he has tantalized your love of barter with, "Got any old clothes to sell, Sir? Give the full "value for 'em, Sir; pray valk in, Sir? my articles "is very cheap and goot." I have often, with the greatest indignation heaped my silent *benedictions*, on the fraternity for such gratuitous civilities, little thinking I should ever have occasion to feel grateful for their officious care, or accept their invitations. "Pray valk in, Sir? Vat 'ull you "allow me to sell you," said my new and disinterested acquaintance, at whose door I had discovered two or three cloaks, and in the window a variety of striped waistcoats with sleeves. Like a shot I went, or was helped into Master Levy's establishment; and begging to be shown into the back parlour, I mentioned the particular articles that I wanted. A variety of cloaks and waistcoats being laid out, I fixed upon a brown camlet cloak, lined with

green baize; the lining of the collar was red, and reached about half way down the edges in front. The waistcoat (for I was desirous of being conspicuously dressed) I selected of red stuff, with sleeves after the Spanish style. I have no doubt it had seen a *little* service; as it seemed, however, very well calculated for my purpose, I paid Master Levy the eight shillings he asked for them, and giving my address, requested him to send them home. "Thank you, Sir," said he; "is there no "other little article what I can show you;" and beginning to develope certain symptoms of putting various other mercantile interrogatories, I made a hasty retreat from his museum of antiquities, and, desiring him to send them as quickly as possible, I added, "Remember to shake them well first, "because you know ———" and I was out of his hearing before I could finish the curious observation which suggested itself, as I passed through his *unambrosial stores.*

In a short time the produce of my cheap shopping was brought in, and having desired my servant to submit them to a thorough ablutionary purification, I proceeded about making arrangements for the Spanish inexpressibles, and for once turning tailor, I converted a pair of dress pantaloons, by simply cutting off the lower extremities under the knee, so as perfectly to answer this purpose. Having collected the ends together in a variety of

plaits, by the help of a large needle, I managed to draw through them long pieces of black riband for the purpose of tying them round the leg, leaving sufficient length to form a very smart bow. I procured also a common sack-cloth bag for my guitar, a portfolio to hold the songs, and a small pocket-book containing a list of all the counties in England and Wales. Nothing remained to determine on, except the name I should assume; and having reviewed the *nomenclatura* of my Spanish acquaintance, I selected one or two with uncertain preference. In this state of doubt, the plays of Lopez de Vega, which I had read, were brought to mind; and I conceived the idea of adopting this name, which appeared to be well calculated for the purpose; determined, should I be asked on my journey if I were related to that celebrated dramatist, to lay claim to the honour. His Christian name, however, must be altered, and in Juan, a name familiar to the lovers of gallantry and romance, I soon found a well-established substitute for Lopez. The idea was no sooner conceived, than the point was settled; and in tolerably large letters I wrote, for the first time, this assumed name of Juan de Vega on my guitar, partly to disfigure it and partly to attach peculiarity to myself. I also scratched it over a good deal, to give it the appearance of having seen some service, and fastened an old piece of coloured cotton

to each end, in lieu of the usual riband. My future wardrobe having been thoroughly cleansed, I equipped myself in my minstrel costume, and was satisfied that every thing suited vastly well. I attached to the collar of my cloak two very smart red cords, the ends of which were ornamented by a pair of knots, intended to hang down seven or eight inches. As I was unwilling to appear a novice in my profession, or to have recently commenced it, my hat was in consequence condemned, like certain modern paintings, to change its gaudy freshness for the more alluring tone of age; and after a good substantial rubbing on the carpet, an operation which I was very sedulous in the superintendence of, I found it as mellow as a Rembrandt, and quite dirty enough to wear.

I was occupied till the 25th of August in making the necessary preparations for my dress and departure. On the same evening I paid a farewell visit to my relations, whom I informed that I was about to visit the Continent, and was likely to be very much in Spain. I had, in consequence, to go through the painful ceremony of such a farewell as attends the anticipation of a long parting. I had, however, in my own mind, always determined that the period of *my* absence should depend on how I might like my new occupation: but having made a resolution to overcome all difficulties, and reconcile the many inconveniences which were

likely to be met with, I determined, if possible, to prosecute my labours, and continue in love with the scheme. I told my friends, therefore, that I should most probably be absent a considerable length of time. The next day I communicated to my worthy old landlady the whole of my project, and gave her certain directions, to which she promised the most punctual attention. I now bade adieu to my young friend who had so materially influenced the measure, and with the costume I have described—an old travelling bag, containing three shirts, half a dozen towels, hair and tooth-brushes, all the indispensables of the toilette, a Spanish Dictionary, maps, paper for my journal, and a hundred copies of the Spanish Exile, with the plates for printing more, I was ready for my departure. I now equipped myself, and found that the travelling bag and its contents, suspended to a fencing stick which rested on my shoulder, was by no means, even of itself, an easy load; and having round my waist, also, a leathern strap, to which was attached the folio containing, besides the Spanish Exile, a variety of other printed songs—my guitar, enveloped in its sack-cloth case, hanging by a string over one arm and tied under the other, I very soon imbibed a fellow feeling for all soldiers and pedlars. My purse added very little indeed to my labour, its contents amounting to exactly twenty-five shillings. Every thing was

now ready. "God bless you, Sir!" most fervently exclaimed my landlady, holding in one hand the talismanic shoe, which was to be thrown after me for luck, whilst I shook her by the other; and being abundantly supplied with the sincerest wishes of this excellent old lady to assist me on the road, I took my leave of her and of London.

CHAPTER II.

The Street—A strange Dilemma—The Greenwich Coach—A liberal Companion—Invited to Breakfast—The Route finally determined—The Chambermaid—Boots—Breakfast with my new Friends—Exercise my Calling for the first time—Rochester—I play publicly—Get several Engagements—Return Home—Scene in the tap of the Cooper's Arms a delicate Exhibition of parental Feeling—Modern Hospitality of a Landlord—Suspected of being an Englishman—Quit Rochester—Public-House Hydrophobia—Travelling in a Van—Arrive at Sittingbourn.

It was about nine o'clock on the evening of the 26th of August, 1828, that I commenced my journey. The door of the house in which I resided was scarcely closed, ere the extraordinary idea of where I was going presented itself, and I then recollected, for the first time, that I had never determined on any particular route. This was certainly a strange moment to arrange, and lay down a plan of operation by which I was to regulate my future courses. I felt an inclina-

tion to return home for an hour or two, to give this necessary point all due consideration, and I think I looked back rather wistfully at the house; but the excessive absurdity of the figure I should cut on re-entering the door, at once dissipated my anxiety, and in the name of chance I bid defiance to this obstacle. I directed my steps towards the Elephant and Castle, and on my way, as may be naturally supposed, I attracted the attention of a great many persons, who were evidently much astonished at my appearance.

Arrived at this rendezvous of coaches, I seated myself on one which was about to start for Greenwich; and this opportunity to get rid of my heavy bag afforded me considerable relief. The coachman having mounted his box, we were no sooner on the road, than a gentleman entered into conversation with me; he asked my country, and made several inquiries as to how I liked England, and what I was doing. I answered his interrogatories consecutively, and a general topic ensued. On our arrival at Greenwich, he proposed that he should pay for my fare as well as his own, which I very readily assented to; he then very politely took the trouble to conduct me to an hotel, and acting as my interpreter, ordered my bed, requesting the pleasure of my company to breakfast, and left word with the servants to conduct me to his house in the morning. These latter persons, on the departure of my friend, very soon began to titter

at my appearance; and the bar-maid, endeavouring to check them, rendered abortive her own remonstrances against the indelicacy of such conduct, by indulging in it herself. I affected to look very grave, and retired to my room. Taking off my clothes, one by one, I also yielded to the necessity of laughing at the oddness of my appearance; and then turning into bed, I began to count over the preparations I had made for the journey, and tried to recollect any thing I might have omitted. This moment of solitude afforded me means also of considering and coming to a determination about the course of my travels, and I fixed upon the line of march I should follow the next day. These speculations, and the novelty of the task, kept me awake for a long time; but having been up rather late the night before, and fatigued with the occupations of the last two days, I fell into the arms of Morpheus, and so remained until I heard a servant enter the room in the morning. "Who's there?" said I, forgetting that I could not speak English. "It's only me, Sir; I've been brushing your "clothes," replied Boots, holding them in his hand, and I was immediately reminded of my assumed character. My reply was then in Spanish. Boots retired, and I laid down again, heartily to enjoy the idea of his "brushing my clothes," and felt perfectly convinced that the rascal only took them down to have a good overhaul, and laugh at their peculiarities.

At nine o'clock on the 27th I got up; and having passed through the common duties of the toilette, I fancied the formidable appearance of a four days' beard would enable me to enact a fallen person very well. The waiter came into my room to say that it was ten o'clock, the time which Mr. —— had invited me to breakfast. I then accompanied him down stairs, and paying two shillings and sixpence for my bed—"The cham-" ber-maid, if you please, Sir," said a girl, dropping a curtsey. I could not refrain a smile, and affecting not to understand her, lest any body should suppose I spoke English, she began to raise her hands up and down, as if she were shaking up the feathers, to explain her particular occupation in the house; and added, "You know I makes the " beds, Sir." I gave her sixpence, and was going. " Boots, if you please, Sir," giving his golden lock a gentle pull, said the same fellow who had entered my room in the morning. Again I pretended also not to understand him; when putting his hand up to his mouth, and representing a man who was rather hard pushed for blacking, he imitated the brushing of shoes, accompanied with such an expression of countenance, as would insinuate that it was very hard work. I gave him sixpence; and, as I walked on, I heard him exclaim, with a sort of triumphant voice, to his companions, " Soon " made the Turkey Mounseer understand."

On arriving at the gentleman's house, he and

his mother received me very cordially. I found he had been tracing for me on a card the whole of the road to Canterbury; and he explained to me the distances from the different places. I made an excellent breakfast—found my friends very polite, and professing much interest in my welfare. For the first time, in my new character, I brought out my guitar, and sang them a Spanish ballad. About eleven o'clock I took my leave of the old lady, after presenting her with a copy of the Spanish Exile; and, having arranged my luggage, started off to Blackheath in company with her son, who seemed to feel very much for my situation; and on taking his leave, he said to me, "Here is a piece of paper, which you will "present at Welling when you arrive there, and "you can order any refreshments at my expense. "There is also a little vocabulary for teaching "Spaniards the English language, and I beg your "acceptance." I returned him many thanks for his kindness, and shaking hands, bade him adieu.

As I arrived at Shooter's Hill I overtook a cart; the driver asking me to ride, I did so nearly to the top, when he stopped, and asked me to go into a house and take something to drink. This I declined, but felt amused at his motives for offering me the ride, for they were now pretty evident. The day was extremely hot, and by the time I had carried my kit to the opposite side of the hill, I felt rather tired, and placing myself

under a hedge, remained there, resolving to take the first coach, and proceed by it to some distance.

The first that came up, I stopped with—"Coachee, to Gravesend, how much?"—"Four "shillings."—"Two and sixpence I give."—"You "are a knowing old un," said he, and drove on. A second came; he wanted three and sixpence, which I refused. A third asked the same; and finding I could not procure the ride cheaper, I consented, and mounted the coach. On arriving at Welling, I could not help smiling as I read the kind note of my hospitable friend at Greenwich. I did not, however, make any use of it. We very soon arrived at Gravesend, and not much liking this little town, I agreed with the coachman to go on to Rochester for five shillings. On arriving here, and having paid my fare, I was no sooner off the coach, than a crowd of people came round me and threatened to follow me, or at least not to leave me in a hurry.

I took the first turning out of the High Street, and after walking up the hill a short distance, turned into a small public-house, called the Coopers' Arms, where I asked if I could have a bed that night? "O no, master, you can't stop here," was the reply; for the landlord I apprehend did not much admire my appearance. I asked for a glass of rum and water, and waited until the mob had separated. Having asked mine host to take

care of my luggage, I then proceeded to play my guitar in the streets. I took the direction of the hospital for mad soldiers, where two gentlemen, driving in a buggy, stopped me, and beckoned me to go to them. I complied with their wishes, and was requested to play and sing. Having done so, they very generously gave me two shillings, and drove off. I thought this a very fair commencement, and taking the road down to the church, was engaged by an old lady to play her a seguedilla. I did not at this time know what a seguedilla meant, and played a piece of Spanish music which a professor had taught me. The old lady was very much pleased with it, if I may judge of the manner in which she marked the time by nodding her head. "You like," said I, with a tolerable good foreign accent. "Very "much indeed," was the reply; and putting sixpence into my hand, she wished me good morning. I then halted before some young ladies, who appeared to be very much diverted with my dress; and after stopping to play in compliance with their wishes, they amused themselves by drawing and withdrawing the blinds, and taking this opportunity of alternately peeping and hiding. Whether this arose from their timidity, or that I had not yet got my lesson by heart and did not look sufficiently humble, I am not prepared to say; but during this bo-peep amusement a military man entered the room, and I heard him say,

" How foolish it is of you to stop the man, unless " you intend to give him something;" and a penny was immediately brought out to me at the door, as an equivalent for the young ladies' *amusement*, and reward for my time and *trouble*. I made a very low bow for it, and walked away. I passed on with very little success, until I arrived at some houses in the Canterbury Road. There I played to some ladies, whom I asked, " You like?" They appeared to be very contented, and one of them cried out, " *L'Espagnola est fort jolie: vous chantez très-bien;*" which declaration was followed by a shower of coppers that took me some time to pick up. " Confound these pence," said I; " I wonder ladies have them in their possession." At the next house I played to a lady, who immediately threw me out a shilling, which I certainly considered as a proof of her good taste. The young ladies I had just left seemed astonished at this act of generosity; and I think I heard one of them say, " She has given him more than we " have." Some girls in a school, who were looking out of the window next beckoned to me. At the idea of a girls' school I flattered myself with no little amusement, and hastily advanced to them. After singing the song of *Les Yeux noirs et les Yeux blancs*, which seemed to afford them a great deal of fun, I entered into conversation with them in French. At this moment, up came an old lady, who I suppose was the Duenna of the

establishment, exclaiming,—"What are you all "gadding at the window for, you girls?" and coming forward herself, she seemed to think there was really sufficient to make the girls, as she called them, look out. She was very anxious to inspect my dress, &c. I was now obliged to look very serious, and making my bow for her shilling, was glad to get away.

It was by this time half-past six; and being rather tired, as well as finding that singing had sharpened my appetite, I returned to the Coopers' Arms; and summing up the amount of what I had collected, found it to be six shillings, which I by no means looked upon as unpropitious of my future success. I made the landlord understand that I was very tired, and that tea would be the most agreeable thing to relieve me. He immediately proceeded about making the necessary arrangements to furnish me with it as soon as possible. It was served up to me in one of those receptacles called a tap-room, which was tolerably well filled with people; and whilst refreshing myself with my tea, I was much amused at the remarks they were making about me. To account for my country appeared to be the most difficult riddle, and they guessed nearly every one but the right. The guitar was equally curious, and one gave it as his opinion, that it was a base-wiol; "but," exclaimed another, "that can't be, for there's no "bow." The landlord, however, coming in, was

appealed to as their *cicerone*, and he gave them as clear an account of what I was as he had already had an opportunity of learning.—"Give us a tune, "master?" said one fellow.—"Hold your tongue," said another; "can't you let the man *eat* his *tea?*" When I had finished eating my tea, as it was called, I played and sang for them, at which they all seemed mightily pleased, and descanted very largely on the "curiousness" of such a fiddle to be played with the fingers instead of a bow. A subscription was proposed (for these fellows are very liberal in their way), and one of them with considerable diffidence offered the amount to me. This civility I refused, remarking, that I could get plenty without taxing their little means, and was very happy to play to them. This seemed to suit their tastes, and, each fellow having repocketed his own, a few compliments on the occasion were the consequence. Conceiving it to be my turn to ask for a song, I put the question, and immediately a jolly looking fellow was fixed upon as the choice singer, and the company unanimously cried out the "Tartar, Jem—give him the Tartar." This was the favourite song, I suppose; and Jem no sooner heard the call, than he struck up in one of his highest tones; and his companions joined heart and soul in the chorus. With due submission to their tastes, however, I must confess that I did not find much music in Master Jem's notes; and the din when they all joined, was truly insupportable.

"There, master," said the fellow, as the song was concluded, "that's the way he sings; something "manly you see," in which all the others seemed to concur. I nodded my head in approbation, which unfortunately was the cause of a few more noisy choruses. The fellow who sang the Tartar made it his duty to relate to every body who came in, a particular circumstance that happened in his family, in the course of the day. "Do you know," said he, "that ere old rascal, Jem Bearnes, that "works at On's, there in the lime-kiln? An old "rascal, he is old enough to be my father, that he is "—well then, as I was sitting up there t'other side "of the telegraph, I see'd this old rascal lying down "by the kiln by the side of my daughter—well, you "knows, I stopped patiently, 'cause I wanted to "catch him—well then, I sees him turn over in this "kind of way," (giving us a kind of a specimen of how it was) "and tries to grasp hold of my daughter. "My daughter, you know, luckily jumped out of "his grasp, as luck would have it, for I knowed "her not to be given that ere way, and runs home "as fast she could. Well, I goes home too, and takes "a part of the fishing net that was in our back "parlour, and rarely twitches her.—There, says "I, that's what you desarves.—Mother cries out" (meaning his wife) "what's the matter?—I says, "Oh! I can't tell you what's the matter—and I starts "off to a public-house—I see'd Jem Bearnes go "to, as hard as he could pelt—I goes up to him,

" before all the company (for there were a great " many respectable gentlemen in the tap), well, I " says, putting my fist in his face in this here way, " and dang it I had a great mind to strike; but " no, I did not do that, I know'd better, as he'd " a' had the law on me.—Well, I says, you willain, " what did you want to do with my little girl— " did'nt I see you, you old rascal, trying to lay " hold of her? and you are old enough to be my " father—you old rascal you!—Well I gives it " him; and he had the 'dacity to say he did'nt. By " ——! this here has quite put me out for the " whole of the day.—But I gived her such a tick- " ling.—This here old rascal was old enough to be " her grandfather.—My daughter is only turned " eleven years of age." This is the story he seemed to take real pleasure in repeating, although he was so very much put out for the day; and, whatever he might have inwardly felt, he certainly did not give any outward symptoms of grief; at least, he did not suffer the injury his feelings had sustained to break in upon his evening's amusement. I felt considerably amused with his narrative, particularly with his system of inculcating virtuous precepts; and how he gi'ed his daughter a tickling, as he expressed it, after she ran away from the old rascal. The tobacco-smoke now became very strong in the room, all hands puffing at an immense rate; and, as this is an aromatic odour by no means the most agreeable to me,

I paid the landlord a sixpence for my tea; and hinting to him that I was going out to get a bed, he told me that I could have one in his house. I presume he found it rather to his advantage to keep me, as I might draw more visitors, and considerably increase the sale of his porter. I was shown to a very comfortable room and a clean bed.

Having *turned in*, I began to reflect on the various occurrences of the day, and felt altogether tolerably contented with the result of them. My thoughts turned on what was likely to come, and I again indulged in the most agreeable musings. I could not help contrasting my present with my recent situation—I was actually performing a task I never could have supposed myself capable of, while the knowledge of my movements was a perfect secret to all the world, except one or two individuals, whom I knew would not divulge them. This fact greatly heightened the pleasure which attended the exploit, and gave me great confidence to proceed. I felt considerably more inclined to give way to reflection than I did the preceding night, when my imagination was too irregular for my thoughts to be at all distinct, and directed to any particular object: but being now more calm, and having seen a little service as a minstrel, I could more deliberately collect them, and contemplate the curious condition into which I had voluntarily thrown myself. I thought that, notwithstanding my Spanish

costume, I might possibly be recognised by some of my acquaintances; and then pictured to myself how ridiculous I should look, if they should happen, inadvertently, to make it known to my family, who would finely joke me on my continental trip. However, likely or not, I found it too late to recede, and resolved on prosecuting my original project with as much *gaieté de cœur et de bonne humeur* as possible. In this train of thought I continued some time, until my eye-lids insensibly closed, and I fell into a most delightful sleep.

At eight o'clock the next morning I got up, and, going through the ablutionary ceremony in rather a rough manner, I came down to breakfast—made a very good one, and, paying for it, I started off at ten o'clock to give the inhabitants of Rochester another specimen of the guitar. It being very early, I thought I should have a little time to examine the beauties of the country without interruption, as there would not be many persons about to annoy or follow me. I went first towards the Mad Hospital, which is situated on an eminence. Here I was highly gratified with the view. The river Medway, in its meanderings, looked very pretty; and I was particularly struck with the numerous windmills that presented themselves on every eminence around. The commanding position of the forts—the extensive docks, and curious combination of the three towns, formed a *coup d'œil* which was highly interesting. Being very fond of

any thing that belongs to the military service, I visited these forts, in order to inspect their peculiar construction more closely. As I entered the first, a sentry in the gateway told me, I could'nt go in; but a corporal standing by, told him to admit me, saying "he's a countryman of mine;" and then entered into conversation with me in Spanish. A file of soldiers came around us, and asked the corporal who I was, &c., &c.; the corporal explained; and, on being referred to as their interpreter, he by no means thought small beer of himself (as the soldiers say), in consequence of this superiority over his comrades. They asked me to sing, and I immediately complied with their wishes; when a soldier, whom I observed fumbling in his pocket, pulled out a penny, and with a great deal of diffidence, fearing he might offend me by offering so small a sum, presented it saying, "there, master, "will you take this?" "No, no, no," said I; and asked the corporal to thank him for me, and assure him I did not require it. After examining the fort in Rochester, I proceeded through the town to inspect the other in Chatham; its position is excellent, while the order and cleanliness, which appear in every part of it, afford ample proof of the perfection in which British discipline is maintained.

I returned by the same road I went, and was induced to play before a house; an officer passing by beckoned me to come to him, and told me he would bring some ladies to hear me. He

shortly returned with two; and I commenced both vocally and instrumentally at the same time. The officer asked me if I could talk English. I replied, "a little."—When he observed, very significantly, "Ah! Señor, you can talk English "very well." I again repeated that I could not, and asked him why he thought so; to this he made no remark, and very politely requested me to sing another song, which I did, and, giving him a specimen of my English, said, "you like?" To which they one and all bowed their approbation. One of these young ladies was so pretty, that I could not resist the pleasure of casting a side glance or two at her, although with the greatest humility. I said that I could sing an English song written on my countrymen, who were banished from their homes after the late revolution: the officer acting as interpreter, for I spoke in Spanish. For the first time, I brought the produce of my young friend's muse into play; and, giving them the song to read, I sang it, pronouncing the words, of course, most dreadfully, and they all expressed themselves much pleased with the air as well as the subject. The officer joined in this praise, but could not divest himself of the idea, that I could talk English better. He retired a few paces, and whispered to a friend of his, as if to that effect. He then returned, and presented me with two shillings, when I begged him to accept of the song, which he did; but finding that the price was half a crown, he added another sixpence; and his

friend gave me a shilling. The young lady, who was very pretty, approached me, and examining my guitar, lightly touched the chords with her fingers, observing that she should like very much to play it. Looking in her very pretty face, I felt a strong inclination to alter the humility of my countenance to a different expression: but from a fear of adding to the officer's suspicion, and leading to a detection of my character, I thought it most advisable to preserve my humble demeanour. This young lady had an archness in her countenance which pleased me very much; and I could have wished, at the time of her touching my guitar, that the officer had been on duty, or anywhere else, together with his friend, so that I might have had a *tête à tête* with the charming creature. Taking my leave of them with a *mil gracios*, I was going away, when the officer came after me and asked me if I had not a brother in London? I replied in the negative; at which he went away, apparently, still doubting what I had just told him, as much as he did at first. I could not help smiling the instant I was out of sight, for I really thought I could remember having met him in Regent Street about a month past, fully accounting for his incredulity.

I now proceeded home, with an intention to start immediately for Sittingbourn. I found mine host with a large hot poultice round his face, sitting by the fire-side, and looking very sad. He told me, in

reply to my interrogating look, it was to reduce a swelling he had in his face. I gently shrugged up my shoulders (which by the bye served me for language on all occasions), and wishing to indicate my sympathy, added, "I sorry ;" which he seemed to take as very kind. After packing up my luggage and drinking a glass of rum, I was about to wish him good day, when he gently observed to me, that I had not paid for it. I was very much annoyed at this mistake, but I believe he entertained too good an opinion of me, to suppose that I had done so wilfully.

I now walked forward on my journey, hoping to be overtaken by some coach in which I might send on my luggage, for I had become quite tired of carrying it myself; and on arriving at the top of the hill leading to Chatham, I went into a public-house, to inquire when the first coach would be coming by. "There's no coach will be passing for some "time, mounseer," was the reply; "but a van was "expected shortly." I loosened my luggage, &c., and waited for this van, and asked for a glass of water, as the weather was excessively warm. "There's a pretty customer!" exclaimed the landlord, horrified at the idea of water being asked for in his house, when I added, "put some shrub in "it," as I was afraid to venture on any thing stronger, lest I should become *un peu grisé*. This made him a little more satisfied with his visitor, and the shrub and water was very soon brought.

During the time I was waiting for the van, Boniface expressed great anxiety to hear what kind of music it was I had with me; and greatly to his amusement I played my guitar. Eyeing me *cap-à-pied*, he exclaimed to his wife, "I say, my "dear, what droll shoes he's got!"—"Not at all, "my love," was the next reply; "they are quite "the fashion."—"Indeed! why then you don't "mean to say that he's of the fashion?" At this moment the van came up; and, in return for the music I played, the landlord bargained with the driver to take my luggage to Sittingbourn at half price; and I proceeded thither on foot.

I had not walked very far before I was overtaken by the van, and invited to ride. I soon placed myself alongside of the driver, and we moved on as fast as one horse could drag the load. The driver, being rather musical, very frequently asked me to play him a tune, as he expressed it; and I felt myself rather obliged to comply, on account of his gratuitous offer to ride. The whole of our party, consisting of about half a dozen, congratulated themselves on the driver's lucky hit in getting a little music to enliven the scene, and every body seemed to be in the very best humour. In fact, there was continual laughter nearly the whole of the journey. At a little village where we stopped, a lady asked me what country I belonged to; and, seeing my guitar, begged of me to play to her. Being in a

very merry humour, I played to her, when the driver broke in upon the song, and the lady hastily said, she was very sorry she had not any money with her. I added, "*No importa*," and we continued the journey, arriving at Sittingbourn about six, and put up at the little Rose Inn.

CHAPTER III.

Play to a religious Family—Generosity of an English Soldier—The little and the full-blown Rose of Sittingbourn—The Village Parson discussed—How to know an Englishman—Low Wages and early Oysters—A bit of Pigtail—Scalding hot Tea—Sympathy of two French Emigrants—Leave Sittingbourn—The Road to Canterbury—Joined by two Companions—Irish Politics—Arrival at Canterbury—Adventures in the Parlour of the Fleece Inn—Sally the Chambermaid—How to find Bugs—A new Acquaintance—Six-pennyworth of Singing—A very strange and vexatious Coincidence—The Bar of the Duke of York.

BEING rather cold from sitting outside, and my fingers cramped from holding the guitar, I was glad to get to the fire-side: and after drinking some hot brandy and water, I soon became warm, and got rid of the numbness in my hands. Tuning up my guitar, I went out to give the inhabitants a little music: and was soon engaged to play to

some persons at their parlour window. The party consisted of a lady and gentleman, and the rest were apparently friends. After finishing a Spanish cazonette, the gentleman asked me if I had any religious songs; at which I imagined that I had something clerical to deal with. I replied, "No," with an apparent indifference to such a subject, thinking it might perhaps lead to a curious result. He asked me, "Why?" I said that "I had not "much to do with religion, and supposed others "like me; that is to say, with regard to singing "religious songs;" adding, that "there were the "Psalms of David, which every body could have "access to, consequently I should not be able to "sell them. What I have now are pretty inte- "resting songs, which I sell, and procure myself "wherewith to live on." At this, the lady (who had a baby in her arms, and bore evident symptoms of the "increase and multiply," for which I gave credit to the psalm-singing gentleman beside her) said, "You will die some day as well as live, "therefore you ought to think of religion." I replied, "it was all very true; but with poor "sinners it was necessary to think how to live "first, and how to die afterwards." My system of reasoning seemed to bother them, and they were glad to make an end of the argument, by immediately giving me fourpence, and wishing me good evening. I was highly *amused* at our little altercation. I went away, and I had no doubt

the parson was better pleased that I should still continue the *stray sheep* than be one of his flock.

While I was playing to a person in the street, I had another instance of the liberality of the common soldier. A man who was marching through the town to join his regiment at Chatham stopped to listen to me; he was apparently very much fatigued, and covered all over with dust. "Here, master," said he, "will you "take this?" offering me a penny. I bowed my thanks, and, by means of an interpreter, made him understand that I did not stand in need of it. The poor fellow added, "I am afraid it a'nt enough; "but you are very welcome if you'll take it." He was again assured that I did not require it, and he continued his march. After this I collected a shilling by playing before a house where there was a kind of village party, and then returned to the Little Rose, where I found, on entering the bar, a flower to be sure, but not very emblematical of the sign, and rather too full blown to be pleasing. This was a jolly fat old woman, who proved to be a very good-natured creature, which partly made up for other deficiencies. Feeling rather curious to know whether the psalm-singing gentleman was a clergyman, I asked a man in the room who he was, and he told me a parson, at which I laughed, and added, "Me no like." "No, I don't know "who does," was the sarcastic reply. As to the "Me no like," it was merely said to hear what

my informant would reply; for my real opinion of that respectable body of men is, that they are for the most part very valuable beings, and constantly devoted to maintain the moral obligations of society, as well as to promote, by deep reasoning and temperate example, the common happiness of mankind.

"What an uncommon straight-made chap it "is," said a fellow; "damn me, if I think he is "a foreigner."—"That's a proof he a'nt one," said a kind of stable lad, who was dressed rather after my own fashion, and displayed a pair of most unfortunately crooked legs; "you don't see Eng- "lishmen made like him."—"No," retorted the former, "if they be all made like you." Whilst they were making their various remarks about me, in came a boy with "Oysters, gentlemen, oysters!" and *these gentlemen* set to paying their respects to the oysters, which were just come into season. They seemed to be mightily relished by their voracious consumers; and the fellow, after eating half a dozen, asked what was to pay? "Three pence, Sir."—"Three pence!" exclaimed the man, "what! for six hoysters?"—"Yes," repeated the lad; all the others were immediately seized with astonishment at their dearness, and appeared angry with themselves for having taken so many, at the same time looking with wistful eyes at more of them already opened on their account. This high price immediately put a stop to *hoyster* eating, and each fellow, with evident reluctance, put down the

coppers to pay for his respective share of the luxury; nor was this done without a great deal of murmuring. I was exceedingly glad to see the boy's oysters abandoned, for I had already acquired a longing for them, and was fearful that the tasty appetites of these gentlemen would have demolished them all. "There's "your three pence," said the fellow who had eaten six; "now go to Mounseer, and see if he'll buy your "half-penny hoysters, for I wont." The boy took his advice, and came to me, when I engaged him to open as fast he could; and after swallowing eight, during which operation, all the fellows' attentions were directed towards me—every time I put one into my mouth, they each made a movement similar to the one I employed to get it down. At last one of them, who was unhappily too imitative, exclaimed, "O Lord, Jem, if I an't bolted "that ere piece of pig-tail what you just now "gi'ed me!" This accident caused an immense roar of laughter, and it was with the greatest difficulty I avoided joining in it; however, I succeeded in subduing my inclination, and, the laugh being over, I told the boy to continue; again their attentions were riveted, and I had the pleasure of seeing their eyes glisten, and mouths water with anxious desire. "My wigs, Bill, if he an't eat "a sixpen'orth already."—"Yes, replied Bill, he "gets his money easier than we do, you may rely "on't; but he an't paid for 'em yet; I say, boy,

" look sharp to that Turco Frenchee fellow." After eating about fifteen, I proceeded to pay for them, and wishing to make it appear that I was not very well acquainted with the English money, I pulled it out very slowly, and affected to examine it. " Now see, he's trying to cheat the boy; mind " he does not give you bad silver," exclaimed the unhappy fellow who had *eaten six;* and in this manner, to my great amusement, they threw out many suspicions against me. Perhaps I deserved it, for putting them to such an annoyance, by eating so many *half-penny oysters,* to the great excitement of their envy and the loss of a valuable bit of pigtail. I left these fellows, and retired to my room, to laugh over the particulars of my oyster adventure; but finding my candle was reduced to the socket, I had no time to spare before I turned into bed, lest I should be left in the dark—rather an unpleasant situation in a strange room, as there is a chance of running one's head against some projecting thing or other, whose position we are ignorant of.

The next morning by eight o'clock I was up, and went down to breakfast at nine. A country lad coming in for the same purpose, and pulling out some bread and meat, sat beside me. Half a pint of beer was asked for, and very soon swallowed. I thought the poor fellow looked rather wistfully at my smoking tea; and I said to him,

" give me your half pint, and I will fill it with " tea," which was immediately done. The landlady coming in at this moment, the poor lad whipped it under his smock frock. But the tea being very hot, heated the pewter.—The country fellow found it rather too warm to be pleasant, and was changing it from one hand to the other.— " What are you fidgeting about, James, so for?" said the landlady.—" Oh nothing, Ma'am," and here he gave an involuntary writhe of the face. " Why, " how smart James looks!" and here she stopped to look at some braid upon his smock frock. Poor James's face now became so red and his hands so hot, that, in his shifting the mug from one hand to the other, he upset it; and the contents passing through his corderoys made him jump about most ludicrously. The old lady looked with astonishment, and thought he had —— : in fact, she did not know what to think; but seeing the half pint rolling along the floor, picked it up, and equally quick dropped it, exclaiming, "Oh! this is what you has the Sint " Witazza's dance about!—So, you were taking " tea for breakfast?" Poor James was too much employed feeling his burns, to feel the laugh that was raised against him; but, recovering a little from the effects of his scalding, he began to examine his fingers, which were very much blistered. This will be a lesson to master Jemmy, not to take unlawful property. After breakfast I returned to my

room to write, and in a few minutes the servant came knocking at my door, wishing to make the bed, so that I was obliged to turn out. I inquired by what means I could send my luggage to Canterbury, and was informed that a van would be passing at half-past ten, until which time I went out with my guitar; and two elderly ladies, walking in a little garden in front of their house, beckoned me to go to them. After making many inquiries as to the cause of my coming to England, they told me that they themselves were emigrants, having been obliged to leave France and all their property, about thirty years ago, on account of the revolution, and had been in England ever since. Amongst several of their questions, they pointedly asked me if I liked Napoleon? I replied in the affirmative, at which they seemed very much surprised. "One soldier always admires another," continued I, "if he be but brave, and skilful in his "profession, although an enemy." They then very generously gave me some money, and I walked away. I felt very much pleased with this encounter, and thought it reflected much to their praise, so frankly to tell me, that they were suffering the calamity of compulsory emigration as well as myself.

After this I returned to the Little Rose, and, having seen my luggage placed in the van, proceeded on foot towards Canterbury. Just as I had

got out of the town, a cart overtook me; I asked the driver to let me get up, and he very kindly consented. There was also in the cart another person whom he had permitted to ride. I mention this to show that his good nature has not escaped my memory, and if ever chance throws me in his way he shall be no loser. We rode about six miles, when (the driver going in another direction) we got down, thanked him, and walked on together. My companion having a tolerably large bundle on his back, my curiosity was excited, and I asked him what might be his particular object in going to Canterbury? He told me he was going to stop there for the night only—that he had come from London, and had walked to Rochester the first day—intended to walk to Canterbury the second, and on the following to Dover; and that finally he proposed going to Paris, in order to receive some money which was owing to him.

We shortly fell in with another foot traveller, whom he appeared to know, and after the usual "How do you do?" and "Good day," had been interchanged, he, in his turn, related the object of his travels. He said he was a journeyman coachmaker, and was going to Canterbury to look for work,—that he had failed to get any in London, and was trying what he could do out of it. "How does walking agree with you?" said the other. "Very well; and if I do not get any

" thing to do at Canterbury, I'll go on to Dover. " When I first travelled through this county I " thought it the rummest place possible, for you " can't go further than seventy or eighty miles " in this direction; go to Dover, its seventy; " if to Deal, there you are; so that I have " been travelling sometimes along the coast, " and, after having walked about a hundred " miles, I have arrived within forty miles of " it." " How curious," said my first companion, " three different nations travelling together— " English, Irish, and Spanish." The conversation shortly turned on religion, when the itinerant coachmaker said—" Why, religion's a subject I " don't like much to talk about; I don't know " you any more than you knows me, but I'm " *blowed* if I don't think that the Irish ought to " have more liberty dealt out towards them. " They pays to our clergy and their own too; " and I don't see why their pockets should be " drained to support a set of *fat useless* fellows " riding in their carriages, and they not having " the same privileges as the Protestants. Ah! " they will have it some day by force, and I'm " ——— if I should be sorry either. Why, " in England, do they allow so many sects? A " set of rascals, all of them; dissenters from the " established religion to serve their own purpose." " Ah!" replied the Irishman, his countenance marked with exultation and despair, " We will

" have it, you may rely upon it. What do you sup-
" pose they are always raising subscriptions in the
" different counties of Ireland for, where they must
" be collecting thousands upon thousands, and no
" man knows how it is to be disposed of? Don't you
" suppose that some day, when they are resolved
" upon having their rights, and they make a
" struggle for it with England, and can't get it
" peaceably, that they will send all this money to
" foreign nations, and invite them over to their as-
" sistance. Yes, and they'll come too. What more
" right has England to meddle with the internal
" affairs of Portugal or Spain, than France has
" with Ireland?" In fact, these travellers entered into a very warm debate on the abuses of the government, and devised plans how to correct these matters immediately, and with the greatest economy. I was much amused with their arguments, which, by the bye, were not totally devoid of good reasoning, and, anxious to hear a little more, I kept rather in the rear, to wear the semblance of inattention. The coachmaker commenced—" I
" tell you what, my good Sir, you have the power
" of expressing yourself better than I; but I tell
" you England's afraid of Ireland. See the num-
" ber of soldiers she sends there, to keep them
" under."—" Ah, indeed you are right," was the reply. " The government sent some lord or other,
" I forget his name, to invite them over to his
" particular party. What did they do to him?

" The magistrates would not allow him to be " tried, but sent him away, without even allowing " his name to transpire." I did not know at first what this had reference to. " The fact is, it will " be another such a trick as the Manchester " * * * *."—" It's a strange world this," said the coachmaker; " I wish they'd make me king, " I'd do it all for five hundred a year. I wish " I had the power of giving places; I'd dock " some of the fellows with five and ten thousand " a year, and not turn out the poor clerks of " a hundred a year, and perhaps large families " besides. I wouldn't let these fellows roll in " their carriages. Still," added he, looking very cunningly, " I suppose I should like a couple of " thousand a year myself." This was almost irresistible; the Irishman laughed most heartily, so did I, affecting to be laughing because they did. This wound up the politics, and I really thought it a very great treat. The conversation afterwards became rather slack, and we jogged on until we came in sight of Canterbury:—here I wished my companions good day, and turned off to play at a house, where I thought it very likely I should meet with some auditors.

As I entered the town, I managed to sell one of my songs to an elderly lady, who was prevailed on by a little child that was with her to buy it. She did not seem to admire the price of half-a-crown. I now proceeded to the Fleece Inn, where my

luggage was ordered to be left, and went into the tap; here I ordered some refreshment, which I enjoyed very much after my long walk. I had not been there long, before some of the inmates asked me to play to them, and I refused, on account of being fatigued; when a man, who appeared to be somewhat above the working class, spoke to me in French, and told me that he would give me some money if I would play. I replied, that if I were not so tired I would do so without remuneration, as I had already got two shillings. This fellow, not understanding much French, told the rest of the people that I would not play unless they would give me two shillings. As I affected to know but very little of the English, I was unable to explain to them. I felt, however, so very much annoyed, that I quarrelled with their interpreter, and told him he was a great fool for attempting to talk French, as he knew so little of it. An exchange of not the most amiable compliments was the consequence; and, finding that the people were all on his side, I contrived, by means of a tune or two and a song, to clear up the mistake. After this, they were all sugar and honey, and paid me as many good compliments as they had just done bad ones. The unfortunate interpreter tried every thing in his power to make peace, and offered me a shilling; but, as I was still very much out of temper with the fellow, I exclaimed, "A Spaniard has too much generosity to

" accept money from a man who has insulted him." It is curious that I should have put myself into a rage on such an occasion, but I could not help it; and this fellow, after doing all he possibly could to assure me he was sorry for the vexation he had caused to me, was told, but with great difficulty, that I should think no more about it. I now spoke to the landlord about having a bed there for the night. He told me I could not, but desired me to go with his servant, who would try to get me one. He sent to three public-houses, but could not succeed; at last, he procured me one at a chandler's shop, which was also a lodging house for foot passengers. Supper being on the table as we entered, I was invited to sit down to it, which I did; my guitar, however, being spied out, I was asked to play. To this I acquiesced from policy, for I thought it would help to secure me good treatment. The master of the house and his son then sang a psalm for me, to the air of *Home, sweet Home*, in which the former occasionally joined, and the effect was very pretty.

Being rather tired, I expressed a wish to go to bed, and Sally was called to light me up stairs. At the utterance of this name, I fancied some pretty girl was coming in, or at least a young one; instead of which, an old woman, almost double, " *sans* teeth," and almost *sans* every thing, of a bent, witch-like form, her face shrivelled like a withered apple, made her appearance with the

candle. On entering my dormitory, a man jumped out of one of the beds (for there were several in the room), and cried, "Give me a light, *Miss*, "I won't stop here; I have been so bit by these "bugs, that I'll get up and bundle off." At the mention of this, I was quite horror-struck, and exclaimed, "Bug! Bug! No like. No, no, no "like!" Sally, the chambermaid, feeling indignant at such a charge against her beds, as if it reflected inattention on her part, examined the sheets well, and not meeting with any, declared it was a story. "Story!" cried out the suffering man, "do you only get in, and then you'll soon "find they'll nip you; but how can you expect to "see 'em with the candle a-light. They always "runs away from the light, and if you wants to "find 'em, you must look in the dark." Never too old to learn, thought I to myself; I perceive these little animals like darkness better than light, and I was much pleased at this curious method of finding them out. The landlord and landlady were soon attracted up stairs, when the bitten man spoke greatly of his grievances. They expressed their great astonishment at such news, declaring there could not be any, as the bedsteads had been well cleaned, and that they should again be well inspected the following day. The idea of these horrid vermin made me dread getting into any of the beds; but the only alternative left was that of sleeping, or rather lying on the floor. After

hesitating a long time, one of the men in bed was appealed to by Sally whether he had met with any, and replying he had not, it gave me a little courage, and I ventured to try one of them. Scarcely had I put out the candle, and was a little settled, than I began to feel their nippings. My hands were everywhere in an instant, and no sooner employed to drive them away from my leg, than they were attracted to my neck. In short, I never was in such purgatory before, and felt a most extraordinary desire to swear, for I was in a situation to make a saint do so; but being a Spaniard, I could not curse in English, and never having learned to do so in Spanish, I was preserved from this wicked sin; but jumping out of bed, the reasoning of the late lodger struck me very forcibly—"If you want to find them, you "must look in the dark," at that time it appeared to me rather paradoxical; experience, however, soon convinced me to the contrary.

Afraid of returning to bed, I took the sheet, and, after well shaking it, wrapped it close round me, and tying my handkerchief equally close round my head, I laid on the top of the bed; but these ravenous little animals gave me ample proof that a sheet was not proof against their marches, and again bit me so much, that I could not suffer my hands to be quiet an instant. I passed the night in the greatest torment, and might well say, "I "would not pass another such a night, though

" it were to buy a world of happy days." Daylight approaching, and these little nipping creatures, after feasting sumptuously upon my person, having retired to their various recesses, I fell asleep, and remained in that state until about ten o'clock. On getting up the next morning (August 30), I found myself all over bites, and the first thing I determined upon was to look for other quarters. At breakfast, my landlady made herself very officious in getting me every thing I wanted, and, in order to make me comprehend better, she made the most ludicrous grimaces to express herself; these I affected for some time not to understand, until she had twisted her face into a few more shapes. I now walked out to visit the Dane John. A man mowing the grass in the garden, hailed me, and running up to me, asked me in Spanish if I were a Spaniard, and we went together to the top of the mount. After gratifying my eyes with the view, some gentlemen asked, if I would play to them, and gave me a shilling for my trouble, so that in all my movements it appeared that I was to be telling in the money. I now descended in company with the man, who very soon made me acquainted with every particular of his occupation. He had the care of the garden, was to keep it in *good* order, not allow any body to injure the trees, and to keep the grass *closely* mown, for which he received seventy pounds per annum, and thirty shillings for lighting

the lamps. He had besides, as a perquisite, all the grass he cut off (strong reasons, why it was now standing half a foot high), and the small lodge at one of the entrances as a place of residence. He invited me to his house, which I found to be a very comfortable and snug little place. There was a small garden attached to it, which he seemed to have tastefully stocked with the useful as well as ornamental; he regaled me with some of his home-made wine, which was the most horrid stuff I ever drank in my life. I was, however, obliged to say—"*Muy bueno*;" and, putting down the glass unfortunately broke it; he begged I would take no notice of the accident. He told me, in fact he seemed to be very happy to meet with some one to talk Spanish with,—that he spoke to me as though he had been long acquainted with me. He said he had been a sailor ten or eleven years, in consequence of which he had been able to succeed to the situation after his father, who had been dead some years; he had three brothers; that some money had been left to be divided between them and himself, amounting to five hundred pounds. "This money," added he with a kind of acquired indifference, "I sold for forty "pounds, in consequence of the executors delaying "so long in distributing it;" that he considered it was better to be sure of some, than wait so long for the whole. Poor fellow! his artless story reminded me of a friend whose distressing narrative

I had the pain to hear just before I left town. I therefore pitied him twofold; and, as he concluded his melancholy account, an involuntary shudder seemed to pass all over my frame. Somebody now came in, and broke in upon the painful but not uninteresting topic. The pain however was mine, although he was the real sufferer; for he appeared to be quite resigned and careless about the loss he had sustained.

Recollecting that I must look after a fresh abode, I asked him if he knew where I could get a comfortable clean bed-room, and explained to him why the one I slept in last night was not to my liking; he told me if I would call again in about a quarter of an hour, he would look out. I thanked him, saying, *hasta la vista,—au revoir;* and passed away the time in walking about the town. In a quarter of an hour I returned, according to my appointment, and found my new acquaintance busily employed in mowing his grass. He quitted his work immediately—took me to the Duke of Dover public-house — told the landlord that he had just met with me, and was desirous of getting a room for four or five shillings a-week; the place I had just left was dirty, and full of bugs; "he's a clean looking chap rather," added he, "and apparently very good natured." The daughter was accordingly desired to show me the room, and I found it perfectly to my liking.

I now proceeded after my luggage, congratulating myself on procuring such comfortable quarters.

At about two o'clock I went out with my guitar, and was engaged several times to play; in one of which an elderly lady, after listening to two or three songs, came out, and with a most particularly good-natured smile, said—"Here, here's a *sixpence* for you—but you "must sing plenty."—"*Merci, Madame,*" I replied, returning her smile, and, affecting not to understand, walked away; thinking *I had given enough work for the money.* Passing by a row of houses, opposite the market, I was beckoned to play by a lady sitting at the window. I first sang to her a patriotic song, and then a little ballad, called *Mi Madre no quiere.* This unfortunate song attracted the attention of a much more *Spanish-like* person than myself, who, as if curious to know who was playing, appeared to show as little of himself as possible when he came to look at me, as if to prevent my seeing him. At this particular moment I caught his eye, and was immediately convinced that I recognised the gentleman who taught me the guitar. I was most dreadfully annoyed at this, and could have wished the fellow at the very devil rather than where he was, notwithstanding the ludicrous idea of the scholar playing to his master under such circumstances. A variety of fancies flashed before me in

an instant, so that I was very much confused, but resolved on braving it out as well as possible. I did not show the slightest sign that I recollected him; and the lady shortly after throwing me out her pittance, I marched off in double quick time. I was exceedingly vexed at meeting with this gentleman, and cursed my unlucky fate at having sung the ballad; for had I not done so, I thought, I should not have been recognised, as it was the only one I ever sang before him. In this angry mood, I walked back to the inn, vowing I would cut the journey short, and return to town.

Reaching my room, I immediately threw my guitar in one direction and my music-book in another, whilst I gave way to my excessive vexation at this unfortunate encounter. First, I heaped curses on the man (who, poor fellow, could not help it), and then on myself for going there; I was resolved to pack up, and start back by the first coach. I imagined a thousand disagreeable things would result, and that discovery was certain. I certainly felt, if ever I did in my life, quite *hors de combat*. It is very possible that I had treated this more seriously than there was really any occasion for; but in cases of this sort we all want reflection to check our excited feelings. Whilst I was brooding over my dilemma, the thought of my being mistaken in the person never struck me; I was so perfectly convinced that I

could not have erred. But to abandon the enterprise, and have it imputed to a want of spirit, and to be subject to the ridicule of my acquaintances, having occurred to me, I began to think,—Why should I let so trifling an incident put a stop to my career? I have taken much trouble to bring it about, and I have set my heart and soul upon it; I have too much interest in it, to leave it yet, and to do so upon mere conjecture, for it may not be ———, would now be very puerile; some people would, in fact, give it a worse construction. At length I determined to continue my journey, but resolved on leaving Canterbury the following day. For a change of thoughts I went down into the tap-room, where I was exceedingly annoyed by a drunken man. The landlord, taking compassion, invited me into his parlour, a civility I felt obliged to him for, as he had a daughter sitting there, about nineteen years of age, and rather pretty. I do not know when I enjoy the company of a woman more than if I unexpectedly fall in the way of it: but particularly if my temper has been ruffled. In such a case, one looks for something through which a calm may take place; and what is so likely to conduce to that end as a young and pretty girl?—If a man is conscious of being in a disagreeable mood, he invariably tries to conceal it in female society. I yielded to this feeling, and knowing that I was not in the very best of tempers, fancied I

looked so, and that a beard of a week's growth, with linen not of the whitest, rather aggravated the case;—I endeavoured to make amends by putting on a smile, and, bowing very low, made signs that I hoped she would not disturb herself. At this mark of politeness, which abstractedness caused me to make, for I scarsely recollected my disguise, one and all rose from their seats, and a chair was offered me by the daughter; I placed myself by her side, and after making a few complimentary observations to the good landlady, by verbal interpretation, I entered into conversation with the daughter, by means of looks, signs, and some monosyllables. Whilst enjoying this little *tête-à-tête*, which I imagined she perfectly understood, a fellow cried out, "Why, ———," "he "seems to be eyeing you very much." Not admiring this interruption, I gave the fellow a *quietus*, by asking my Dane John friend, who was present, the English for *picaro?* Rogue was the reply, and turning towards the intruder, I exclaimed, "You Ro—you Ro—;" and a glorious laugh was set up at the bad pronunciation; however, I obtained what I wanted, by diverting all attention from his remark, and ever afterwards the fellow was called Mr. Ro.

My new acquaintance observing my name on the guitar, exclaimed, "Why, we are name-"sakes, Señor—two Johns together, my name's "John L——;" and then he began to explain that

Juan or John meant the same name, when in came the drunken man who had annoyed me before, by continually asking me to shake hands, and seeing me again, pushed out his hand for me to shake it. But I made a good Spanish grimace, and shaking mine, signified that he had already hurt it. This unusual sort of contortion seemed to enrage the man, who, perhaps, from the optical delusions of intemperance, had probably mistaken it for some intention to offend, and he began to swear most violently, vowing vengeance against me and the whole Spanish nation. "Come, come," said the landlord, "that's not language for the "parlour, you'd better go into the tap-room." And no sooner said, than he gently led him there. The smoke in the room now beginning to grow offensive, I wished them all good night, first agreeing to breakfast with master John L—— the next morning.

CHAPTER IV.

Melancholy Reminiscences at Midnight—Breakfast at the Dane John Lodge—Attend the Cathedral Service—Embarrassing Situation behind the Duke of Dover Bar—A Thirsty Tea Party—New Occupations—Dane John Gardens of an Evening—Geographical Argument in the Duke of Dover Parlour—An unfortunate Interpretation—A Fair Specimen of Domestic Economy—The Kiss—The Druids' Club—How to Grow Fat on Beer—Anecdote of Columbia—The Baker's Family—I am engaged to play at an Evening Party—A very cunning Cobbler frightens me out of Canterbury—the Waltz—I get a Letter of Recommendation to all Licensed Victuallers.

On returning to my room, the thoughts of my unfortunate rencontre in the market-place occupied my mind; and, although I had already determined what course I should pursue, I again discussed whether I should adhere to it; after annoying myself with different fancies for some time, I proceeded to make notes of the day's occurrences, in order to drive away this very disagreeable

subject. The horrors of the last night visited my fancy in all their misery; and, turning to my clean bed, it reminded me how lucky I was to have met with this John L——; and the poor fellow's history, together with the indifference with which he related parting from his one hundred and twenty pounds for forty, reminded me of the almost parallel case of a very sincere friend, who was then suffering from the same cause: and sympathizing with the unfortunate John L——, all the afflictions of my friend, appeared before me, exciting a most agreeable melancholy.

Numbers of times have I heard him bitterly complain of the delay of his father's executors, in selling the landed property to pay off the various legacies. "Why," I have asked, "if he "could not give you the legacies, did he not assist "you in borrowing it?" No, he would continue; he threw every obstacle in the way to prevent my doing so. I could have raised five hundred pounds or more, with which I might have entered some profession, and relieved myself from immediate privation, had this executor have only said that I deserved it. The tear standing in his eye, he would exclaim—I had not even received the interest due on my small legacy for nine months—on this pittance I solely depended for support—and I had no other pursuit in which I might have earned any money. By *hard economy*, I continued to make the preceding quarter's instalment last me six months,

and by taking credit for the remaining three months, I promised (for I had no other alternative) at the expiration of that time to pay my landlord, if he would provide me with a breakfast. As for my dinner, God knows, sometimes I had a regular meal, sometimes bread and butter, and often nothing; and this depended upon my being able to borrow a few shillings. I know, my dear friend, whenever I asked you for it, I was sure to get it; yet I was afraid that such frequent applications without any return, might induce you to inquire the cause, and I was ashamed to let you know it. The time arrived at which I had promised to pay my landlord; he accordingly presented me a bill one morning, when I felt very ill from not having broken my fast since the yesterday's breakfast. I told him I was exceedingly sorry that I had not been able to keep my promise—that I really had been disappointed in the payment of my money, and that if he would do me the favour to wait a month longer, I would be sure to let him have it. The man hesitated, and pulling the bill about, observed, that he had already done a thing which was not usual for him—providing me with breakfast: that he thought a *gentleman* like myself ought to have sufficient ready money to pay for it. Fancy my feelings when he uttered this! but I was obliged to brook it all. The lodgings, he continued, which he was accustomed to be paid for every month, had now run on a quarter, and he

certainly could not let them do so any longer. In short, he told me that if I did not pay him in a few days, he must detain my wearing apparel and luggage; adding, that I might go free. In this dreadful predicament I wrote to my father's executor, stating every thing without disguise, and yet he never rendered me the slightest assistance. A fortunate circumstance, however, happened at this crisis; a relation of mine who had borrowed money upon his legacy at 50 per cent. interest, preserved me from wandering in the streets. The executor is a Post Captain of the Royal Navy, and when my much-lamented parent was alive, he looked upon him as a moral, upright, and kind-hearted man; and, under this conviction appointed him his executor, trusting that he would foster the exigencies of his children with parental solicitude. Will you not be shocked, when I tell you that my poor father entertained so high an opinion of Captain N. D. * * * * * * * * *'s integrity, that he consulted him on all occasions; and whenever the Captain required any money, he had only to ask for it; in addition to this friendly assistance, my father left him three thousand pounds. Is it not heart-rending and contrary to human nature that Captain * * * * * * * * should so betray the dying wishes of his uncle and benefactor, as to violate those sacred duties, which, as an executor—a relative,—a man under the greatest obligations,—and finally as a guardian, he ought to have

fulfilled to the utmost of his power. "Dam'me, "Why didn't you call him out?" said I, and at this moment my candle went out, and I was left to fight my duel in the dark. After derobing myself, I groped with my right hand foremost, as a kind of safe-guard against the bed-post and my head running counter to each other, and soon secured myself between the sheets, but complained rather bitterly that they did not allow me any pillow; however, I soon fell fast asleep.

I was awoke the next morning by some one knocking tolerably loud at my door, and crying out eight o'clock. "Very well," said I, "I'll "get up," again forgetting that I could not speak English. I now perceived the cause of my missing the pillow, I had got in at the wrong end of the bed. At nine o'clock I walked over to L——'s to breakfast; this was the 31st of August, and I had been from home five days. On my way I again saw the Spanish gentleman who alarmed me so much the day before, he was walking down the town, followed by a servant, carrying some luggage. Being at some distance, I examined him well, and imagined that he was not altogether like my acquaintance. I followed him to the bottom of the street, and overheard him ask a man, in good English, where the coach started from? at which I immediately turned away, very happy to find that he was about to make his exit. This circumstance, and the walk, gave

me an increased appetite; to meet which, I found a good supply of coffee, bread and butter, and hot mutton chops on the table of the hospitable cottager. I soon proved to Master L—— that I entertained a good opinion of this sort of fare, by doing ample justice to his *côtelettes*, which were very tender, and excellently dressed. Breakfast being over, and his wife clearing away, L—— made many apologies for a Sunday toilette he must make, a livery he was obliged to wear on these days as peace preserver and general inspector of the shrubberies and *close-mown grass* of the Dane John Gardens. In a few minutes he appeared in his official robes, and gold laced cocked hat. I paid him a compliment on the peculiar neatness of his dress and gold braiding, and particularly in praise of his cocked hat. "Oh, "yes," he replied very knowingly, "but that "looks rather too footmany-fied; Jane" (calling to his wife), "bring me my plain hat, for that's more "genteel." We then walked out together, to one of his favourite haunts, and he was soon armed with a pipe in his mouth, and a pint of potent malt in his hand.

I thought it was now time to leave Master L—— (as I used to call him) for a short time, to enjoy his pipe and beer, while I went off to the cathedral. On advancing to the chancel, the doorkeeper said to me, "Button up your shirt, you "must not enter in that way:" this being done, I

walked in with great humility, and seated myself on a bench in the aisle. All eyes were immediately turned towards me. After admiring the interior of this place, I devoted a few minutes' attention to the preacher. He dilated very much upon Abraham and his seed, which not according much with my taste, I changed my attention to other subjects until the service was concluded. At a little after six o'clock I returned home, and found that my good landlord and lady had been piously inclined also, and had gone to church, leaving the daughter to take care of the house; I cannot describe the peculiar sensation I felt when the girl told me so. The idea of our being alone seemed to occupy her attention, and I really felt considerable awkwardness: for some time we looked like two cyphers—and my eyes accidentally meeting hers, I thought we reflected each other's feelings; she looked down, silence still prevailed; such in fact was the extreme awkwardness in which I was placed, that she was the first to speak, by remarking that I had a rent in my straw hat, which she would mend, as she had nothing to do. I was quite grateful to her for commencing the conversation, and thanked her for her kind offer. This gave me courage, and a general conversation ensued; recovering my self-possession, I directed my observations entirely to herself, and, as the reader will readily suppose, declared a thousand things which I did

not mean, and she very adroitly affected not to believe them. I told her she was very beautiful—her mouth was pretty—that I was in love with her—and was going to pledge my sincerity by a kiss—"No, no, no," she replied, and there was a loud knock at the door. Her mother and father now entered, and seeing that their daughter was rather flushed, asked her what was the matter. "Nothing," she replied, and the good pair took no more heed of it; although on seeing me they appeared to conjecture the reason. I immediately spoke to them on the beauty of the cathedral, and diverted their attention from pretty S—— to something else. When I thought of my great awkwardness with this girl, I really laughed at myself, and never could impute it to any particular cause.

In cases of this kind I had always thought myself any thing but diffident; I must confess, however, that I felt embarrassed on this occasion, and very happy at the rent in my straw hat. I had but little time to search for the cause of my shyness, as dinner was served in a few minutes, and I took my seat at the table. Our dinner consisted of a fowl pie, two or three vegetables, an apple tart, and dessert; so that with Master L——'s mutton-chop breakfast, and this dinner, I fancied myself in the land of living. At six o'clock tea was announced, and I came down stairs. There was an aunt or some other relative of the party, who had a particularly red face. After sipping my cup, I passed away the time chatting with

the daughter, whilst the female guest and the good landlady were enjoying themselves in their way. In order that their gossip should not be broken in upon, they seemed to be continually replenishing their cups, until I counted about eighteen between them. When the visitor was gone away, the landlady exclaimed—"Well! what a hearty tea she has made!—Did you "notice the number of cups she took, my dear?" addressing her husband. "What manners!" was the reply; "what's that to me."—"And yet," continued the landlady, "she pretended her kettle was "on the fire."—"So it was, mother," replied the daughter, who had doubtless been the messenger to invite her, "for I saw it."—"Well, then, she "has made a most hearty tea."—I was very much amused to hear the landlady's remarks on the quantity of tea her thirsty guest had drunk, and forgetting that she had been doing the same. It is a very prevailing fault in human nature, by the bye, to condemn failings in others whilst it is blind to its own.

The next morning I went to see the cathedral; but found it closed, so I went out with my guitar, and played at some houses on a green close by, with considerable success. A gentleman came out and politely invited me into his parlour, and, after inquiring the particulars of my history, expressed a great deal of sympathy for my situation. On hearing me play, he said he was very sorry indeed that his sisters were not there. "*Ah!*

" *Monsieur a des sœurs,*" said I; for I was sorry too. " Yes," was the reply, " they are all down at " Dover: I recommend you to go there."—" I think " of going there," I said, and receiving his two and sixpence left him, and was immediately engaged by some young ladies to play to them. Whilst thus occupied, a pensive, antiquated-looking lady, crossed over the green, and asked the young ladies to send me to her directly they had *done* with me. You can go now, said a dear smiling creature from the window, and with great reluctance I changed my employers. On arriving at this lady's house, she came out to the green on foot, and gave me a shilling. I asked her if I should play. " No," was the reply, and then added, in the same breath, " Well, you can play here." Accordingly I *set-to*, and as she paraded up and down, I walked after her like a lap-dog. I very much enjoyed this ridiculous farce, and would have willingly given her back the shilling to have learned her thoughts. She looked very pensively, and appeared to be giving way to some mysterious reflections: if I could read her countenance rightly, she fancied herself thirty years younger, and that I was singing to her " In forests green, beneath the shady " night." Her strange employment soon began to attract the notice of her neighbours, when on a sudden, recovering from her delusion, with a look of pity and a theatrical wave of the hand, she gave me signs to depart. Alas! poor devil, said I, as I

went away, I fear some spirit has bound you to be rather loving in your old days, but I am not the fellow to try it on with. I had now been occupied two or three hours, and, as singing, in the air sharpens the appetite, I went off to a restaurateur's to get my dinner: there I counted the profits of my labour, and found that I had collected seven shillings.

As I was writing my journal, Master L—— called on me, and, perceiving my occupation, observed to me that I was always writing. "Yes," I replied, "I am very desirous of learning English." He asked me if I would accompany him to one of his favourite haunts: I consented, and we went to the Castle Inn. He very soon showed symptoms of wishing to be jovial, and knowing his good nature, and having money with me, I paid the expenses. There were a number of curious fellows in the room, and I felt highly delighted with some of their very comical remarks. One of them, who seemed to have been watching me some time, exclaimed that he felt convinced I was not a Spaniard; that my manners were not those of a common fellow: "He's some country squire in disguise—I'm sure "he is: them ere gentlemen learns all sorts of lan- "guages now a days." He referred to L——, who declared that I was indeed a real Spaniard; in fact, if I were not, he added, he would soon detect me: having drunk his beer, we left the house and walked in the Dane John Gardens. It was just dark,

a time when these gardens are greatly frequented. Nymphs in abundance are to be seen occupying the various paths, whilst some lovers, with their *chères amis*, were to be faintly discerned in the sly nook, or under a shady tree, enjoying their *tête-à-tête* in retirement. Some, I doubt not, with an anxious heart, keep their assignations inviolate; while other little syrens are happy to pick up with any admirer. I perceived several pretty girls pass me, and being an eye-witness to love-scenes, I wished to be playing a part in them. "L——," said I, do "you know any of these girls; I know you are "a great favourite amongst the women."—"*Si*, "*Señor*," replied he, much delighted with the compliment, "I know a *few*," giving a nod with his head, as if he meant a *great many*; "I'll intro- "duce you to one or two pretty girls of my "acquaintance."

I pointed out one that I wished to speak to. L—— immediately went up to her with the familiarity of an old acquaintance; when curiosity induced her to inquire who that comical-looking fellow was that he had with him. "Come, my dear," said he, "and let me introduce you to him; "he's not so comical as he appears." A formal introduction took place, and after uttering two or three complimentary monosyllables, she whispered that she liked me very well, but said that my hat was too conspicuous; and indeed she seemed to take great alarm at it. L——, however, advanced all his rhe-

toric, to recommend me to favour, but the unfortunate hat proved an insurmountable impediment *to my taking a little walk* with her, as she expressed it, adding, that she lamented it very much, particularly as I was a friend of L——. Had not my unlucky sugar-loaf been a kind of *sine-qua-non* I could at this moment have thrown it away; I vowed, nevertheless, to get another, for the purpose of walking in the Dane John—*to take a little walk at twilight.* On returning to the inn, the landlord and his wife observed to me that they thought I had been looking for a *sweetheart.* I left it to L—— to persuade them to the contrary. There were several persons in the parlour, and, the conversation turning on Spain, one asked its geographical position? and if it were as big as England. "Bigger," said another, "its a quarter of the globe."—"Oh! no! that "can't be," said L——, "because it's in Europe, "and so is Russia and Turkey." Whatever L—— said was always decisive; and in consequence of his being able to act as interpreter, no one *hitherto* having the slightest idea that he could talk Spanish, the company looked up to him with the greatest deference, and he was applied to on all occasions. In consequence of this, L——, finding himself greatly exalted in their estimation, assumed an immense deal of consequence, and took upon himself to clear up every doubtful argument; he suffered no opportunity

of telling a good joke to escape, and made a great show of his knowledge of the Spanish. Poor L —— however, was apt to make a few blunders sometimes. One of the persons was desirous to know what I had been in Spain, and the cause of my coming to England. "*I'll ask* him," said L——, in a consequential tone, and I replied:—"Yo he "sido *criado* caballero particular en Espana, era "un official en el exercito constitucional; y des- "pues de hallar-me en muchas batallas contra los "Franceses, y derrotado en todas, me vi obligado "a salir de Espana ó hubiera sido fusilado*." I fancied, as I was speaking to L—— that the short pronunciation I gave to the words had given him some difficulty to understand my meaning, for the muscles of his face were put into very great commotion; but in this respect I was only partially deceived, as he turned and said, with the greatest confidence, "I know all he has "been saying now, and I'll tell you." I participated in the general attention paid to him. "He says he has been a servant to an officer "in the Spanish patriotic service; in consequence "of the war in Spain against the French, he "was *forced* into the *militia*, and when they

* I was brought up a private gentleman, and was an officer in the patriotic service; and after having fought in many battles against the French, unsuccessfully, I was obliged to fly from my country, or else I should have been shot.

" were going to attack the French, he *cut and run*, " or else he would have been *shot*;—and I'm " blessed if he was not in the right." At this unfortunate interpretation a person exclaimed, " Why, he's a runaway then," whilst all the rest looked their concurrence." " Yes," said another, " they always are runaways when they " think they'll lose."—" Well, good night," he added, and the rest profiting by the hint, went away, except L——, with whom I had an opportunity of clearing up the mistake. For although I certainly enjoyed his error, still I did not wish that they should take me for the character that this ridiculous interpretation made me appear. I brought out a few favourite Spanish exclamations against poor L——, who then explained the affair to the landlord's family; and I retired to my dormitory. In the middle of the night I was very unwell, and having a box of pills, I took two of them. I had a very bad head-ache, which I think the smokey rooms were the cause of. In consequence of this, I did not go down to breakfast the next morning, and the landlady sent me up some tea, which did me a great deal of good. At four o'clock I was so much better as to be able to come down stairs. A balloon was about to ascend with Mr. Green, the famous aëronaut, from the Dane John Gardens, and L—— came to entreat that I would go with my guitar, as there

were such crowds of persons, I should make a mint of money; he seemed to be in torture at the idea of losing so good a chance, but I assured him that I was too ill to turn out.

I had a good opportunity of observing the domestic economy of this family. The mother prepares the tea, the daughter cuts the bread and butter, whilst papa is allowed to sit at his ease, in consequence of his continual out-door occupation. I was always helped first, and, although I frequently protested against this usage, mamma always paid me that compliment, averring that I was a stranger; the *caro sposo* next, then herself, and then her children. One thing amused me much: when the children were helped to tea, some water was invariably sent for. At dinner, grace was always said; and whatever might be wanted during the meal the son or daughter went for it in turns. I was pleased with their very excellent regulations, &c. One day at dinner, I was making myself very useful in handing about the plates, &c., when the little boy remarked to his father how very polite I was. "Yes," retorted the parent, "that's as you should be." This was a *quietus*, and the poor boy did not favour us with any more observations on politeness for the rest of the evening.

The next day L—— called, and congratulated me that I was so much better, at the same time scolding me for losing so good a chance of reap-

ing the harvest that yesterday offered. He told me that he had got several engagements for me to-day, and several ladies were now waiting to hear me; I availed myself of one engagement, but finding it affected my head, I returned to L——'s quarters.

Here I declared that I would not play any more; not even for "Your King Georgy." Just as I had made this remark, his wife asked me to play to her; but, understanding that I had expressed an aversion, she begged I would not, as it might perhaps make me worse. "Oh! I'll play to you," I replied, "though I would not to King Georgy;" which Lewis interpreted, and she smiled in return for the compliment. By playing to Master L——'s wife, my readers will suppose, perhaps, that I was influenced by her beauty, and expect to have the description of a pretty woman, or give me credit for entertaining ideas not the most moral; but I can assure them that in either case they will err, for L——'s wife was not pretty, and nothing but common civility in return for the great attention I had received from her husband was the cause.

When I returned home, I went to my room, and met the landlady's daughter, who, on observing me, made for the door, which I took care to close double quick. This meeting was not like Sunday's, when we both looked so sheepish; I observed to her, that whenever I found any pretty girls in my bed-chamber I always exacted a cer-

tain tribute; this was no sooner said than done. I requested her not to tell her father. "I will "indeed," said she, as she ran away.

L—— calling upon me, asked me to go with him to see the room of the Druids' Club, of which he was a member; I went with him, and found it in one of his favourite rendezvous, the Castle Inn. The room was papered with subjects of rustic scenery, and at one end of it was the president's chair, behind this, on the paper, was represented an old Druid playing the harp. L—— descanted largely on the elegance of the room, and the peculiar advantages of the society; at last, he directed my attention to their motto, which was worded, in French, on the ceiling immediately over our heads. "Our "God, our Country, and King," said I, in Spanish. "Is that the meaning of it," exclaimed this member of the Druids, "well, I never knew that before!" L——, after taking, as usual, something to drink, returned with me to my quarters. Here were several persons collected, and busily engaged in doing justice to some of Barclay and Perkins's best: L—— was too happy to make one of the number. These fellows annoyed me very much, by offering me the frothy pewters, out of which they drink their heavy beverage; for I have a most particular aversion to beer of all kinds. I declined their offer, by saying, "Me no like "hop," at which they all laughed very much. I always made use of this expression when I spoke

of beer, and in fact I thought until now that it was made of hops. "Hop, hop," said my landlord, imitating my pronunciation, "you don't like "hop;—he always calls beer hop, and fancies, as "there are so many hop plantations and hop gar- "dens, that we make beer entirely of it, while it "is merely one of the ingredients."—"De hop is "good," said the landlady; "it make you fat you "know;" inflating her jolly cheeks, and point- ing to the rest of her person, which was in the prize cattle style, she told me that I should soon lose my thinness if I would but take the *hop*. I enjoyed this remark, for it reminded me of a woman whom I met in Columbia in 1824, where I was unfortunately engaged in one of those fashionable bubbles, by which I lost my health, and was swindled out of a thousand pounds. This woman lived in the country where I was stationed, and had several *haciendas* (farms), upon which were a great quantity of goats, worth together about a thousand doubloons, equal to three thou- sand pounds and more. She remarked one day, when we had invited her to dine with us, that I was very thin. "*Si, Señora*," I replied; "*Yo* "*tengo una calentura*."—"*No importa*," said she, with a fork in her hand, and a large piece of meat at the end. "You should *eat* as I do, and "then you'll soon become fat, like me." Here she gave me a specimen of the excellence of her con- dition, for, like all the Columbian women, she did

not wear stays, and the thinness of her clothing enabled her to make a most voluptuous display. The women of that country, the rich as well as poor, are very unsophisticated in their manners, and receive but very little education.

The next day, as I was perambulating the town with my guitar, I passed a baker's shop in Castle Street, where I had already played, and a little girl came running after me, and cried, "*Venez*, "*venez*." I immediately walked into the shop, and Mr. B—— and family gave me a hearty welcome, asking me why I had not called sooner. I told them that I had been very ill; when one and all expressed the kindest sympathy, and, having invited me to take some refreshment, I chose water, which was immediately brought, and with it some wine. They overhauled my music book, and meeting with the Spanish Exile, it attracted their notice very much. One of them read it aloud, whilst the rest listened with a great deal of attention. During the perusal, their eyes were frequently directed towards me with pity, and at the conclusion they all exclaimed, "Poor "fellow!"—"He's exiled from home," added an elderly woman; and the baker, as if his sympathy had begot the thought, exclaimed, "I've got "something nice for him!"—went out of the room, and very soon returned with a smoking apple dumpling. "Here, I've brought you this; "eat it now while it's hot." I told him that I

had not long dined, and did not require it. "Nonsense: eat it, my good fellow;" and I immediately did as he bade me. It is a very exciting thing to the appetite to meet with fresh eatables, notwithstanding one has just done dinner: and puddings and pies, proverbially, go for nothing. This was the case with me, for I soon found an appetite to devour the smoking hot apple dumpling, and I am bound to say it was uncommonly good. I certainly think the impression I made upon the charitable baker and his family was, that I had not had my dinner. The fact, however, was this:—As I passed Master L——'s house, he insisted on my coming in to dinner. I did all in my power to excuse myself the *honour*, for I, occasionally, had too much of his company; but he would hear of no refusal. As I went into the cottage, he observed that he did not know what he had to give me, and the dinner was soon placed on the table: some rashers of bacon and large-leafed cabbages formed the repast, and I thought to myself, that I would rather come to his breakfast than his dinner by a great deal. He made many apologies for the simplicity of the fare; said he had not the slightest idea that it was so, or else he would not have asked me; in fact, he behaved with as much adroitness as any man in a much higher station would have done in a similar case. I, of course, affected to like what was on the table, and after partaking of a little bacon and cabbage, I

turned to bread and cheese: and not having made a very good dinner, I found the apple-dumpling rather acceptable. "Get him another, "poor fellow," said the baker's sister, seeing that the dumpling had totally disappeared; "he's very "hungry, I'm sure."—"Will you have another, "master?" said the baker very good-naturedly; but as I had now made a very *good dinner*, I declined. They all very kindly contributed their charity, raising two or three shillings, and pressing me to give them a call again soon, I shook hands with them, and went away.

In the evening, at six o'clock, I was engaged for a short time to play at a house in the Dane John Gardens, through the interest of L——. I was shown up to the drawing-room, where there were several old dowagers seated at a card table, and a few young ladies at different pursuits, looking as if they were invited to a little tea and turn-out *cóteric*. I went shuffling into the room, as if I had not been accustomed to anything of the kind, indeed it was the first time I had ever yet been engaged to play in-doors, and I thought it would be *manners* to do so. After I had sung a little, the lady of the house, who had heard from L. of my illness, was highly compassionate, and begged me not to trouble myself any more, and bestowed many very tender commiserations upon me. One young lady made herself very busy in visiting my auditors one after the other, to collect

their contributions in a little reticule. She then very gracefully presented me with its contents. "We will not trouble you any more," she added, and I was going away. "Poor fellow," said the hostess, "how very engaging he is. "What a pity he should be so reduced!" and here she came and shook hands with me. "Pray "shake hands with him, poor youth!" she said, addressing herself to the young ladies. They all complied, and I assumed great awkwardness in shaking their hands, and then took my leave.

As I was seated in the parlour, listening to the conversation of a number of persons who had assembled to pass away an hour or so after their daily labours were over, in came the shoemaker, to whom I had sent a pair of shoes to be mended, for I had footed it so much, that I was obliged to resort to the aid of the cobbler. He had a file of newspapers under his arm from the year 1808. "These are French," said he to me, "and I will show you one." After turning them over with great care, he gave me one to read of the year 1814. To my great astonishment, I saw some official letters, from an officer who was under the command of one of my uncles, giving an account of a battle he had just gained over the French. Not knowing how to account for his putting this paper into my hand, I was ashamed by the fear of discovery, and, summoning all my coolness, I said to him, "This is not French,"

as if he intended to dupe me, and then directed my attention to some other part of the paper. Some one called me at this moment by my assumed name, and the cobbler exclaimed—"Oh! "is that his name, Juan de Vega? I thought "it was something else, 'cause I see'd something "like * * * * in his shoe. At this I was very much confused; I cursed the cobbler and the shoes, and would rather have walked without any for a whole week than have had my name seen. The attention of every one was attracted towards what this fellow had been saying, but to which I appeared perfectly indifferent, and entered into conversation with pretty S——. I pretended to laugh heartily, and, with a tolerable deal of *nonchalance*, I said to the cobbler, that the shoes were given me by an English gentleman, and the name in it was his. They all appeared to be satisfied with this explanation, and I congratulated myself on the result. I must confess I felt this cunning heel-tap fellow gave me great annoyance, and I found my hands in that state of moistness which gave strong symptoms of a coming perspiration. How careful, thought I to myself, I ought to have been in examining everything I had about me. In truth, I had been so with all my wearing apparel except these shoes;—they had escaped my notice. This trifling neglect was nearly the cause of all my romantic views being frustrated.

The next morning I resolved on leaving this town for Margate, and determined to start on the morrow. I passed the forenoon in making notes, and visiting the magnificent cathedral. When I returned home, I thought that I had better tell the landlady's daughter of my intention, as she might think me rather abrupt, after our little flirtation, if I waited till the very moment of my departure. As I entered the inn, I found her, and told her of my intention to leave the next day. Poor S—— looked greatly astonished, and expressed her sorrow. She inquired my reason: I replied, that I had a musical engagement at Margate, and was obliged to go there. "Where is Mr. ———?" I added. "Oh, my father and mother are out," she replied, "on a visit to a friend."—"Then "let us have a dance, and I'll play the guitar;" and we went into the back parlour. The old aunt, who had been invited to keep house in the master's absence, being very fond of dancing, gladly sanctioned the proposal; and Sally being also very fond of it, seemed to regain her spirits, and proceeded to remove the chairs and tables to one side of the room. "Who'll mind the bar?" said the aunt. At this moment, "A pot o' beer, "Mister," was asked for by a countryman. Aunt and Sally both flew to the door to give him his beer, when the thought struck me that this fellow would do well to take care of the bar; and paying for his pot of beer, I told him I wished he would

just stand in the passage for a short time, and watch the bar. He was happy to avail himself of his easy birth, and placed himself on the duty required, but with a leering eye towards the dancers. I played a waltz on the guitar, and the two *élégantes* began to trip it on the "light" rather the heavy, by the bye, although "fantastic "toe;" their feet not only in motion but their hands also. But I ought not to forget to mention, it was a figure waltz; and after turning round several times separately, with their arms moving up and down like the lever of a steam engine, they joined hands and waltzed together. "Oh! you put me out, aunt," said S——. "Do I? Well, then, let's try again." They tried again. After making several attempts, putting forward the right leg—then the other would come in immediate contact, threatening a downfall—then changing to the left, which turned out as bad, S—— again exclaimed, "You "put me out, aunt!"—"Do I? Well, then, "let's try again." They tried again, and worked as hard as if they were rivalling the very Graces themselves. The love of fun had seized me, and I could not resist carrying on the joke. "Very "well, very well!" I exclaimed, almost dying with laughter, which nothing but the noise I made with my guitar could have screened from observation, and they set to again to waltz with undiminished fury. They were pushing and run-

ning against each other. "Oh! you tread on my "feet so, aunt," exclaimed poor S——, unwilling to stop—bending the body one way, then the other, and any way but the right. The face of the aunt, who was very anxious to get the right step, was inexplicably droll; and the countenance of the countryman, who had abandoned the bar, to rivet his eyes on the waltzers, together with S——'s indefatigable exertions, formed such a picture as no pen can do justice to, and I think the pencil of Cruickshank would fail to describe. I never was so much diverted in my life. During this time the bar might have been robbed over and over again, its newly-appointed guardian was so absorbed in the mazes of the dance. After enjoying a good laugh at these desperate dancers, I proposed a country dance. I substituted two chairs for the male creatures, and set them jigging again at a famous rate: in this step they were certainly more *au fait* than the waltz. It went on very well until some drinking customers came in, and the *ball* was broken up. They enjoined each other to secrecy, and then left the room. In the evening, the landlord and lady came home, and after relating every thing they had seen, S—— exclaimed,—"Oh! father, "Señor is going away!" This led to an inquiry, and I left it to L—— to explain to them the reason of my sudden departure. They expressed themselves sorry for it. L—— assured

them that I had plenty of money, and would be sure to get it any where else, and they seemed contented that I should be so well provided for. In the course of the evening I rather abruptly left poor S——, for some little agreeable engagement which Master L——'s eloquence had obtained for me. I found this man particularly useful to me, and most cordially confess myself indebted to him for many attentions. He had been a sailor for many years, and was a man most skilful in his profession. He had been much in the Morea, and was well acquainted with the Cyprian coast. On my return, the landlady said, very significantly, "Ah, Señor, "what have you been doing?"—for women are always very suspicious. Placing myself under L——'s care, I signified with a nod of the head, and left it to him to explain to her. I ordered some brandy and water, and we chatted away on a variety of subjects. L——, who, poor fellow, was always studying in what way he could be of any possible advantage to me, suggested to the landlord the benefit that would attend his giving me a letter of recommendation. This word amusing me very much, I was all attention. "It "will be of great use to him," he continued; "as "he is a foreigner, many persons would object to "taking him."—"But surely," observed the good-natured landlord, "nobody could refuse to take "him."—"Indeed they would," answered the land-

lady, "for had not L—— brought him, I would not "have taken him, although I am most happy he "has been here; and so I recommend your writing "him the letter." The landlord immediately acquiesced in the general opinion, and promised to write the next day;—and here we all retired to bed.

The time for starting having arrived, I felt that from gratitude alone I ought to call upon L——, and so went to his Lodge. He and his wife both expressed their regret at the circumstance; and the former begged me, if I should meet with any of my countrymen on my way, to give them his address, and he would be very happy to see them: here he gave me not a very gentle squeeze with his rough but honest hand. His wife, in a regular *Jean* Bull style, said, "I wish "you more friends and less need of them;" and I bade them adieu. Poor L——! he was a good fellow in heart—was of immense use to me, as he conducted me into a variety of scenes which were quite new to me; and from their novelty, and the sphere of life in which he moved, I found them highly entertaining. I think it due to him to say, that he was as generous a fellow from disinterested motives as ever I met with. I used frequently, as I thought of his story, to pity him from my heart. This and other disappointments unfortunately brought on a love for drink, which, I believe I may safely say, is

the only failing he possesses. He seemed to look upon it as his duty to render me all the attention that lay in his power. When I returned to the inn, I packed up my luggage; and the landlord, his lady, and S——, came into the parlour to consult about the letter of recommendation, of which I was anticipating something droll. He then sat down to write a letter, of which this is a copy:—

"*Duke of Dover, Canterbury.*

"The bearer, Juan de Vega a Spaniard, has "been stopping at my house a short time, and i "found him strictly puncheal in all is ingage- "ments and a very gentleman-like man.

"R. ——— .

"*Sept.* 6, 1828."

The landlady and daughter, after considering some time if any improvement could possibly be made, agreed that it was perfect; but the landlord thought he would write one out a little neater; during which time I perceived that S—— did not look in the very best of spirits, and I fancied that a parting *chaste embrace* might tend to *bannir la mélancolie*. I made a sign for her to come into the passage, and she, with the invention natural to her sex, said, "O Señor, "have you seen the garden?" and went out. Poor S——, as I pressed her between my arms

and gave her a dozen parting kisses, trembled very much; but hearing some footsteps, she hastily retired to the parlour, where I followed shortly after, rather agitated at so vivid a display of her feelings at my departure. The landlord presented me the letter of introduction. I returned him a thousand thanks, and spoke to them in the highest terms of the comfort I had experienced in his house. They expressed themselves very happy to hear it, and hoped that wherever I went I should be equally happy, and that they should shortly see me again. The poor daughter appeared to be waiting with painful anxiety for the moment of parting. I really began to feel so much for her, that my spirits became depressed, and I almost fancied myself in love with her; and in the accidental glances, when our eyes met each other, it seemed as if I wished to tell her so. The peculiar embarrassment of poor S—— did not escape the observation of her mother, or, more properly speaking, mother-in-law, who said rather sharply, "You had better take leave of him, and "go to your work." Poor girl! She came up to me, and putting her hand in mine, with a faultering voice wished me "Good bye." I pressed her hand with great fervency, and said, in broken English, "Goot bye; I—come soon." She then disappeared, lest her mother-in-law might notice the state of her feelings. I now shook hands with the good landlord and his lady, and bade them

adieu. I must say that I felt a great deal of pain in parting with these people. I was in their house but a short time, and received from them the kindest attention; and although a stranger, after a few days' acquaintance, I was looked upon with as much confidence as if they had known me for years. At times their hospitality was annoying to me; but, conscious of that pure generous source from which it flowed, I held them in the greatest admiration. They used to talk to me about their anxiety for my future welfare, and hoped that when I did intend to leave, I would shortly return to see them, as they would always be happy to entertain me. They particularly recommended me to go to Margate during the races, and offered me a carriage which they would have in use at that time. The unlooked-for kindnesses I had received from these persons made it impossible for me to take my leave without the deepest regret.

Poor S—— used also to express herself greatly interested about me; she took a great deal of pains to learn a few words and sentences in Spanish; and was equally anxious to teach me English. She advised me not to go to Margate yet, but to visit other places, until the races commenced; that she would be there in a carriage, and take care to reserve a seat for me.

CHAP. XV.

Salisbury—A Dinner Invitation—A Religious Controversy—A Clergyman wishes me to teach him Spanish—The Cause of the Refugees—A Mob—A French Officer—He puzzles me—An unexpected Invitation—Again embarrassed—I promote a Subscription for the Spanish Refugees—Bavarian Broom Girls—I leave Salisbury.

THE distressing scene I had just witnessed, made me, for the first time, complain of my disguise; but I resolved that I would never throw myself into such a situation again. To preserve my character faithfully, and free from suspicion, I was of course obliged to affect both poverty and humility; yet it grieved me exceedingly, to think that I was causing so much uneasiness to two of the most generous creatures that ever lived.

I did myself the pleasure of visiting Mr. and Mrs. M—— after my return to London, and they were exceedingly happy to see me. I made my apologies to both for the deception I had played upon them, and I found that it was not only at

Southampton that I had been a cause of uneasiness to them; as the generous Mr. M—— had devoted two or three days in searching Somers Town, to find me out.

I arrived at Salisbury on the 25th of November, and immediately proceeded to look after apartments, first changing my dress to that which I shall, for the future, call the stable boy's, as I have already described. This was done partly to avoid the public gaze, and partly to get the lodgings on more convenient terms. After I had been unsuccessfully in search for half an hour, a gentleman spoke to me in French, and asked me if I was a Portuguese. I replied that I was a Spaniard: much annoyed at being obliged to reveal my country in so unfavourable a garb. "I'm a bit of "a revolutionist," said he, and then offered me a cigar, smoking one himself at the same time. I refused it, much to his surprise; we proceeded towards the cathedral, and he chatted away at a famous rate about France, Napoleon, revolutions, and a variety of things.

We went into the cathedral, and as I entered the door, I made a cross. "Ah!" said he, "I've "almost forgotten that, its some time since I left "France. I see you are a Catholic." I nodded, and we then proceeded to examine the very elegant interior. After this we took a walk a little out of the town, and returned through some fields to his house. He begged me to walk in and dine with

him; I declined, on account of my dress. "Bah!" said he, and in a few seconds I was in his drawing-room.

He handed me a chair, when I very coolly took off my neckhandkerchief, and pulling out my collar, arranged it according to my usual style. "God bless me," said he, observing my sudden metamorphosis, "what an extraordinary difference "there is in the expression of your countenance. "It's a pity you don't always wear your collar." —"Monsieur," said I, "I conceal it to avoid "notice."—"Never mind," said he, "every one "must know you are a Spaniard; your *pantalon* "*court*, besides, would show that;—never saw "such an exact Spanish face—you're like a "Spaniard in one of Murillo's paintings;" and my friend did me the honour to pay many compliments to my Spanish appearance, observing that he would be very happy to possess a similar one himself. I acknowledged his compliments, but said that I feared he was flattering. The dinner was now laid on the table, I was requested to draw my chair to it. It was well cooked, and well served up, and having a good appetite, I did ample justice to it, as well as to a bottle of Sherry; and my young host was particularly attentive that I wanted for nothing.

Just as the dessert came in, a friend of his entered the room. "A Spanish officer of the last "revolution," said he, introducing me, and then

" Mr. C ——;" he bowed, and joined us. We drank wine together, and the two gentlemen cracked their jokes at a famous rate. I was nothing loth either to drink or speak. The wine was good, and their conversation interesting. I related, in my turn, one or two little *cuentas*, as the Spaniards call them, or little made-up adventures of the moment. We all seemed to be equally pleased; for my own part, I never was in better humour.

They had been in France a long time together—had acquired a great deal of information, and in laughing, drinking, and talking, the time passed away very agreeably. At half-past seven, I rose to take my *congé*, observing it was necessary for me to look after some apartments, not having yet furnished myself. My host would not admit of so speedy a departure, and consulted with his friend about providing me with a bed at an hotel. This was agreed upon, and Mr. C —— went to the Swan. On his return he informed me, that I should only have to pay a shilling for it.

At eight o'clock these gentlemen left me, to dress for a party, and I was invited to breakfast. As I was leaving the Swan in the morning, after paying the landlady the shilling, I perceived her smile as she accepted it, and nodding with her head, said " that's right."—" Poor fellow," said she, turning to some person beside her, " he thinks " its only a shilling, but Mr. H —— has made up " the two shillings; for he says the Spaniards are

" so uncommon proud, that he didn't like to offer " to pay for the bed entirely, so tells him its only " a shilling."—Thanks, to my host, said I, for his consideration of my national pride, and I went off to breakfast.

After a variety of subjects, which Mr. H——, for so young a man, discussed with a great deal of good judgment, the discourse turned on religion. He argued with considerable warmth, in favour of his own principles. I referred him to the Scriptures. " What," said he, laughingly, " do you refer to " them, to overthrow my theory? The Deluge I " suppose—Noah's Ark? what an expert workman " he must have been, to have built, in a few days, " such an immense vessel, large enough to contain " two of every species of living animal, and in " the immense confusion of the Deluge, where all " the elements were clashing together—where the " seas ran, not only mountains high, but were " warring with the skies themselves; what a " navigator he must have been to have preserved " this vessel from wreck—where could he have " found trees large enough to have made it?"— " My dear Sir," said I, interrupting him, " you " must know whatever an Omnipotent Being " chooses can be done—it is not for us to question " him on such an occasion as the one you refer to; " we must all know what was the original source " of the power Noah was endowed with."—"Now," said he, " I'll merely refer to the very commence-

" ment of the Scriptures. It says, 'the Lord " 'made the light, and saw it was good,' *then* he " made the sun and moon afterwards, and we all " know it's from the sun we receive any light at " all."—" They were not astronomers in those " days," said I, " indeed it is not long since we " have emerged from the darkness of Galileo's " doctrine. Therefore at so early a date as " the subject of our argument, it is not to be " wondered that any thing like astronomical " errors might happen." Our theological dispute was interrupted by some one entering the room, when I wished him good day, much amused with the ingenuity he had displayed in substantiating his own principles.

Proceeding to search for apartments, I succeeded in getting a comfortable room, and had my baggage immediately sent to it from the coach-office. I opened the little box of refreshments Mr. M —— had presented me with, and I found it well filled with biscuits and fruit. There was also a piece of twisted white paper at the bottom of the little box; and I was just going to throw it into the fire, but its weight induced me to examine it. I found it contained money.

The next day I went out with my guitar, amongst the clergy, who live round the cathedral, and I was very soon called in by one of them. He spoke very excellent Spanish, and had been a very great traveller in South America. He was a great

invalid, and, in a very priest-like manner, sympathized with me on my misfortunes. He told me he was acquainted with a great many emigrants, and handed me a letter to read, which he had just received from one in London. It was written in French, and was an application for money. After considerable tact in the prelude, the writer began his request—" *Helas! que dirai-je?*" I shook my head, made a good Spanish shrug of my shoulders, and, changing my countenance to an expression of sorrow, returned him the letter. The worthy gentleman shook his head also, observing he was very sorry for his friend. He made me the offer to teach him Spanish. I endeavoured to excuse myself the *honour*, observing that I was not accustomed to it; but he would hear of no excuse, saying he should be perfectly contented to take lessons of me as well as I could give them. I promised to attend him on the following day, and, receiving his pittance, wished him adieu, fully determined not to undertake the extra delightful task of teaching old " ideas how " to shoot."

I visited several houses after this, and met with plenty of success in the money-getting way, and then returned to my lodgings. My evening I passed at Mr. H——'s, where several persons were playing at cards. As this is an amusement very insipid to my taste, I occupied myself with reading, and looking over his album. It contained several

slips of newspapers, recording various battles in which different members of my own family had been engaged. It was particularly gratifying to meet them so unexpectedly.

On Sunday morning, November the 30th, as I was reading the paper, I perceived that the funds for the relief of the Spanish and Italian refugees were nearly exhausted, and that, in consequence, these poor unfortunate fellows were suffering very severely from the cold season; that the then Lord Mayor was patronising the public subscriptions for their relief. It now struck me that the farce I was carrying on for my own amusement, might be turned to a profitable account for those unfortunate sufferers; and, knowing that I had excited a great deal of interest among the higher classes in the town, through the representations of some young gentlemen who had seen me at Mr. H ——'s, I considered that an excellent opportunity occurred for making a subscription in their favour, and that I would place my name at the top, for I was known as a Spanish officer.

In the middle of this delightful scheme, in came a very pretty girl, and away went all my charitable notions. She was an interesting creature, and I found that, by the time she said she was obliged to go home, I had perfectly forgotten every thing about the Spanish refugees, their sufferings, and the subscription.

In the afternoon I went to the cathedral ser-

vice, and, on my way, I was followed by a great crowd of people. A French gentleman spoke to me, and, desiring them to go away, invited me to his house. I thanked him, but observed I was going to the cathedral. He told me the service was just over, and I then accepted his invitation.

He inquired the cause of my visit to England, and told me that he had been an officer under Napoleon, and on the day that the Emperor went on board the *Bellerophon* he started for England, where he has remained ever since. Wine, biscuits, &c., were placed on the table, and the French gentleman, Monsieur le F—— spoke to me a great deal about the late Spanish Revolution. He appeared to be well acquainted with the various circumstances attending it, and asked me the name of a friar who distinguished himself so much in favour of his country.

As I knew nothing about it, and found him very conversant with the Revolution, I changed the conversation. A friend of his, named S ——, came in, and invited my host and his lady to a little tea-party, but Monsieur le F—— refused, on my account; an invitation was then tendered to me by his friend, and accepted by both. We accompanied Mr. S—— to his house, and proceeded up a very elegant staircase into a most tastefully-furnished drawing-room; I was introduced to Mrs. S——, and then made my bow to several visitors.

The conversation turned principally on myself. Monsieur le F—— was exceedingly busy in re-

counting some adventures of the Spanish Revolution, and immediately referred to me to clear up any uncertainty. As I did not admire the subject, on account of my limited acquaintance with particulars, I was very glad to put a stop to it by any means I could hit upon, so observed to him that it made me melancholy to talk of the Revolution, and that I would, if agreeable, play to them on the guitar. After I had played and sang a little, several of the visitors favoured us with their vocal powers, and the evening passed very pleasantly.

The next morning, at breakfast, my thoughts again reverted to the distressed situation of the Spanish and Italian refugees, and I began to consider seriously in what manner I might be of use to them. I at last resolved on having a few hundred hand-bills immediately printed, and distributed through the town, supplicating assistance in my name.

This was no sooner thought of than determined, and I retired to my room to write out the form. I then proceeded to a printer's, to order such a number as I thought my purse would enable me to have struck off. At the first printer's I went to, he recommended me to Messrs. Brodie and Dowding, New Canal, as being better able to execute the order than himself, and I immediately repaired thither, and explained to the person in the shop the object of my visit. I was requested to walk up to the printing-office, where I was introduced to a person who spoke French. I ex-

plained to him that I was desirous of having a few hundred bills printed, containing about a dozen lines each, and asked him how much he would charge. After consulting a short time with somebody by his side, he told me five shillings per hundred. This was too dear for my funds, so I observed to him, that the paper might be the most common, that very little matter should be introduced, and I required four hundred of them.

Another consultation followed, when one of them observed, that they would not charge so much under those circumstances; and I was promised four hundred for six shillings. I acceded to this agreement, and told them I would return very soon with the copy; and, going out of the door, I perceived a banking-house adjoining, so went in, and having made my bow to the clerk, I requested him, in broken English, to do me the favour to permit me to direct all donations to be sent to their house, as I was going to distribute some papers, requesting assistance for my compatriots and the Italian refugees.

A young gentleman, who spoke a little French, came forward, and asked me what I required. I again repeated my wishes, and he observed, he would go and fetch a person who could speak French better than himself. He then retired, and shortly returned, saying that the person was very busy, and had already seen me. "I have "been," said I, "next door, to have the papers "I speak of printed."—"Yes!" he added, "the

" bank and the library belong to the same per-
" sons." The clerks all very kindly discussed the best manner of receiving the subscriptions. I suggested having a box at the door, to receive the smaller donations, as many people, who could afford to give only a trifle, would not like to have their names registered against the amount. This was agreed upon, and I returned to my lodgings to get the copy for the printer.

On my way, I met some " Buy a Broom " girls, and my fancy induced me to hold a parley with them. I first introduced myself by buying a broom, and then said, in German, as well as I could pronounce it, " How do you do ? " and " Very well, I thank you." This set their masculine faces on the broad grin, and one, who spoke English tolerably well, became exceedingly garrulous, asking who and what I was. " I am a " Spaniard," said I ; " I play the guitar to de young " frow; I get de monish."—" *Mon Dieu, I lliebe* " *de frow.*" Then followed another laugh at my German and my gallantry.

I was particularly amused at their mirth ; for I had almost fancied their care-worn countenances were never capable of such expression. " Where " do you come from ? " said I; for I thought it was my turn to interrogate.—" Frankfort on the " Maine : you know," was the reply. " Yaw," said I, and then asked how much money they got a-day. " Fore-pense," said the woman, in an exulting tone, " and sometimes siz-pense ; always

" plentee," and then she pulled out, from some recess in her many-fold blue petticoat, a large crust, which she set to gnawing, as if in corroboration of her " always plentee." Poor creatures! notwithstanding their Herculean figures, I could not help pitying them, so I ceased my flirtation, and wished them good morning. " Stop!" cried one, and they then spoke to each other, and, finally, an invitation was offered me to come and see them in the evening, at the Bell. " We will," said one of them, " show you how we make de brooms."— " Very well, my frow," said I, " I will come, but " will you teach me how to make them, as I should " very much like to accompany you to sell them?" Again these curious bipeds were on the broad grin, and in this very happy mood I nodded my adieu, resolving to keep my promise faithfully.

I soon returned to the printer's, and showed him the copy. He promised to let me have the four hundred by four o'clock. I then went to the banker's, where the clerk showed me a deal box, which was to be painted. Mr. D—— requested me to come on the following day, when Mr. B——, who, he said, was a very liberal man, would be at home, and most happy to see me.

At four o'clock, I went to the printing-office, and was disappointed; not one copy had been struck off. The printer would not do so, until he knew if I approved of the style. I was very much pleased with the arrangement, and begged him to be as expeditious as possible.

At seven o'clock, I went, according to my promise, to visit the broom girls; and, in order to make myself the more agreeable, I took my guitar, hoping that I should see one of their *dos-a-dos* and pull-noses sort of dances. By the bye, I trust that Señor Juan de Vega's taste will place him above a suspicion of gallantry in this visit. I pledge myself to have gone as a moral philosopher. After numerous inquiries for the Bell, I found it, and walked into the tap-room, inquiring if the buy de brume womans lived there? "Yes, they "do," said a short little red-faced girl. "Ah!" said the old landlady, "but they are gone to bed; "you must come and see 'em to-morrow, master." "I'm a particular friend of theirs," said I, "go "and tell one of them I am here, and they'll let "me up, I dare say."—"No! no! master," said the old landlady, shaking her head, "that will "never do: you mustn't see 'em to-night." Then a general laugh went round a room filled with various quaffers, and a variety of very curious remarks followed, which, I thought, were intended to visit my moral intentions with certain suspicious misgivings.

Some one was dispatched up, to acquaint the broom women of the arrival of their visitor; and in the mean time, to conciliate the old landlady, I ordered something to drink. "A pot o' beer, "Misses," said I, and the old goody, smiling, quickly supplied the order, and then begged me to sit down. The beer being brought to me, I

pretended to drink, and then invited the persons who were next to me, desiring it to be passed round. This appeared to reconcile them to their new and suspected companion, for they ceased to laugh at me, and the old woman became vastly agreeable.

The Bavarian lady, who spoke a little English in the morning, soon appeared. "Ah!" said she, "you lates come; all gone to bed."—"No im-"port," said I; "pardonne—I pardonne—I go "up, I go up."—"No, no," exclaimed the woman, and turning to the landlady, said, "He "no understanky." This short dialogue caused an immense roar of laughter, and the blushing fair one explained to me very seriously that it was impossible for me to go up; still I affected not to understand. At last she took hold of my shoulders, and giving it a most dreadful shake, bawled out, "*Got de husbande—no coote, to bed you* "*know,*" and then went away. Here followed another peal of laughter, in which I could not resist joining, and then wished the merry folks good night.

The next day, at twelve o'clock, I went to the banker's, and found all the bills printed. The clerks insisted that I should not pay for them, declaring that the cost of the notices should be their part of the contribution; and not being overstocked with money, I made very little opposition. I saw Mr. B——, who expressed himself much pleased with the nature of the petition, and

assured me that he would do every thing in his power to render it as successful as possible. I thanked him, and begged him to permit me to leave a hundred papers with him, half in his bank, and half in the library. He replied, it would afford him the greatest pleasure.

I then proceeded to distribute the rest in those quarters which I thought most advantageous. I visited all the persons I was acquainted with, and received from all the strongest assurances that they would exert themselves to the utmost of their power. After having disposed of them all, I returned to my lodging to enjoy the contemplation of a prosperous result to my expedient.

The form of the Petition was as follows:—

" Juan de Vega, an officer in the Spanish con-
" stitutional army, respectfully appeals to the
" sympathy of the ladies and gentlemen of Salis-
" bury and its environs, in favour of his fallen
" countrymen, and the unfortunate Italian emi-
" grants, who he is too well aware are suffering
" the severest privations from a want of pecuniary
" assistance.

" Juan de Vega has left him a guitar, which by
" playing in the streets, he can obtain a support;
" but he grieves to say, that there are numbers of
" his unfortunate compatriots, as well as Italian
" sufferers, who have not even this resource to
" fly to.

" He therefore humbly and earnestly solicits
" their generosity on this occasion, when the

" smallest donation will be received with grati-
" tude.

" Messrs. Brodie and Dowding, bankers, New
" Canal, have kindly offered to receive the dona-
" tions, where will be placed a box for that
" purpose.

" Messrs. Brodie and Dowding will imme-
" diately transmit the monies collected to the
" Committee for the relief of the Spanish and
" Italian Emigrants at London."

Since the conclusion of my undertaking I have written twice, under an assumed name, to these bankers, to know the effect it had upon the charitable inhabitants of Salisbury; but I have never received any answer to my application.

The next day I resolved on leaving for Bath, and packed up my luggage, and sent it off to the coach. I now proceeded to take my leave of various acquaintances, the last of whom was Mr. H——. This gentleman had paid me a great deal of attention, and accompanied me to the coach-office. Here I exhibited the paper which Mr. M—— had procured for me. It was approved, and, paying the reduced fare, I received a cordial shake of the hand from Mr. H——, and mounted on the coach. I was exceedingly gratified with the beautiful views on the right of the hill leading out of Milford.

CHAPTER XVI.

I arrive at Bath—A Chimney-sweeper stuck fast —Bath—Mosaic Hospitality—The Jew and his Wife—The Street-keeper—Play to some Ladies—The Jew's Wife—The Wedding Ring—Strolling Conjuror and Party—He wishes to enlist me as a Member—A Jew and his Wife—The Mayor.

THE town of Bath, as we drove down the hill leading to it, appeared very magnificent. The evening was unfortunately drawing in, as we approached this city, and I regretted very much that I should see it at such a disadvantageous moment. I arrived there on the 3rd of December, and proceeded immediately to look for apartments. After going to a variety of places without success, I tried a foot-traveller's lodging-house, but instantly perceived it would not suit me. The landlord spoke a little Portuguese, and begged me to sit down for a while. Many of his lodgers were in the room; they were chiefly Jew pedlars, and occupied in relating the various successes of the day.

Some of them were Poles, and appeared to be very happy, if I might judge from their mirth. After I had been there about half an hour, I wished my host a good evening, and went elsewhere for apartments, but he made me promise to come and see him again. I then procured very comfortable quarters at the B—— Inn, and slept there.

Early in the morning I was disturbed by the cries of a little sweep, who was stuck in a chimney running by the side of the wall in my room. I found it utterly impossible to sleep, his cries were too melancholy to admit of any such enjoyment within their reach, and the poor creature was not released, until the bricklayer had made a hole sufficiently large for him to pass through.

The weather was very bad all this day, so my time was passed in reading and writing. The following day being fine, I went out rather early, to explore the beauties of Bath; I ascended the hill on the right of the London road; the view was delightful. The town is elegantly built of white stone, spreading over the undulating surface of an extensive amphitheatre formed by the surrounding hills, the deep and sombre tint of which, at this season, displayed a striking contrast with the light and brilliant colour of the city. The neighbouring country presents one entire face of richly-cultivated hill and dale, studded with clusters of well-grown timber, and a variety of detached seats and mansions. After walking all round the town, and

feasting my eyes on the scenery which every spot opened to me, I went to pay a visit to the Jew I became acquainted with yesterday.

He expressed himself very happy to see me, introduced me to several of his companions, invited me to drink, and ordered in two or three tankards of porter, which very soon disappeared, and then made me pay for them. If this is a specimen of Jewish hospitality, said I to myself, the next time I tax it I will just take the liberty of asking for something which I can manage to drink. However, I was well recompensed, for he introduced me to a pretty girl; and after flirting with her for about three quarters of an hour, much to the annoyance of her old father, I left her, under a promise that she would come and see me, when I paid another visit to this crafty Israclite.

Whilst I was talking to my landlady, who had been in Spain and Portugal for several years, in came a very fine woman, who complained of being very much fatigued, after walking eight miles, which she was obliged to do in consequence of her husband having gone on before with his cart. The landlady greeted her with cordiality, and the little children were very much pleased to see her, which convinced me that she was by no means a stranger; and, as I gazed upon her pretty features, I wished she was going to make the B—— Inn her place of abode.

About half an hour after her arrival, in came her

husband, with a parcel on his back. He was a Jew, whose particularly dirty, ill-looking person, showed off the beauty of his wife by contrast. No sooner was he seated, and eased of his bundle than his fatigued and irritated sposa began with, "Here, "you *brute*, you went on without me, and I have "been obliged to walk eight miles." The man took no notice, but, wiping the perspiration from his forehead with his coat sleeve, called for a glass of porter.

Mr. L ——, for this was the Jew's name, was asked by the landlord as to the success he had had. "Excellent," said he; "I've sold all my watches "on the road," and then recounted the various places where he had disposed of them. The landlord and his wife congratulated him on the occasion, with countenances brightening, as if they anticipated the sale of all their stock in consequence. L——'s wife, being very tired, went to bed, and the other ordered another glass of porter, and a pipe of tobacco; and, as he began to quaff and smoke at a famous rate, I placed myself like a mouse in the corner, partly to get out of the way of his puffing, and partly to have a better view of his ugly phiz.

Quel dommage, said I, as I contemplated the ill-looking sinner, that he should have so pretty a wife. His ugly countenance, however, at least gave rise to some hopes, and I thought I would enter into conversation with him, and endeavour to

put myself on a footing of agreeable intimacy, for his pretty wife's sake; so commenced with asking him if he spoke French. "A little," he replied, "but German very well." I complimented the fellow on his good pronunciation of the French, spoke the few German words I was acquainted with, praised up the children of Israel, as being the most industrious, persevering people in the world, and laughed at every thing he said: so that when I wished him good night, he said I was a devilish good fellow.

The next day I went out with my guitar, and played in various places. I was commencing before a house in the Royal Crescent, when a liveried street-keeper came up to me, and desired me not to play in the streets. I at first affected not to understand him; but he came up to me, and putting his hand upon me, gave evident proofs that he would, *vi et armis*, put his commands into execution. I was certainly very much astonished at this salutation, and rather fancied he was exceeding his duty. I knew that the street venders of miscellaneous fruits were obliged to *toddle* on at the impressive voice of this demi-policeman, as well as the nightly fairies at the sound of the watchman's club; but I never could have thought that musicians, particularly *real minstrels*, were condemned to such *humiliating* regulations.

For the present, however, I found there was

less importance in my profession than I was in the habit of arrogating; and I had nearly determined to sell or pawn my guitar, and return, in despair, to the *liberties* of Westminster, when, happily, a gentleman with some ladies asked the nature of our dispute. This Dogberry and your humble servant mutually explained, when an arrangement was made that the street-keeper should conduct me before the magistrates, to ask their permission to play.

This was in perfect accordance with my wishes, and we were proceeding to the hall of justice, when the ladies made several inquiries respecting my guitar; and, as we passed their house, requested that I would first go in, and play to them. I assented, and after remaining a short time, rejoined the street-keeper, who observed to me that it was now too late, but on the following day at eleven o'clock I could see their worships. I told him I would be *sure* to be there (strangely distorting the *amicable* contour of my countenance), and then went to dinner.

Having finished this important duty, I returned to the inn, to find out what part of the establishment Mrs. L—— had fixed upon; for, somehow or other, she had occupied my thoughts the whole of the day. I found her sitting in the kitchen, busy with her needle, and alone. I introduced myself to her, hoping she was perfectly recovered from the fatigue of yesterday, and

enjoyed a *tête-a-tête* with her for half an hour. Some fellows coming into the room disturbed me, when I felt it most judicious to retire, and went to my Jew acquaintance, to see his neighbour's daughter, whom I had met the night before.

I very soon begged him to go in search of her, and he very willingly acquiesced; and tapping very gently at the door of the room next to us (for the house was tenanted by different families), he asked the old woman if Mary could just step in a little bit. "No, no," growled out the old mother, "my daughter's very busy, and can't be "gadding about now."—"What an old brute," said the man, returning into the room; "but do you "know," trying to look very facetious, "she's "afear'd of your captywaiting looks."—"I dare "say," said I, "it is those Is-ra-el-ite-looking "eyes of yours that the old woman is *afear'd* of." The fellow grinned with self complacency. I found him very good-natured, and a particularly useful messenger between me and Mary.

He again asked me to have something to drink, when his wife observed that it was very unjust that they should take the money of me. "In-"deed," added she, "my husband has never "been so pressed for money since we have been "married."—"You must not tell me you are "married," said I jocosely, "for I do not see any "ring on your finger." The poor woman looked very much embarrassed at this unfortunate remark

of mine, and, after pausing a short time, referred her husband to explain the reason of its absence.

"It's up the spout," said he, in a whispering voice, ashamed to acknowledge it, and evidently very much confused. I was at first rather doubtful about his meaning, and begged him to explain. "It's up the spout, you know," said he again, with a very eloquent look, and a peculiar vertical turn of the thumb, that could not be misunderstood. I begged her to show the ticket, for the idea of their marriage pledge being put into a pawnbroker's shop struck me as something very distressing. God knows whether it was so to them. The ticket was produced, and I was happy to find it was pledged for only two and eight-pence. I presented her with the money to redeem it. Poor creatures! they were greatly astonished, and poured forth their thanks in the most grateful terms. "Never mind," said I to the woman, looking intentionally *mysterious*, "if "you will promise me *never* to part with this "ring, I shall rest perfectly satisfied."—"I'll "promise you sacredly," said the old woman, holding out the fore finger of her skeleton right hand, and putting the other hand to her heart, "I'll promise sacredly, this ring shall *never* come "off again from this here finger."—"Yes," said her husband, bowing his head, after listening very attentively, "Never!"

I now wished them good night, and returned home. I am inclined to think that the peculia mystery I assumed did not pass them unnoticed if so, it may be the cause of the fulfilment of their promise. The next morning I again saw L—— better half sitting quite alone in the kitchen; she appeared more charming than ever, with the exception of a little *discolouration* under her *right eye*. "How very pretty you are looking," said I to her, "and quite alone too! I'm sure if I were "married to such a beautiful wife I would pay "her more attention."—"Ah!" she replied with a stifled sigh, "that is the difference in husbands; "mine does not treat me well. Look here," and she pointed to her eye, as implying that he had struck her. "How shocking that is," said I; "let "me look at it, my dear Mrs. L——," and she held her face for me to examine this effect of her *malo sposo's* violence. I applied to it *my kind* of remedy, for which she gave me, as a fee, a gentle slap on the hand. I told her not to mind. "My "dear Mrs. L——," said I, "come-unto-me "-whenevere-you-are-heavily-ladened,-and-I-"will-give-you-rest." She smiled at my assurance, and then begged me to leave her for the present. I went away, heaping maledictions on the —— "Jew's" (as Othello expresses it) "head." In the afternoon, as I was sitting in the parlour, in came an acquaintance of L——'s, and, making his bow, entered into conversation with me in Spanish. He

looked so very like a Spaniard, I was at first alarmed; but, finding that he spoke the language badly, these feelings soon left me. He told me his father was Portuguese, his mother French, and he was born in France, and had been in Spain only a short time. He feigned a slight acquaintance with English, and called himself a dealer in a variety of merchandise between this and France.

Having my guitar in my hand, he asked me to play it to him. I did so, and he expressed himself very much pleased. He invited me to take tea at his house that evening; this I declined, observing that I was already engaged. He told me, as an inducement (God knows whether Master L—— had given him an idea of my character), that he would introduce me to a very pretty French girl, with whom he was convinced I should feel the greatest pleasure, and also to his son, who spoke French, and was acquainted with the art of leger-demain, and would amuse me with an infinity of tricks of this kind. "He gets," continued he, "a "great deal of money by this art, and if you "would like to accompany us, you would find it "a very profitable thing."

I clearly saw his motive for inviting me, but, anxious to see this pretty French girl, and a little more of the fellow's character, I accepted his tea invitation. As we were going to his house, he talked and laughed a great deal, and endeavoured to make himself as agreeable as possible, in order,

I suppose, to conciliate my friendship. I soon discovered the fellow was more English than any thing else, by his speaking the language like an Englishman, and by his manners. He said to me, "This is the way we live; humbug these "English, who are a set of fools, at a devil of a "rate; and, as soon as we get as much as we can, "then we are off." I laughed heartily, and affected to agree with him in all he said.

He now pulled out of his fob an immense watch, and a chain with a profusion of seals, all of the colour of gold, and asked me what I thought it worth? "I really cannot possibly imagine," I replied. "Forty Napoleons," he exclaimed. "*Hombre!*" said I, "you must be very rich."— "I believe you I am," he continued; "and so "*you* will be, if you join us."—"I shall be very "happy," said I. As I uttered this, I perceived his countenance brighten, and he pressed my hand with delight. We soon arrived at his house, which I found was an inn, and he conducted me into a room on the first floor, and introduced me to his wife, a Dutch Jewess, who knew nothing of French, and to his son, as he called him, a Jew, almost as ignorant of it.

I was scarcely seated, when my host asked me to play my guitar, and sing to it. "How well, "can you talk English?" said the fellow. I clearly perceived his object, and replied, "But very little." "Oh!" said he, looking at his son, pouting his

lips, and shrugging up his shoulders, "That won't do, then." The son shook his head with the same signification. "Can you dance," said he, continuing his examination; and then, as if to render his questions free from anything like design, he got up, waltzed, and, giving the wink to his son, he stumbled through a minuet. After this, he asked me if I did not think his son danced elegantly; and then added, "Now, my dear friend, "favour us with a waltz, a fandango, a bolero, or "anything you like." I gave them a specimen, by waltzing very theatrically round the room several times, during which time I heard him exclaim, "By God, Tom, he'll do! as good as an opera "dancer; and, with his cloak and hat, he has such "a showy appearance, that he would attract "thousands to come to see him."

Tom's countenance brightened up with delight, as well as his mother's, at my dancing and the profitable idea of sticking me up at the front of their show, and they both nodded their approval to the father's proposition. Perceiving that I had excited a great deal of interest amongst these jugglers, I thought I might now with very reasonable propriety beg the favour of Tom to show me a few of his tricks. This he did, but they were so very simple, that, after the two first, I treated the rest with inattention. The father, finding I was not so astonished as he had anticipated, pulled out a long printed description of his son's conjuring

feats, under the assumed name of Signior B——, setting forth that he had performed before all the potentates in Europe, with an immensity of puffing *etceteras.*

"In what part of Russia," said I, to Signior B——, laughing as I pronounced his Italian name, "did you represent before the Emperor?" The lad made but a sorry reply, and I, knowing he was uttering a falsehood, did not press my inquiries any more.

The father now let out the secret of my suspicions, by telling me that the English were always very much taken with anything foreign. Coffee was served up, and as we were sitting round the table sipping this horrid stuff, Signor R——, this is the name the father called himself, looking very significantly at the apparent board of plenty, groaning under the weight of an immense loaf and a huge piece of butter, and shaking his profuse bunch of seals, asked me if I would like to join them. "I should indeed," said I, "very "much, but I must consider a little first."—"Of "course," said he, bowing his head, and looking as pleased as if I had swallowed his bait, pressed me to take some *liquors* with him, asked me to dine the next day; in fact, to take my meals with him whenever I liked. I returned him many thanks, and assured him how proud I should be at the honour of dining with gentlemen of such renown as Signor R—— and Signor B——.

After coffee these conjurors began to sing, and R—— was so delighted with the idea of having enlisted me in his mysterious troop, that he got up and chaunted out his ecstacies to Rossini's music in the *Barbiere di Seviglia*, for he did not think I could understand a word, and brought out, " —— d—— me, how we'll humbug them;" and then put on a countenance which betrayed his love of cheating.

I was particularly amused at his barefaced impudence, and gave way to an open laugh, but pointed to his theatrical position as the cause of it. " *Ah, mon cher*," said he, as if proud of my laugh. —" *N'est-il pas, excellent?*"—" Monsieur R—— " *Mon pardonne*," said I, " but it strikes me you " talk very bad French, as well as understand it " very ill."—" Ha, ha," said a red-haired Jew, " he " has found you out, has he?"—" Don't you take " any notice of what he says," said the impudent conjuror. " You know I talk it very well," and he begged me to approach the card table, to change the subject.

Around this table, besides the players, were three looking on. These were lunatics, enjoying the blessings of a lucid interval. This unfortunate trio consisted of father, mother, and son. The peculiarity of the first consisted in his fancying himself a king, and talking of crowns, &c. The second in fancying I was her lover, and uttering epithets of the most tender nature towards me.

The last was always talking of black-puddings, and begging his mother to buy some. The father was very sedate, but the other two were always grinning, and occasionally gave way to shrieks, droll sayings, and bursts of laughter; much to the amusement of the Jew conclave. After a short time, I wished these Israelite Signors good night, first receiving from them a hearty shake of the hand, and a repetition of the general invitation.

As I was sitting alone, in the parlour of the little inn, L——'s wife came in, and sat down at the opposite side of the table. I was just going to speak to her, when she commenced in a whispering voice. "I'm going to leave L—— to morrow."—"Per-" fectly right," said I; "I am going to Bristol, "accompany me." She partly consented, but promised to see me before she left in the morning. "Shall I give L——," said I (for I hated the fellow), "a good thrashing."—"Oh, pray don't," said she, "he's very strong, he'll hurt you." Kindly considerate, indeed, thought I to myself.

L—— now came into the room, when his wife immediately rose and went away, and I very soon retired to my room. About an hour after a gentle tap came at the door; partly suspecting who was outside, I opened it, and saw Mrs. L——. She had scarcely uttered the word "good" — than L—— was close by on the stair-case, and she ran off as fast as she could; I resumed my writing, and until I had finished it did not retire to rest.

The next morning I was disturbed, at half-past seven, with a noise of persons running up and down stairs; and I heard Mrs. L—— ask the servant "if the coach was ready."—"*C'est drôle*," she's going without speaking to me—and feeling my vanity wounded, I immediately got up, to have ocular demonstration. I found the couple standing together, the Jew looked agitated, but his wife, I thought, was rather gay. I passed close by her to speak, but seeing me, she looked another way. This I imputed to policy, as L—— had his eyes continually on her, so I returned very quietly to my bed.

At eleven o'clock I got up, breakfasted, and at one I went off to see the Mayor at the Guildhall to speak to him about my playing in the streets; I was told, by one of the constables in attendance, that he was engaged, and I must return at three o'clock. At this time, I punctually came, and was then informed that His Worship had gone to his private house, where I could not consult him on a point of business. I now paid my conjuring friends, the Signors R—— and B—— a visit.

They received me with extended arms, particularly the former. He was very profuse in his expressions of joy at seeing me. Gin, brandy, rum, and cloves, and an immense number of spirituous potations were offered. I assured the Signor that I would rather not partake of any, and that I was

perfectly delighted with his entertaining society, without the assistance of such stimulating liquors.' The fellow smiled, and put on one of his very knowing looks, which his particularly sharp aquiline nose was well adapted for. However, he gave me a hearty shake of the hand, called me a devilish good fellow, a *caballero* (gentleman), begged me to be seated, and then referred to the subject of my becoming a member of his establishment. "My "dear friend," said I, "I assure you, I should be "very happy to join you, but you know I must "consider the thing well. Nay, I must have "time to make a few private arrangements in the "musical way, before I will tell you decisively that "I will give myself that pleasure; but, as a man "of my word, I never like to promise unless I am "thoroughly persuaded I can preserve my word "inviolate."—"*Vous avez raison, mon cher*," said he, with a toss of his head; "don't hurry yourself, "there's plenty of time," satisfied that my name was as sure as if actually enrolled in his *corps dramatique;* and I wished them very soon after a good morning, to attend a pleasant little engagement I had made in the course of the day.

The next morning, as I entered the parlour, the landlord informed me that Mrs. L—— had returned by seven o'clock, and had immediately thrown herself into the arms of her husband, who was still in his dormitory. "What! then," said I, "there has been a reconciliation."—"As to that

" ere," said the landlord, " I don't know how it " was, but as soon as she comed back, she knowed " well the place to find him, and off she starts up " to his room."

Women know well how to manage these *siliations* as you call them; if I may judge by Master L—— having stopped up stairs so much longer than usual, why I should think he aint much displeased with his wife's return. *Amantium iræ integratio est,*" said I, smilingly to myself, as I went to my breakfast. This is constancy, indeed, Mrs. L——, forgive your ugly sposo for disfiguring your pretty face with a black eye. How could you possibly show so much bad taste in rejecting——and here my *amour propre* gave rise to thoughts which it would be injudicious, perhaps, to introduce here. At that very moment, the contrite, conscience-stricken Jew was probably imprinting an elixir from his lips on this very black eye, vowing never to raise hand or foot against his wife again. Perhaps Mrs. L—— you are playing the part of penitent, and atoning for your sins. However, be your doings what they may, it little concerns me. If you are contented with your sposo, you have my congratulations.

CHAPTER XVII.

I go before a Magistrate—His Conduct—Allowed to play thirty Days—Introduce myself to two Neapolitan Musicians—Invite them to my Lodgings—A Musical Party—The Finale—An elderly Lady and her Daughter—A soi-disant Servant—She proves to be an amorous Widow—Her Daughter—I am invited to their House.

At eleven o'clock, I went off to the Guildhall, to see the magistrate. I was informed he had not yet arrived; must call again in an hour. This good gentleman, thought I to myself, ought to be relieved from the trouble of his magistracy for his neglect of duty. Of all situations, I think the duties of a public magistrate ought to be the most punctually attended to. At the expiration of the hour I returned, for I was resolved to ascertain the legality of my being interrupted in the streets. My inquiries at this time were not more successful; the constables treated me with perfect negligence. I then went into the first office that came in my way.

It was the town-clerk's, and on making my wishes known to the clerk, who spoke French a little, he very politely told me, if I would wait a few minutes, I should see the magistrate. I thanked him, and after waiting about a quarter of an hour, in came a gentleman from the sacred conclave in the next room assembled. Seeing me, his Worship exclaimed, "Hollo! who's this fellow?" and then condescended to address me, in an authoritative and ungentlemanly tone, supposing that good manners would be thrown away on one of my humble appearance. "What do you want, Mister?" Having my back towards him, I pretended not to know that he spoke to me. Several people in the room now observed to me, that his Worship was talking to me. Accordingly I turned, and said, "*Je vous demande pardonne, Monsieur.*" This gentleman again asked me what I wanted, and I again replied in French. Not understanding me, he said, with a consequential nod of his head, "Follow me." I followed him into the next room, very respectfully taking off my hat as I entered.

"What does this fellow come walking in alone "for?" exclaimed Mr. ——, the mayor, most contumeliously, seated in a very high chair. "I told "him, Sir;" replied the gentleman who did so. "Well, and what do you want?" said His Most Mighty Worship. I explained my object in French. "Oh!" said he, "I can't talk French," as if his

ignorance were greatly to his credit. The other gentlemen around him were magistrates I presume also, if I may judge by their manners, made the same remarks, and his *savant* Worship, and the rest of these retailers of the law, were obliged to send out for one of the common constables in waiting to act as an interpreter.

This man as well as the clerk I had at first addressed myself to made their appearance. The latter person explained to the king's deputy what I wanted. His Worship, instead of attending properly to his duty, and telling me at once yes or no, asked me a variety of impertinent questions, totally unconnected with my business. These I thought fit to evade, and replied that I had come to know if I might play my guitar, as I had been informed it was not allowed. "No more it is," said the mayor, and the whole conclave sagaciously nodded their assent. "Monsieur," said I, "when I was "at Chichester, the mayor gave me permission to "play, observing that no one had a right to hinder "me from playing, so that I did not beg." Are not the laws the same all through England? "Then, why," said the modern Solomon abruptly, "if you got permission to play at Chicester, did "you not stop there?" It is against the laws here to do so; and then consulted his companions about granting me permission. They looked at each other, and tossed their heads about. One of them at last, drawled out, perhaps it would be as

well to give him permission, and the rest as reluctantly consented.

" Tell him," said this Lycurgus of Bath, " he " can play his guitar for *thirty days*, and then he " must leave the town." This being put into French by the clerk, I made his Worship a bow, thanked him, and asked him again to give me a written document to that effect, in order that I should not be interrupted. " No," said he, " I " can't do that," and gave orders to the constables to tell the street-keepers not to meddle with me, as I had permission to play. I again bowed to his Worship, as if I felt exceedingly grateful, and, looking vastly humble, said to him, for I was very anxious to retaliate on him and his comrades for the manner in which they had treated me— " If, Monsieur, it is against the laws to play " music in the streets, how can you give me per- " mission to do so ?"—" God, this is a home " question," said he, to one of his co-dealers in justice, who happened to be close to his right, and, in a low tone of voice, added, " That I can't " answer;" and looked as perfect a simpleton as ever I saw in my life.

This *pozer* was buzzed all around, but every one thought it most judicious to preserve silence, and his learned Worship, knitting his brows with vexation, said, " Never mind, you'll not be inter- " rupted in playing your guitar." I bowed, and went away, leaving these law-makers and law-

breakers to discuss this knotty question at their leisure.

As I returned to the inn, I saw two Neapolitans playing in the streets the harp and the violin; from the exquisite manner in which the player on the latter instrument performed, I guessed he was the same person that a gentleman had already spoken to me so much in praise of, and, being very fond of music, I availed myself of the privileges of a troubadour to introduce myself, saying, in half Spanish and Italian, "*Como estate, Signores, y como va la musica.*"—"*Béné,*" they replied, with a kind of *nonchalance,* and a shrug of the shoulder; but there was a peculiar something in the parting of their under lip, which made me think it was not quite so *béné* as they wished to represent.

These rambling *musicores* have a great deal of pride in their way. I was interrogated by them as to my success. "*Bastante,*" I replied; and, on our conference ending, I invited them to come and see me at seven o'clock in the evening.

Punctual to the time, my Italian friends came, prepared for action, with their harp and violin. I gave them a most cordial welcome, but candidly acknowledge that my motives were purely selfish. I invited them into the parlour, especially appropriated to the use of the landlord and his family, which, of itself, was considered a compliment, as no person was admitted into this *sanctum sancto-*

rum except particular friends. After pressing them to take some refreshment, and asking the success of the day, they played to me a very fine piece of music. The harper was nothing extraordinary, but his companion displayed a taste, pathos, and execution, which was exquisite to a degree. He held his violin differently to the players of this country, observing that the style he adopted was universally practised in his.

The violin was supported on the hip, which he held with perfect ease; the instrument being thus inverted, the fingers were consequently underneath. He played without any of those gesticulations or motions of the head so usual with fiddlers. I thought the position rather gave grace to this graceless instrument, and was much more convenient than the usual one to the player. I was delighted with their music, and regretted that such performers were not better employed than to "waste their sweetness on the desert air." They requested me to play my guitar to them; I endeavoured to excuse myself, but they would not admit of it, and, as common civility required me to do so in return, under all hazards I complied; but my guitar appeared a perfect mockery of music, and this I observed to them.

They had too much politeness to admit of it, and favoured me with several more pieces. The younger of the two sang a few canzonettes with a great deal of taste, affording me altogether such a

musical treat as I had not enjoyed for a long time. Poor fellows! they described themselves as emigrants, on account of the last Revolution in Naples; and, when they were going away, I heard something like muttering, and perceived by their countenances, that they were not in the most amiable humour. My hand flew to my purse, but for me to give them money appeared highly inconsistent; I had done all I could in the way of hospitality. The pride of the troubadours I concluded would have been wounded by the offer, the fiddlestick turned into a *floret*, and satisfaction demanded at its point. Having no wish to run the hazard of being run through for giving a pointed offence, my hand *flew* from the purse without making it lighter, the contents of which at that time made it by no means difficult to carry.

I asked the Signors what was the matter? "*Oh!*" said one, by no means trying to conceal his displeasure, "*ce n'est pas honnête.*"—"*Non,*" grumbled the other. "*Comment, mon cher,*" said I, for in truth I did not know with whom they were displeased, though I might have guessed the cause. "*Mais, mon ami,*" said the violinist; "*vous voyez ce n'est pas juste. Ils sont des* "*bêtes.*" A variety of such epithets were uttered by these malcontents, and I soon found that they were dissatisfied with the landlord and his wife, from whom, no doubt, they expected some remuneration. These people were neither insensible

to the conduct of the musicians nor the cause of it; they looked at each other with evident embarrassment, and, after a little whispering, the landlady said, "A glass of shrub'll do, and some "biscuits, my dear, eh?"—"Just as you like, my "dear," replied her *sposo*, glad to escape from the disagreeable *finale* of a delightful musical entertainment, and, quitting the room, left his wife's better judgment to put the rosin on the fiddle-stick.

She accordingly brought out a bottle of shrub and some biscuits, which she spread about the basket in order to make the supply appear larger, saying, with evident mistrust, "Here, gentlemen, "will you help yourselves?" The votaries of Apollo were in high dudgeon at such a low estimation of their skilful performances, and, looking contemptuously at the hostess and her proffered treat, abruptly said, "We don't want it;" shaking hands with me, "*Quelle canaille!*" said they, with an expressive shrug of their shoulders, and went away.

The landlord returned to the room the moment they left it, no doubt very glad to find this awkward scene concluded. Habituated to the eloquent language of her ungallant *sposo's* inquiring looks, "they have not taken a drop," said she, with a shake of the head, dissatisfied at her ill success. "Oh! havn't they," replied the other, very coolly taking up the bottle and filling himself a glass full, looked at it with all the *gusto* of a connoisseur,

tippled it off, and then very placidly said, " Never " mind, my dear."

Wishing my host and his better half a good night, I returned to my room, and enjoyed a hearty laugh at the expense of the Italians' disappointment. Next morning, as I was sitting in the parlour, in came the runaway Mrs. L——, looking rather simple, as she recollected the promise she had made and broken. " I am very happy to see " you," said I.—" What can I do," said she, shrugging up her shoulders, and looking very pitiful, " I had no place to go to."—" Oh ! you " know——" said I, and stopped short ; and thinking, perhaps, that she would now be more happy with her husband, I congratulated her on the happy reconciliation, and went to my room, to avoid the temptation of Mrs. L——'s pretty face.

As I was out with my guitar the next day, near the Toll Bridge, an elderly lady, at her drawing-room window, beckoned me to play to her, and entered into a conversation with me in Italian. As I was engaged talking and playing, my attention was attracted by a younger one, who was at the parlour window : she had a pretty arch countenance, with a continual smile on it, disclosing a *denture très-éblouissante.* I was by no means backward to return her smile, for it costs nothing but an elastic movement of the lips, a trouble well worth the pains in the case of so pretty a girl as I am speaking of.

The old lady above, fidgeted a great deal with her little Italian, and begged me to look up at her, and not down so much. At last she observed, it was very cold, and told me to walk into the house. She could not have made a more agreeable proposition, and I was very soon in the drawing-room.

There I had the pleasure of meeting the smiling young lady, and, after singing two or three songs to the old lady, I sang *Les Yeux noirs and les Yeux bleus* for the young one, directing the whole of my attention to her. She appeared more pleased with the sentiment than the music. The eyes of the old lady, who did not understand French, were all this time riveted on her daughter. As I concluded, the mamma said, with a most complacent smile, "That'll do—that'll do; I'll not "trouble you any more."—"It's not the slightest "*trouble*, Madam," said I; "*voulez-vous encore?*" —"No, no, *merci*," she replied, in a hurried tone; and then, resuming her complacency, said, "Quite "enough, *merci*." I managed, first, by bowing to the old lady, and then to a friend, who was in the room, to turn my back on the former, which gave me an opportunity of meeting the daughter face to face, and then withdrew.

I was scarcely out of the room before I heard a rustling behind me; I turned my head, and just saw the rim of the young lady's hat at the door. Her mamma, who was too lame to go after her, cried out, "Where are you going?" and the hat

instantly vanished. I never saw her afterwards, although I waited some time on the stairs, and, when I left the house, I looked up at the windows; but it was of no use. I could not help feeling that my vanity was highly flattered, although I judged the young lady to be a most desperate flirt; and I have some reason to think her very cautious mamma entertained a similar opinion.

After this, I was engaged at several houses, until I came to one in a very elegant ——————. Here I was called in, and shown into a parlour where was a very old woman, bed-ridden, and rather *non compos*—indeed a great deal so. The lady of the house, busily employed in giving directions to the workmen who were painting it, was in her dishabille, and passed herself off to me as a servant, to which her hands might certainly have borne testimony. She asked me if I would take any refreshment; I made no objection, and dinner was immediately served.

The servants came running into the room, stunning me with compliments, which they took it into their heads to pay me; and Madame, the *soi-disante bonne*, was equally profuse in this respect; but I pretended not to understand. With the assistance of some very good Sherry, I dined well, and was *tolerably* contented. My hostess became more explanatory, and paid me her compliments in French by wholesale; a mode of politeness which I thought was rather at variance

with general etiquette, but I did not reflect much about the why and wherefore.

I am very cool on such occasions, and never flurry myself with any sudden or unexpected favour; but I must confess that the great familiarity which this charitable hostess displayed towards her servants, induced me to think she was one in reality. She told me that the old woman in the bed was her mother, and had spent a great deal of her money on dumb animals, to the distress of her family; and that she intended to have left all her fortune to the nurse by her bedside, if she had not been prevented by legal means, and implied that her fortune was now under the Lord Chancellor's care.

"But what is the worst of all," continued she, putting on a look of very great despair, "the "doctors say she can live for ten years longer." I replied, "*I hope not, for your sake.*" At this observation she just smiled. Well you may, said I to myself, for I never carried the etiquette of good-breeding to such strange limits before. Old people, particularly mad ones, from whom we expect fortunes, are certainly great bores if they will not die. This opinion, I think, accorded very much with the sentiments of this old lady's charitable and filial child.

The old woman was seated in her bed, attended by her nurse on one side, who was feeding her, and on the other by two very young girls,

daughters of my hostess. They were amusing themselves with their old insane grandmother, whose occasional exclamations at their teasing method of caressing her, afforded the little sinners a great deal of amusement, so much so as to elicit a few peals of laughter. I thought this was strange pastime for grand-children, and, at first, my sympathy reprobated their conduct; but my unfortunate *penchant* for joking superseded it, and I became as great a sinner as themselves—laughing heartily at the wry faces the poor idiot's tormentors brought forth.

These two little girls were of a very genteel *tournure*, and spoke French with as much fluency as English. I conversed with them for some time in that language, and, considering their youthful ages, they displayed a precocity of intellect and gracefulness of manners which would have done credit to maturer years. Another sister, about fifteen years of age, was too bashful to come in, and diverted herself by peeping in at the door. I expressed a great wish to see her, and begged my very complaisant hostess to endeavour to overcome her timidity; she tried, but unsuccessfully. I took my leave without having once touched my guitar.

This strange servant-mistress expressed a hope to have my company to tea some day. For some time after I was revolving in my mind this curious adventure; and I thought it a very strange thing,

that a lady, if my hostess were not the character she represented, should use such gross familiarity with a perfect stranger—to talk of her mother's death with so much *nonchalance*, was monstrous. It might certainly have emanated from imprudence more than badness of heart.

I should like to have seen her bashful daughter of fifteen, to judge whether she was pretty; and I resolved to ascertain this, as well as to see a little more of this curious family.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A strange Salutation—The Widow E——— —She is very communicative—The Wards in Chancery—Infidelity of Spaniards—Their Ingratitude—Another Visit to the Widow— She grows rather naughty—History of an unlucky Amour—The Dinner—The Widow's Enthusiasm—Innocence in Danger.

THE first thing I did the next day, the 11th of December, was to pass by this house, to see if I could observe any of its inmates, hoping to obtain another interview; but failing in my object, I continued down the street behind the C———. I had not gone far before I heard a female voice cry out, "Halloo!" I looked up at the house from whence I thought the sound proceeded, and who should I behold but the very curious heroine of yesterday's adventure, at one of the back windows of her house. "*Veux-tu monter?*" she exclaimed, beckoning to me; and a very curious idea entered my head at this question.

I thought her more droll than ever. I proceeded to the house, and was very soon ushered

into the drawing-room. In a few minutes the lady made her appearance, attended by her two little daughters; and, after the usual salutations, I was begged to be seated. My hostess displayed more taste for music to-day, and begged me to play my guitar. This I did, after which she favoured me with her performance on the piano-forte, and displayed both taste and execution.

In came her eldest daughter, with all the grace and dignity of a princess. I instantly rose, and was going to bow. Her mother rose also, and very formally introduced me as Señor Juan de Vega. I bowed reverently; the young lady curtsied low, and we were again seated. Dazzled at first sight with admiration, not love, of her beautiful person, I was a long time before I could address myself to her. She had been in France five years, spoke French like a Parisian, and the quality of her voice being very soft, it was perfect music to *me*. Her mother, addressing her by name, asked her to succeed her at the piano-forte. She immediately acquiesced, and played some of her best music, which was delightful.

Her mamma observed that I was not insensible to the charms of her lovely daughter, and then engaging me in conversation, the beautiful player left the piano. "We are at present," said the mother, introducing the subject of her domestic affairs, "very uncomfortably situated; all the "servants are so insolent that they will not obey

" me, and will no doubt remain so until the arrival " of the uncle of my children, who is coming home " at the latter end of the month. To tell you the " truth," said she, with a sigh and a blush, " I " loved a D——" (I did not feel the slightest envy at his happiness), " who robbed me of three " thousand pounds, in consequence of which we " are put to these disagreeables; but on the " arrival of their uncle this will be relieved, and " we shall immediately return to France. When " the old lady below stairs, my mother, dies, her for- " tune will go to my daughters, who are what are " called in England Wards in Chancery; so that " if any one were to marry them under age, " without the consent of the Chancellor, they " would be *hanged!!*" I hum'd a little at this woeful sort of conclusion, and almost fancied that she suspected I entertained some desperate intentions towards the eldest.

She told me that she had been acquainted with a great many Spaniards, but they were all *elderly men*, with a very significant stress on the last words, and added, she had been very much ill-treated by them. "I am exceedingly sorry," said I, " to " hear so unfavourable an account of my country- " men; but I can almost venture to say they were " not emigrants."—" Oh, no, they were not," she replied.—" One person in particular, my daughter's " Spanish master, behaved very badly. He was " taken ill, and knowing him to be very poor, I

" sent him some *très-bons saucisses au porc, avec* " *une poulaille, &c. &c.*, and when he got well he " sent the very things back to me;" and here the poor lady looked most pitifully.

Had my life depended on the preservation of a serious countenance, I must have paid the forfeit. My head was full of mischief; I turned it from her, and put my handkerchief into my mouth: still I gave way to a stifled laugh.—Cruel, ungallant Señor, to return the "*saucisses au porc.*" " Madame," said I, recovering myself from the laugh, " I fear, though with the greatest deference " to your opinion, knowing that my countrymen " are grateful for favours received, this gentle- " man's intention has been misconstrued."—" *C'est* " *possible,*" said the lady, with an air of great dissatisfaction, and I immediately changed the subject, in order that my risible faculties should not again be so ungovernably excited.

After this the time passed very agreeably, partly with music, partly in conversation with the philanthropic mamma and her daughters; but particularly with her eldest, with whose pretty face and angelic figure I found myself insensibly engrossed. The whole volume of her person seemed to have arrived at maturity, but her mind was by no means so forward; and her eyes, though beautiful and soft, did not seem capable of the expressions of womanhood. I spoke to her at times on certain delicate subjects, but I found she gave me

childish answers; and, although I could have wished her replies more *savantes*, I delighted even to hear her speak to me.

After stopping about four hours, I took my *congé*, promising to come the next day at one o'clock. On my return to the inn, I went into a music-shop, and bartered with them for some strings for my guitar, giving some of my music in exchange; and afterwards paid a visit to the Neapolitans, who favoured me with more of their exquisite music.

At one o'clock the next day, I went off punctually to the ——. I was shown into the parlour, where I observed the widow very affectionately attending on her too long-lived mother. I remarked, also, that her toilette was far better than the day before, and, though plain, it was very neat. She expressed herself very happy to see me, and we walked up to the drawing-room with her younger children. Very shortly, the dear eldest daughter, dressed with great tasteful simplicity, entered, and her mamma said to me, "You see "Miss A—— has put herself in *grande toilette* "for you."—"I could not flatter myself it was on "my account," I replied, bowing to the angelic creature. The little ones had also paid more attention to their's.

Indeed, as I am on this subject, Señor de Vega had not neglected his person. I took care that the collar of my shirt was perfectly clean, and that

it fell on my shoulders with as much careless elegance as I was master of. The frills of my wrists were well examined, so as to set off the hands to the best advantage; I selected those stockings which fitted me the tightest, and put on my thin long-quartered shoes. I took great care that my knees were not larger than I could possibly help, so buckled them in as tight as I could. The rest of my dress was as usual. "Will you take dinner "with us," said Mrs. E——, "but," added she, "you will be losing so much of your time."—"It "is not my intention to play to-day," I replied, "and if you will allow me to have that honour, I "shall be most happy."

I now asked the daughter to favour me with some of her favourite music. She very graciously sat down and played, whilst the merry widow was trying my hat and cloak, parading before the glass, and observing how well she looked *en homme*. After the dear little A—— had favoured us with several airs, I sang, at her request, some little French and Spanish ballads, with which she expressed herself very much pleased. This delightful amusement was interrupted by her romantic mamma pouring forth a variety of tender insinuations.

"Ah!" she commenced with a sigh; "I couldn't "sleep last night. I was so restless, and got up "two or three times to divert my mind from a

" *certain* object, but I found I could not." Here the loving creature looked at me, so as not to leave a doubt who the happy tormentor of her night's rest was.—" You are very unfortunate," said I, " but I presume it was the handsome D——, who " was the cause."—" No, no," said she, in a kind of chiding accent, " it was some one nearer."—" How " did *you* sleep?" and here was another sigh. " Were your dreams pleasant?" and here she looked unutterable things. " Really, Madame," said I, " I don't know what I dreamt of, but I " know I *slept* very comfortably."—" Indeed," she said, with apparent astonishment; and then added, " I did not."—" I am very sorry," was my cold reply, still pretending not to read the eloquence of her very ardent looks.

She now divested herself of her masculine habiliments, and put them on me, when as she threw the collar round my neck, she—gracious powers! must I tell all—she patted me under the chin, saying, " Ah! you are a pretty boy!"—Ah! you *insinivating* woman, said I to myself, and could not resist a smile, which unfortunately she interpreted as an expression of delight. Annoyed with her attention, and desirous of changing the subject, I walked to the window, and spoke of the beautiful view it commanded. But, alas! instead of diverting her unwelcome civilities, my going alone made the widow think she had interpreted my

smile rightly; and followed me, repeating—" *Bon* " *Dieu!*" her naughty taps—oh, what love-speaking eyes had she.

To all this I was cruelly insensible, and returned to her delightful daughter A——, and for some time amused myself with playing my guitar to her. The mother appeared to be jealous of the daughter, and seated herself in a chair directly between us. I certainly was not overpleased with this, but concealed my feelings. I sung *Les Yeux noirs*, and the widow—oh! I shall never forget her red-heated face—positively thought I was singing it to her; but I was enjoying the lovely glances of the daughter, who was looking over the back of her amorous mamma.

After the song was concluded. The widow exclaimed, " Ah, it is your eyes that you are " describing now. Oh! what a thing it is to be " beautiful. My D—— was very handsome, I " will tell you, Don Juan, how it was I first got " acquainted with him." She commenced; " It " was a very cold winter's afternoon at Paris, just " about dark, that I had been to my banker to " receive one hundred and fifty Napoleons; and in " going across the *Champs Elysées*, a well-dressed " young man came up, and spoke to me, asking me " if I were not a German lady. I told him I was " not, and begged he would not speak to me. I " was dressed in a very plain manner; in fact, in " mourning for my husband, and I thought he was

" after my money. He said it was a dreary place,
" and asked me, if I would take his arm. I told
" him no! certainly not, yet I thought he was a
" very handsome man, and still was afraid of my
" money. He left me, and I made as much haste
" as possible. On arriving at the *Rue de la Paix*,
" who should I see, but this very person again. I
" immediately went into a shop where I was
" known, and asked to sit down. This person
" followed me, and, addressing the shopman as if
" he had known him before, came up to me,
" saying, 'Madame, I love you with all my heart,
" 'but I know how insensible all the English
" 'women are, and I part with you for ever. Adieu
" 'Madame! adieu.' Well, I now observed to the
" shopman, that I had perhaps treated his acquaint-
" ance rather rudely. He replied, he did not know
" him; I now asked the shopman to accompany
" me home. He did so, and in going down the
" street, the very same person came up, and
" addressed me, saying, Madame, is it possible that
" a lady of your respectability would walk arm-in-
" arm with a shopman. What would your friend
" Lady —— at Bath say, were she to see you? I
" thought it very strange that he should know any
" thing about that lady; but I requested the
" shopman to get me a cabriolet, which he did,
" and I drove home. No sooner had I arrived
" than this person came up to the door in another
" cabriolet, but I desired the servant not to let

" him in. I now went up stairs to dinner, but" (here was a deep sigh) " I could not eat any, for " I thought to myself, that I had treated him very " harshly, and that, poor fellow, he might be " very much in love with me. Well—with this " impression I went to bed, and passed a very " restless night.

" In the morning, at ten o'clock, the maid- " servant came to my door, saying, that there " was such a handsome young man at the door " wished to see me. I told her to tell him I " was not at home, which she did, and he said " he would call again. I now gave the porter " three francs, desiring him not to let that per- " son in, on any account. Well, he came again, " gave the porter ten francs, and so got admit- " tance; and, from that time till I lost the three " thousand pounds, which was four years, I lived " with him."

I concluded the woman must be mad, to relate such a history in the presence of her children; perhaps the loss of the three thousand pounds, on which I remarked she laid particular stress, might have caused her to look at the immorality of such a detail as a thing of minor consideration. She afterwards related to me a story of her strong affection for him. " I was so fond of him," she began, " that I never ate my meals without him; " and on one day, when I had been waiting " dinner for him, he came in, most splendidly

" dressed; said he could not eat, was engaged to " go out on particular business, and soon went " away. I said to my servant that I would follow " him, and, about a quarter of an hour after, we " went out together, and I saw him standing in " the Palais Royal, quite melancholy. I was " really so enraged, that if I had had a *knife* I " should have stabbed him to the heart" (here her face became perfectly red hot); " I went up to " him, and taking his cheek with my hand, I " screwed it round with so much force, that he " screamed out, fell down, and nearly fainted. " Several persons came around us, men and wo- " men. Some of the women were crying out, " ' What a cruel wretch the woman must be, to " ' have treated so handsome a young man so " ' barbarously;' others, ' What a pity! what a " ' shame!' whilst I did not know what to do.

" A Spanish gentleman now came up to me, " with a great deal of politeness, and asked me " what was the matter, and entreated me to take " his arm. This was the first time I was ever " treated well by your countrymen. I was really " so flurried I did not know what to do, so took " his arm, and walked away. In a few minutes " my *cher ami* came after us, and spoke to the " gentleman so much against me, and concluded " by saying to me, ' Ah! the time will come " ' when you will rue most bitterly this circum- " ' stance,' and sure enough it has.

" Well, do you know, after that we lived to-
" gether, and very comfortably. We came to
" England, as I had to receive some money, and
" I went to my banker's, and drew out three
" thousand pounds. We put up at the S———
" Hotel, L——— S——, and lived at a most
" extravagant rate, going to the opera, or some
" other place of amusement, every night. After
" living in this gay manner, we returned to Paris.
" He took me to a lawyer's, in whose hands I
" placed this money, and received a written ac-
" knowledgment for the same. He then robbed
" me of all this money, and I afterwards found
" out that this lawyer was in league with him.
" He got me to write a letter to his mother, to
" say that he was going to marry me, and that
" he did not owe me any money. This I at first
" refused to do, when he observed carelessly, ' It
" ' is only a farce I wish to play;' and I assure
" you my dear A——, who saw me write the let-
" ter, and was but a little child at the time, said,
" ' Don't write it, Mamma;' did not you, A——?"
" Yes, Mamma," the dear little creature replied.
" Well, this man told A—— to go out into the
" garden to play, and I was so foolish as to write
" this letter, which he brought forward as a proof,
" in an action I entered against him, that he
" did not owe me any money; consequently I have
" lost it.

" It is on account of this unfortunate occurrence
" that my family does not like to give me much

" money, for they think I would give it to the " D——." Perfectly right, thought I, not over sorry that she had concluded her long story. It would be a pity to trust it to such a consummate ass as yourself; and then said to her, looking very seriously, that it would be an excellent lesson to her daughters, and it was much better she lost the three thousand pounds than married him. " Ah! indeed, you are right," she replied, " for " I found him out to be a perfect *escroc*."

It was now half-past four o'clock, and the dinner was served up, but in a most wretched style. Mrs. E—— apologized for the rough manner, again observing, that when her children's uncle came, all these disagreeables would be remedied. The dinner consisted of cold roast beef and salad. The modest Mrs. E—— added that it was but a poor one, but if I liked fish she would send for some, and immediately ordered it. I was much hurt to see the delightful creature before me violating her pretty little mouth with this horrid cold beef, and when the fish appeared I prevailed on her to give me her plate, that I might help her to some of it. I afterwards helped her sister, then myself, leaving Mrs. E—— to discuss her salad, with which she expressed herself perfectly contented; and, if I might judge from the way she devoured it, I have every reason to think she told the truth.

She looked excessively amorous, and cracked her jokes at a famous rate; but I did not pay

much attention to them, for I was engrossed by her lovely daughter. The dinner things were removed, not by the servant, for there was none in attendance, although half a dozen in the house. This duty devolved upon her youngest daughter.

Mrs. E—— now placed her chair close to mine, and from her amorous looks proceeded to amorous deeds. She began to tickle me in the neck—naughty widow E——; then asked me if I were ticklish. "Very much," said I; "I can't "endure it."—"Ah," said she, "I can easily "see you are fond of the ladies by those black "eyes of yours."—"You are very young, and "much exposed to temptation. I must give you "advice. You know I am like your mamma, and "it's *no harm* what I do." Then she tapped me under the chin, and looked so loving. I once thought her mad, now I thought her drunk, and replied, "I assure you I do not stand in need of "such *motherly advice.*"—"Ah, you rogue, you "do," and she immediately placed her hand in the bosom of her adopted son. "Oh, Mamma!!" exclaimed one of the little girls, who had been a looker-on. "I am just the same as his mother," she very coolly observed.

I really do not consider myself over-modest, but on this occasion confess that I became astounded. The thought of her present to the invalid Spaniard flashed across my mind. I

frowned, and glancing my eyes towards the daughters, pushed my chair away to the end of the table, when she got up and walked about, evidently aware that I was annoyed by her motherly caresses.

" Oh! Don Júan," she said to me, by way of reparation, for she knew any thing relative to her dear A—— would please me, " A—— can tell " fortunes by the cards, would you like to have " yours told?"—" If Miss A—— will take that " trouble, I should feel highly honoured."—" I " shall feel very happy," said the little angel. Some cards were immediately sent for. The widow followed me to the fire-place, and said, " Oh! Juan, what beautiful eyes you have." Every one had left the room except ourselves. I felt an arm pass round my waist, and one of the widow's motherly kisses on my cheeks, before I could say " Jack Robinson." I felt—I hardly know how I felt—but I did not return it. My mortal flesh belied my very wishes. The darkness of the evening favoured this impression; and had it not been for one of the little children coming in with a light, in one unlucky minute, Señor Juan de Vega's virtue, like the salad, would have been devoured by a widow of forty.

END OF VOL. I.

Printed by T. Brettell, Rupert Street, Haymarket.

CHAP. V.

*Arrive at Margate — Difficulty in obtaining Lodgings — The Pier—A bad Night—Flattering admiration of an old Lady—The pious Shoemaker and Family—Riego—A suspicious Mother—The Tailor—The Margate Cryer—Go to Ramsgate—A London Acquaintance—Lady * * *—An Adventure in a Tavern—Mr. S —, the Cook—The Ladies' School at Church—A Royalist—A cunning Discovery—A visit from the Margate Shoemaker—An interesting Tea Party—The generous Baker of Canterbury comes to Margate, and the Family send for me—I have additional proofs of their good nature—A pleasant Walk disturbed.*

I ARRIVED at Margate on the 6th of September, and, having finished my dinner, I proceeded to look for apartments; after visiting several, for which I was asked twelve shillings per week, and were not in fact so comfortable as the room I had had in Canterbury for five shillings; I then began to despair of getting any that would suit the purse of an *itinerant minstrel*. In every part of the town,

I found people in search of the same thing as myself; for two or three steam vessels had just come in from London, with an importation of about a thousand city folk, who had come to pass away the holyday from Saturday afternoon till Monday morning. On these particular days, apartments, nay beds were rare, and difficult to be had; and as about a thousand more were expected, the lodging-house keepers were flattering themselves with a good price, and everybody asked a very high one for their accommodation. "Have you "apartments to let?" and, "Oh! that's too dear," were continually heard in whatever direction I might move. I was amused to see the number of people strolling about the streets for the very same object, and thought that there were many who were obliged to regulate with economy their various pleasurable disbursements, as I must my necessary ones. I went into a cobbler's to ask for apartments, when the man's wife took a great deal of trouble to look out for me. She first forewarned me of the great difficulty there would be, in consequence of the numbers of city folks coming in; but she sent her son out to several of her neighbours to inquire. One of her neighbours coming in quite *par hasard*, was appealed to, and very pleasantly said she had one, and it would be disengaged the following day. Having succeeded thus far, I had to proceed about getting one for the night; and I positively tried every where to

get a bed, and, in consequence of the fresh importation of another vessel, there was only one to be had, which was at a common inn, where the landlord agreed to let me have it for two shillings the night; but I must agree, if he could get another customer, to let him have half the bed. Not much admiring having a male fellow, I declined his kind offer; and returned to the cobbler, to tell him of my ill success. My landlady, in consequence, offered to make me up a bed on the floor in her parlour, if I would be content with it. I was happy to get any at all; I thanked her, and very readily accepted it. I walked down the town, dressed with a small cap, and the collar of my cloak up, in order to escape observation. I went on the pier, where were assembled apparently the whole of the fresh arrivals, listening to the enlivening music of a band that was playing. Observing that I became the object of general notice, I felt at first much astonished to account for it, as I thought I had took every necessary precaution to avoid it; but on looking down towards my legs, I perceived, from having the cloak wrapped close around, that rather too much of the white stockings was shown underneath, presenting very much the ludicrous appearance of a woman crossing a street in dirty weather. On loosing my cloak, it entirely covered my legs, and I passed on like those around me. On my returning up the town, I perceived the Raffle Rooms were crowded to excess, whilst the princi-

pal attraction was a little vocal and instrumental music of some syren (more or less or pretty) presiding at the piano-forte. This is rather H. O. T thought I to myself, as I gazed on the crowded rooms, and the eager multitude outside, blocking up the windows; and so went on to the little bazaar, called the *Boulevard de Paris.* All the articles for sale appeared to be French, attracting a number of buyers, and a greater number of lookers on. The amusement seemed to be the same as at Tuppin's raffling, in which the animated vistors seemed to be risking their superfluity of money.

On returning home I thought I would go and thank the cobbler's wife for her kindness; and was introduced to Mr. Snob and all the little Snobs. After telling her the object of my visit, she assured me I was perfectly welcome; but thinking that deeds were better than words, to prove my sincerity, she asked me if I would play that ere music I had got with me. I immediately acquiesced, and played it. The cobbler, not to be backward in civility, returned the compliment by commencing a psalm; and looking his wishes at his next generation, the whole family struck up together, each taking their particular part. They made a most dreadful row, something like the methodistical family in Canterbury, and I was obliged to put up with their noise in the same way. The consequence was a repetition of their vocal powers, so that I felt myself very happy when my landlady

came to tell me she was going to shut up her house.

On the following evening (Sunday) I went down to the pier, the *Prado* of the place, on which was assembled the whole inhabitants as it were of Margate. I was much amused with the airs that some of the women seemed to give themselves; while the young men with their collars starched like buckram, which they were constantly pulling into their proper place, and talking of this girl or the other that they particularly admired, would try this attempt to make their acquaintance, by introducing themselves,—then again giving their collars a tug or two. I observed two or three going up to the girls, but their resolution failing them after looking them vulgarly in the faces, they found that they could not make their *threatened love* to them, and in order to hide their confusion set to at pulling their collars again. There were others also, that were to be observed modestly sitting on the benches, so that one could easily distinguish them from the rest, by the pleasure they seemed to take in the passing scene, without showing any symptoms of wishing to be actors in it themselves. "Mother, mother! look at that man," I could frequently hear uttered by a gaudily-dressed girl. "Yes, Fanny, or Caroline," would be the reply from an equally dressed woman. "How that man "annoys me, Mamma, with his smoke," exclaimed a girl close beside me. When turning round I per-

ceived a fellow with a long common clay pipe blowing clouds at every whiff. It was in this way that these merry Sunday-dressed folks seemed to be enjoying themselves; a kind of Liberty-Hall, where smokers even were not excluded. After enjoying a Margate Sunday evening during the season, I returned to my lodgings. This night I was again punished with one of those worst of afflictions, the nipping of those horrid red-coated animals that had so annoyed me at Canterbury. From the cleanliness of the bed, I fancied at first that it was from some other cause; but I was at last so dreadfully tormented, that I found the hard boards a comfortable place to lie down on, compared to this torment. The next day I made great complaints, and the landlady candidly acknowledging that she was aware of the circumstance, added, by way of consolation, "Why, they don't bites "me." But I made her understand, that if they did not bites her, as she expressed it, they bit me, and some other arrangement must be made; so that my bed was made the following nights on the floor. In the course of my wanderings with my guitar today, very little of interest occurred to me. I was very nearly meeting Lady F——, whom I presumed novelty had induced to give this the preference to a more fashionable watering place, and lest I should have been recognised, I turned to the right-about. There was something highly characteristic of the sojourners here, for although I got in three hours

eight shillings, which proved them not wanting in liberality; still the money had nearly always been thrown, accompanied with that hauteur and contumely so peculiarly the attributes of a purse-proud people.

I passed the evening at the cobbler's; his name was D——, and lived in D——'s Court, which was so called by him, he being the proprietor of nearly all the houses in the court. An old woman came in, and being invited to sit down, she asked the particulars of the young stranger. Mrs. D——, with all the methodistical eloquence she could summon, gave a very animated account of the hardships I had undergone, &c.; when the old lady, after repeating a tolerable number of poor dears, exclaimed, at the conclusion of the narration, "Sweet youth! "if I were rich enough I'd like to keep him." The last words of her sympathising remark, by no means sounded the most agreeable in my ears. You would find me a very faithless Sweet, old lady, thought I to myself, and Moore's lines "I have heard "of an amorous youth, who was caught," &c., occurred to me on the instant, as I gazed on this grandmother-like philanthropist. "Well," added she, "I wish him health and wealth, that's all the "harm I wish him," and then went away. The conversation turning on dancing, the cobbler asked me if I could dance, and said he should like very much to see me. Thinking of having another curious scene, like the waltzing scene of S—— and her aunt, but its

too bad thus to revert to her *name* with *satire:* I satisfied him in his wish, as I allowed no opportunity to escape whereby I might see a little into this class of society, for I had never had an opportunity of seeing it before. I now asked him to dance, "Oh! "me no dance," said he, speaking in broken English, in order to make me understand the better. I felt very much annoyed to think the fellow would not dance, and asking the reason, he replied, that it was against his religion. If I had thought, said I to myself, that the D——s *don't dance,* I would have soon made you understand that Señor de Vega *don't dance* too. However, his desire to show off his religion caused him to give a further explanation, and I found that it was against the tenets of his sect. "Very well," said I, and affected to believe what he said. He then gave us some psalms, and, after listening with a great deal of patience to them for some time, I asked him to sing something merry, bacchanalian. "Oh! no," said he, with his usual sanctified way, "We don't sing "any thing but sacred music, because we don't "think it proper."—"Ah! then what for you likie "me to sing not religion?"—"Oh! I did'nt *know* "that your songs were not religious," replied the cobbler, very gravely, though rather embarrassed, "At first I thought they were religious."—"Ah! "you think it religeuse, Eh? This like religin, "Eh?" and here I played a very merry air, to which I had already sung. "I tell you, you

" like me to go to —— and you not."—" Oh! no," said the cobbler, " me not wish that, you know;" and here followed a very lame defence for his conduct. After this, the conversation turned on various topics. This fellow's extraordinary propensity to boast of his tenets caused him to resume a religious conversation. " You like de opera, and de play," said he. " Very much," was the reply. " No " good, there's no religion. You like de horse- " race, you know; ah! it's no good, there no " religion," and then he enumerated a number of similar amusements, and made the same reply to my approval. " You like de pipa," for I thought I would have some fun with him. " Oh! yes," said he, puffing out volumes of smoke, very much to my annoyance. " No good, no good, there no religion."

I think I never shall forget the fellow's countenance as long as I live;—he looked perfectly thunderstruck, thinking, by overthrowing his principles, I had proved him a sinner. His pipe dropped from his mouth, which he seemed to have unconsciously opened with surprise, without holding his clay in his hand. He looked at his wife to assist him; the wife returned the look, and all the little shoemakers looked up to their parents with astonishment to see them outwitted on a religious point. During this suspense, I, as may naturally be supposed, enjoyed the dilemma into which they had fallen. 'At last, the cobbler, inhaling a deep draught of vital air, as if his breathing had been

suspended from astonishment, replied, picking up his pipe, and in the only way in which his curious system of reasoning permitted him, by saying that smoking was religious, as it was good for the health. "No! no! no! no! it was bad for me," (for I was resolved on exposing his principles.) I wished this pious family good night, and left the father to find out some better excuse for his favourite propensity.

The next morning I went out with my guitar, and was almost in constant occupation. Down by the sea-shore, after I had sung a Spanish patriotic song to a young lady, she asked me what it was: "*El Himno de Riego*," I replied. "It's delight-" "ful," said she; "I know his brother, Abbé Riego." "Ah!" said I, assuming a melancholy air, "poor "Riego was very unfortunate;" and fearing that she might perhaps know too much, I pretended that the subject made me uncomfortable. "Poor fellow, "indeed," she replied, but threatened me with a little more conversation on this head. "Pray "give me the music of that song."—"I will, "Señora," I replied, and felt rather glad to get away.

On the following day I attended an appointment at a house close by Howe's Hotel. On my arrival I passed my fingers lightly across the guitar, as though I had been about to commence playing. Knowing the lady I was to meet to be very pretty I felt rather delighted with my engagement. At the sound of the guitar she immediately appeared at

the window, and beckoned me to come in. The door was immediately opened, and I was ushered into the parlour. The ladies received me with the greatest affability, and begged me to be seated. I sang, as a matter of course, and then a general conversation ensued, and some little inquiries were made as to the cause of my coming to England. The young lady brought me her guitar to give my opinion upon. I told her it was good, and affected to be very clever in this particular, just to prolong my chat with her. I had seen her the day before from the street only, when I thought her beautiful; but now I had an opportunity of knowing her to be so. She looked perfectly delightful, and I do not know that ever I passed a quarter of an hour more agreeably than in talking with her. Her mother, thinking that I was losing my time by stopping, recommended me to go down to the Pier, as there would be a great many persons there, on account of a boat-race. I tried to persuade her that I did not think it of any use, in order to stop longer at her house; but she so strongly *recommended* me to go, that I took it as a kind of *hint*, and departed. I returned to my quarters, and passed the rest of the day in making notes. In the evening, I went to a tailor's, to have something done to my unmentionables. The tailor agreed to do what I wanted.—"When'll you let me have 'em, Sir?" said he. "Oh! now," I replied, "but you must lend me "a pair in the meanwhile." I seriously thought

he would not have complied, but he did, saying to his wife, " My dear, just step out at the door, will " you." (His shop and parlour were in one.) He managed to lend me a tolerably good fit, and leaving him my address, he promised to let me have them early the next day. At nine o'clock the next day, punctually, he came, complaining that he really had had a great deal more work to do than he expected, and hoped I would give him an extra sixpence. Finding that he had finished them very well, I agreed, and returned the borrowed pair.

In the course of the morning, as I was strolling about, I walked down a garden on the road to St. Peter's; the front of the house was covered all over with roses, well deserving the name of Rose Cottage, and I was desired by some young ladies to walk into the parlour. The father, mother, and all the little ones, very shortly made their appearance; and after singing to them, the good parents retired, leaving three young ladies and two boys. A general conversation followed, during which one of the boys amused us by his attempts at speaking French. " Monsieur," said the brother, who was eighteen or nineteen years of age, " this young lady," pointing to a very pretty one, " said she would like " you to be with her three or four hours a-day, to " teach her."—" For shame, William," said she, " how can you talk so."—" *Il est un peu méchant,* " *n'est-ce pas, Mademoiselle?*" She smiled. her accordance to my opinion, and, laying my guitar

aside, I was about to relapse into a *conversazione*, when the old father and mother making their appearance, I took my *hat and walked.*

In the evening I went down the town, to see what was going on. The principal object of attraction seemed to be the Cryer, who, they say, is famed for being very witty and jocose sometimes. I listened with great attention for some time, but confess I did not hear any thing worth laughing at, though his eager listeners seemed to be highly amused, and were breaking out into convulsive roars of laughter, with mouths something after the fashion of Billy Black's annual lease, extending from *year* to *year*. I passed my evening at the cobbler's. He at first gave symptoms of talking on religion, but stopped suddenly, as if recollecting the "you smoke the *pipa*?" he changed to some other subject. I gave him a song, as a little mark of regard for the attention I had received from him. "Thank you," said he. "How much you give for it, twopence?" You near old rascal, thought I to myself, and told him two shillings, at which he seemed to be very much surprised. The shoemaker here asked me if I would like some brandy and water with him. I agreed to it, taking out the money to buy some brandy. "Oh! no," said he, "you must not;" and some of his was pulled out of the cupboard. He made me a glass-full, but very weak, taking good care to make himself a very strong one. This he soon poured down his throat, and replenishing his

glass, emptied the brandy bottle. The second very soon went the same way as the first. "You don't "drink," said he to me, and then addressing himself to his friends, "You see he takes but very "little." A very good reason, thought I to myself, for you will not give me the opportunity:—I was placed in this awkward situation:—he had drunk all himself, and would not allow me even to buy any more: being against his system of entertaining his friends, as he observed. I found this to be the fundamental principle of methodistical hospitality.

The next day I left by the coach for Ramsgate, first taking my leave of the shoemaker and his family: he said he would come and take tea with me on the following Monday evening. I had secured a comfortable apartment the day before at No. 2, Effingham Place, and immediately on my arrival took my luggage there. At eleven o'clock I went out with my guitar to play, and found the sixpences came tumbling out of the windows very fast. Whilst I was thus busily occupied, one of my London tradesmen came up, in company with two ladies, who spoke to me in Spanish, and asked me what country I belonged to, at the same time presenting me with two shillings. If that Mr. T—— (for this was the tradesman's name), pay the expenses, thought I to myself, he can well afford it, for his bills are long enough. I observed that I was from Spain. "I told you he was a

" Spaniard," exclaimed the sage trunk-maker, " I " knew him directly." As this party walked away, a lady came up to me, and, after listening to my guitar a short time, pointed out her house, and begged, when I was disengaged, I would go there. It coming on to rain, the ladies with whom I was at present engaged told me to walk in, and, after listening a short time to my music, observed to me that the lady who had requested me to go to her house was Lady E—— B——, and that I must mind and play my best, as she was very fond of music. On arriving at her house I found the servant waiting with the door open, and I was immediately ushered into a small drawing-room, where Lady B—— received me with great affability, and begged me to sit down. My vocal and instrumental powers were soon set to work, and her ladyship seemed to be listening with considerable delight, as she was humming the air herself. " I like your " Spanish airs best," said her ladyship; " give me a " fandango. I've been in Spain myself, when I was " of your age."—" Fandangos, Madam, are vulgar," I replied (for you must know I did not know one), " and gentlemen in Spain never learn them."—" Oh! " *mais* "—and here I thought she was going to say " *je les aime*;" but as if recollecting that I had called them vulgar, she then asked me to play her any thing else. I sang to her one or two more Spanish songs, with which she expressed herself very much pleased, her ladyship very kindly in-

quiring the cause of my coming to England, and expressing her warmest sympathy: she then gave me a few lines to a friend of her's; and receiving her donation, I made my bow, and retired.

As it was raining I went into a tavern close by, where I met a rough sailor-like looking man, who immediately began to inveigh against the great number of foreigners in this country, to the prejudice of the nation. "It's a great shame," continued he, introducing some good round oaths, "that we give employment to a parcel of foreign-"ers, whilst our own people are starving for want "of employ. If a poor English boy were to take "a flute and play it, do you think he'd get the "money that fellow does?—No! he'd just get "sent off to the treadmill."—"If he played the "guitar or violin, he would get plenty," I replied. "No, he would not," retorted the other, angrily: "it's a stupid country, and they are all fools, the "English."—"If you feel so discontented with it, "you had better leave it."—"Leave it," roared the fellow, with a most terrific grin, to the very great amusement of every body in the room. He could not resist asking me to play, however, and called me a good fellow for doing so. I am sorry, said I to myself, I cannot return your compliment, I clearly see you are one of those fellows who make self the principal incentive to their good actions.

I went to dine in a small chop-house at the bottom of Effingham Street, kept by a man named

S——. I was ushered into a very neat sort of parlour, and the proprietor was all attention in cutting me off some cold meat, which was to form my dinner. "What must I pay," I asked him, before I began to use the knife and fork. "A shilling," was the reply. I thought this too much, and did not suit my pocket, so I declined dining there. The man became very much enraged, and said that I should; but I made him understand that it was too dear, and that I would not. After making a great noise, Mister S—— showed fight. Not being at all practised in the pugilistic way, nor even an admirer of the art, I endeavoured at first to avoid coming to a collision. Spooner still holding his threats of this and the other, I found that I was rather obliged to accept his challenge, and putting myself in boxing attitude, my courageous antagonist altered his position, and modified his threats to sending for an officer; and yielded, eventually, to the more prudent argument of opening the door for me to go out. I was walking away very deliberately, when Mr. S—— followed me into the street, and again challenged me to fight him. This being rather too much of a good thing, I continued on until I got home. Here I was again annoyed by the appearance of this mutilator of roast and boiled, who entered my room, and again challenged me to come out and fight him. I thought it was quite time to settle the matter in doors or any where else, and was about

to give him the first salutation, by sending my fist into his face, when some people, who had witnessed the whole proceeding, ran into the room, and abused him for his unmanly treatment to a foreigner. "Poor Spooney," for so I called him, found he had got out of the frying-pan into the fire, and sneaked away home amidst the scoffs of his neighbours, who, profiting by the pronunciation I gave to his name, one and all agreed that he was indeed a Spooney, whilst I sat down to a comfortable hot dinner, which my landlady prepared for me at half the price.

On the following day (Sunday), in the afternoon, I went to the new church. I directed my steps up to the gallery; and the pew-opener, apparently confused where to put me, showed me to a seat beside a girls' school. Assuming great gravity I looked at my neighbours in the rear, and perceived them all upon the titter. After the eyes of the *multitude* were off me, I amused myself with looking at the school-girls, and knew well, by either a gay or serious look, I could set them giggling, which I soon perceived was much to the annoyance of the mistress or superintendent of these little volatile creatures. Out of a number, one or two at least are sure to be pretty. I fixed my eyes rather constantly towards one, which the little sinner encouraged by returning my glances, but always with a laugh, with her handkerchief to her face to conceal it. The time arrived when we had

to stand up, my countenance was obliged to assume the serious, as all eyes seemed to be cast towards me; I observed, that instead of having an organ they had several fiddles, as a substitute, and I by no means thought it had a bad effect. Service being over, I waited a short time, until the major part of the people had gone. The girls' school, on leaving the pew, all seemed to be upon the titter, for then I perceived that my appearance was affording them fine fun, whilst theirs had the same effect with me. On going out of the church door, a gust of wind came, and blew off my straw hat, which created a smile in every one's countenance to see me run after it. I soon recovered my hat, and on coming out at the outer gate, I again met the pretty girl of the school, and our eyes meeting each other, I winked to her my adieu, and returned home.

The next day I went, according to appointment, to Lady B——'s. "I hope I am not too early," said I, on entering the room. "If you'll leave me "your address," she replied, "I'll send for you." The address was immediately written, and presented to her, when, on reading it, she exclaimed, "Why, you write like an English hand."— "*Vraiment, madame?*" said I, as though I felt myself complimented, for I wished to do away with any thing like suspicion. "I'm not very well to-day," added her Ladyship. "*Je suis très fâché,*" I replied, making a low bow, at which she looked

at me very significantly, as if she thought I was *too polite*. Our interview terminated by her promising to speak to the Duchess—I think, of Newcastle for me, and I wished her good morning and went away. "But shut the *door*," if you please; at which I could not resist a laugh, and shutting the door thought that I had still not yet got my lesson by heart. In playing the farce I did, all these little things became very important to remember, to do it correctly. From this I went to the opposite cliff, where I was soon put in requisition by a gentleman who asked me to sing to him. I sung the *Spanish Exile* whilst he read it; you should not sell them (said he, on my concluding), because people will not like them. I asked him the reason? It contains sentiments opposite to loyalty, was his grave reply. I told him that, from the explanation I had heard given of the song, I thought it right; that as the country was in danger from having a bad king, the people on this account only fought against him. "The king can do no "harm," he replied, "the responsibility falling on "his ministers." I observed, in this instance the king wished his ministers to do so, and we attacked the cause, and not the effect, which —— "I am a "military man," he added, drawing himself up *à la militaire*, "which is the reason I cannot have "such a song in my possession; but I will take "another, the English never fight against their "king."—"Because he is a good one," I replied;

" but you would if he were a bad one *like mine.*" With such staunch fellows as you, I thought to myself, the king I'm sure never need be alarmed. At this moment a gentleman came up to me, and spoke to me in Spanish, and I could not resist telling him of our recent conversation. " He's a very " loyal fellow that," was the reply; " but I think he forgets that we decapitated one of our kings;" and he immediately went away. This military loyalist again entered into conversation with me; he asked me what I purposed doing—how long I intended to stop in Ramsgate, and then added rather suspiciously, that he thought I should see the world in all its various conditions. " I have already " seen a great deal," I replied; for I began to suspect he thought there was something assumed. " I have already seen enough I assure you, and, if " I had it in my power, would be happy to forego " the pleasure of seeing any more." You are like Gil Blas. " Yes," I replied, but without a mule and money; and then receiving his two shillings I walked off. Whilst I was engaged in another quarter, a gentleman came up to me, and asked to what country I belonged. " Spain," was the reply. " Why don't you talk Spanish better then," he observed; " I understand it myself. You are a " Frenchman I see, but having been to Spain, and " learnt a little Spanish, call yourself a Spaniard," and went away. I remembered having seen this man with a Spaniard a few days before, who

appeared to me at the time to doubt that I was what I pretended to be. This fully accounted to me for this gentleman coming with his borrowed light, and saying that I was not a Spaniard; and to show his great discrimination, told me I was a Frenchman. In the evening, whilst I was writing in my room, I was surprised by the landlady observing that two gentlemen wanted to see me. On my going down stairs, I found it was the shoemaker and his son from Margate. I now recollected that I had invited them to tea, and after the interchange of common civilities, I told them I would have tea very shortly. "Oh! hav'n't you "got it ready," he exclaimed, with apparent astonishment. I assured him that it should be, and, knowing he was fond of guzzling, I begged he would *amuse* himself by taking some gin (his favourite liquor), whilst I prepared the tea. This spirit was brought on the table, and he did ample justice to some of Hodges's best, by taking several glasses in a neat state, and I fancied that he did not seem to lament, at this moment, my having neglected to prepare the tea.

The landlady was not long before she placed it on the table, and the young lad then pulled out a large apple pie, that he had bought me. Poor boy, I was sorry I had put him to this expense, and could not help contrasting his conduct with the selfishness of his father. The landlady, her husband, Master D—— and son, and I, then com-

menced taking our potations of tea. A few little complimentary observations were uttered by me, such as, "I am happy again to see you;—pray "make a good tea;" and the cobbler returned me compliment for compliment, by expressing himself overjoyed to see me again, and congratulated me on my good success, for of this I had already acquainted him. I found he took me at my word, and seemed to like uncommonly the Bohea, as well as the eatables I presented him with. The conversation took a general turn, and was frequently interlarded with—"How happy I "am to see you, Señor," by the old cobbler, as he drank up his tea in tolerable large draughts. "I "happy to see you, Sir," said I; "eat—drink "away—eat—drink away;" and here, something attracting my attention to the window, I heard the landlady say to the cobbler, "What a good fellow "he is."—"Ah!" replied the other, "if he were "not good, you might rely upon my not coming "to see him."—"Come, and see my pig, Sir!" said the landlord to the shoemaker (the pig-sty being the next door, or the adjoining room): the latter got up, but first emptying his cup, and went to look at the large pig. "What do you "want for it?" said he, much pleased with its large size and excellent condition. "No, no, no," replied the other, who had an *immense* family and a small income, "I don't mean to sell." Then the cobbler endeavoured to find out various

blemishes, and carelessly said, " I'll give you three " guineas, and ready money too."—" No, no," again replied the other, preferring his pig to the three guineas. There was no bargain, and they returned into the room. By this time I had some hot water and lots of gin placed in the room of tea; and I remarked the cobbler's eyes again glistened with delight, at such unexpected boozing, and very soon placed himself beside the inviting *banquet*, and soon had a large tumbler filled with his favourite *cordial*. " What a dreadful thing " there has happened to-day!" said the landlord, in a very serious drawling tone; " a gentleman " died suddenly in his chair, and half an hour " before he was quite well." The landlord could not have hit upon a better story, as it led to the shoemaker's favourite subject; and he began to descant on the very great uncertainty of this world, and how necessary it was for us all to be on our guard against such sudden death; and went on with a long rigmarole, which he felt, I believe, considerable more pleasure in telling others than acting up to himself. The landlady suddenly came in, and told the landlord he was wanted, when he instantly left the room, observing that he would shortly return. The young lad immediately spoke to his father, respecting his opinion of the landlord, observing he thought him a religious man. " What sect do you think he's of, father? he " seems to me to be one of us?"—" Yes, presently my

dear," replied the father, showing evident signs that he preferred smoking to religion, and did not like to be interrupted. I could not help thinking (as I gazed at the father) on the opinion of the itinerant coachmaker I met on the road to Canterbury, respecting the various sects in England.

"How much money you get the day?" said the cobbler to me. "Very great, I thank you," I replied. "Oh! then," said he to his son, "as he gets "lots of money, I will help myself to another glass "of gin and water;" and then he added, in his usual broken English, "I glad to hear it." You rascal! thought I to myself, I dare say you are, but this will teach me a lesson another time not to say very great: however, the consequence was, that he managed to empty the bottle, and *then* thought it was time to be off. The guests returned thanks for my hospitality, and, inviting me to their house to tea, wished me good bye. The next morning I found I had a very bad head-ache from the shoemaker's religious smoking, and, putting myself on the apothecary's list, stopped in-doors all day. The next day I took a dip in the sea, which I found did me a great deal of good. To-day was the day of the races, 15th September, at the Isle of Thanet, the one on which I had promised to meet the interesting little S—— of Canterbury, and which at the time of my departure I had some thoughts of fulfilling—but it was not many hours after I had taken my leave of her before

I unjustly repaid her for the interest she had taken in me by almost forgetting her; and thinking it would also place me in too conspicuous a situation, I neglected my engagement.

At six o'clock in the evening a lad came to my quarters, saying, that a lady named H——, from Canterbury, wished to see me. Not remembering her name, but supposing her to be one of the acquaintances I had made there, I went off, and was soon asked up into the drawing-room. "How do you do?" asked Mrs. H——, shaking hands with me, "what, don't you know me?" "*Oh! madame, certainement,*" I replied, putting my hand in her's, "how is Monsieur, who gave me "the apple dumplings?" This being explained to her by a young lady who spoke French, created a good laugh, whilst the good Mrs. H——, the baker's sister, related the particulars of the apple dumpling. She asked me why I had not called upon her before I left. I made some unsatisfactory excuse, as I was afraid her generosity would have caused her to have presented me with money, or something of the kind, which I was desirous of avoiding. As much as you like from the rich, and as little as possible from the poor, was my motto, and I acted up to it as closely as circumstances would admit of. She now very kindly presented me with four shillings, which was a subscription made by some of her friends for me, and, having thanked her, I returned home. This

morning I was again on the invalid list, but being a very fine day, I strolled along the beach. Some little distance from the houses I met a very pretty woman with a child in her arms, and with little ceremony I engaged her conversation. From the novelty of my dress, I dare say it was admired. In our little solitary perambulation, however, I spoke sufficient English to make her understand that I thought her a very pretty girl, as well as that I was very apt to fall in love at first sight. She said to me, smilingly, that she thought I was a flatterer, and had not the appearance of being very constant. I assured her to the contrary; and so we continued conversing on this particular subject until we reached the top of another field. "When shall I see "you again?" said I, "for I love you very much, "indeed I do." At this moment a great long fellow jumped over the hedge, at which she exclaimed, "Oh God, it's my husband!" This was the first time she told me she had one, and not wishing to make *particular inquiries* about the truth of it, I walked off double quick, for a jealous husband, in my opinion, is a very awkward animal to encounter.

CHAP. VI.

Invited to the Baker's—A difficult Question—Generosity of Mrs. A——— —Economical Arrangement of my Journey—Take my leave of the H——'s—I quit Ramsgate—Columbian method of Cool Walking—Arrive at Deal—A pretty Widow—Leave Deal for Dover—Engaged to play for some Ladies at their own House—Refused admittance into Dover Castle—A good deal puzzled by a Spanish Lady—Go to the Pier, and meet my first companion in the walk to Canterbury—Again prevented seeing the Castle—A Bargain with a Sentinel—Spend a pleasant morning with my Patronesses of yesterday—Another Disappointment to see the Castle—Storm a Fort and enter it—Apply to the Commandant for permission to go over the Castle, and refused—My Writing compared by the young Ladies to that of an Englishman—Boys at twenty-five—Invited to another Baker's House—A pleasant Party.

On my way back I passed by Mrs. H——'s sister's house, and the whole of the family came

out, and, asking me how I did, requested me, if disengaged, to come again at five o'clock.

Five o'clock arriving, I went, according to my engagement, and was received very kindly by Mrs. H——, who observed to me that they were all of one family, the two elderly ladies being her sisters and the younger ones her nieces. After I had played and sang to them, they asked me to attempt the Spanish of *No—no—quiero casar-me*, which I did, and one of the daughters interpreted it, as "*Je ne veux me marier.*"—"Oh! indeed, "you must marry," said her mamma, "you should "not speak against marrying."—"On the contrary," "I replied, "for I am an advocate for marrying." "He should not marry, indeed," returned the Mrs. H—— (of the apple dumpling), for they were all H——'s, and I don't know any other way of describing the one from the other. "Indeed, I "have never married, and I think people should not "if they don't like it." This created a great laugh against her. Making a virtue of necessity, I by no means thought that the old lady's philosophy was bad, and joined in the laugh also. Mrs. H—— told her daughter to ask me how old I was. She replied that she did not like, and looked at her cousin to do so, who also said she didn't like; and they appealed to their mammas as the fittest persons to do so. "How can I do so, my dear, I "can't speak French," was the reply; and again an appeal was made to the daughters. They still

signified the difficulty of their situation, though they showed the same anxiety to know my age. At last, after a deal of—you ask, and you ask,—one of the Mrs. H——'s asked me how old I was? "Old, old," said I, as if I did not understand, when one of the young ladies observed, "*Quel âge avez-*" "*vous?*"—"*Oh! vingt-et-un;*" when they all exclaimed what a pity it was so young a person should be in so unfortunate a state, and, in fact, sympathy of the most tender and flattering nature was expressed. "*C'est la fortune de la guerre,*" said I carelessly; "and I am very capable of undergoing "my difficulties in consequence of being young." "Oh, replied the daughter, very artlessly, "*Ma* "*mamman parle avec les tendres sentimens d'une mère.*" After hearing these and a few more kind observations, I wished them good night. After my returning home I did not feel disposed to attend an engagement at Mrs. A—— 's, and I sent a letter saying I was ill. A servant was immediately dispatched in return, to say that if I required any medicine, his mistress had sent him to tell me that I could go to her chemist's, and have what I required at her expense. I returned my thanks for her kindness, and observed that I had sufficient with me, but the next day this lady very kindly called upon me to inquire how I was, and on my informing her that I was going to leave, she asked me my address in London. I gave her the first that came into my head. Hold out

"your hand," said she to me, and emptied her purse, containing ten shillings, into it, saying, "This is all I have, but you shall hear from me "again;" and then wished me good morning. I looked upon this act of generosity with all the sentiments of respect it merited, and I lamented that the situation I had chosen for my amusement should excite such kind and tender feelings to useless acts of charity. Mrs. A —— 's amiability was imposed upon, but the gratification was as pure to her as if I had been in reality distressed. May she long enjoy the reward of her benevolence, and be blest with a plenitude of means to indulge it!

I now took my luggage to the coach-office, where I accidentally met a man who spoke French, and I gave him orders to see it forwarded to Deal, whilst I proceeded on foot. I conceive it rather necessary to tell my reader the reasons why I always walked my journeys, whilst I was getting so much money with my guitar; as well as a small outline of the general economy I considered necessary to adopt. In one respect I preferred walking, from the novelty of the circumstance; I thought also, it would place me in a variety of curious situations that I could not experience if I rode through the country; as well as partly from a want of funds. With regard to the latter reason, it may be supposed that as I met with great success, and often took from eight to ten shillings in two or three hours, I might always calculate at

that rate. I found my position was very different from this, for by the time I had played and gained these eight or ten shillings, I found that my employment was by no means so easy as I had originally anticipated, and consequently was very glad after three hours playing, to retire for the rest of the day. If, as the case might require it, or that I felt disposed to do so, I played six hours instead of three, it frequently happened that I gained no more than during the three hours, as I was by no means so lucky some days as I was on others; in fact, I have played the major part of a day (though I never played at night, which, by the bye, is the best time for getting money) without getting more than a few halfpence. Upon the average, I think I could not reckon upon getting more than six shillings a day. With this small daily sum the greatest economy was necessary, as I stopped so short a time in a town, as well as lost a great deal in my walking journeys; and, as I was obliged to give away a great deal of money to the lower orders for drink, into whose society I frequently entered, in order to learn their habits and modes of living, I arranged my own expenses accordingly; so that my breakfast, consisting of tea and bread and butter, never exceeded more than five pence; my dinner, of mutton chops, potatoes, and some brandy and water, or something of the kind after it, nine pence; my tea the same as the breakfast, making about one shilling

and seven pence per day. The rest went for lodging—guitar strings—any clothing that I might require, or repairs of any sort. This will also account for my refusing to give Spooney, the cook-shop man, a shilling for his dinner. As I proceeded to the outskirts of the town, on my road to Deal, I passed Mr. H——'s house, where perceiving some one at the window, and recollecting that I had left Canterbury without taking my leave, I thought that I would not omit it on this occasion. I entered the house and stated the object of my visit. They all expressed their regret at my departure, and inquired into the reason. I soon fabricated a satisfactory motive, and was about to say good morning, when Mrs. H——, having a bag of biscuits in her hand, insisted upon my taking them, observing, that they would do to eat on the road. Like the apple dumplings, I received them, and before I had got a hundred yards from the house I gave them a trial, and found that Canterbury could produce good biscuits as well as apple dumplings.

The weather was excessively hot, and I found my cloak of considerable use in keeping off the scorching rays of the sun. I tied my handkerchief round my head, a practice I learned from the Columbian peasants; and placing my hat squarely upon my head, I was but slightly incommoded by the heat. Notwithstanding this, the warmth of the atmosphere, and the exercise I was taking, made the moments more melting than

delightful. In about three quarters of an hour I arrived at Pegwell Bay, and three hours and a half after I was within two miles of Deal; and when I looked around me, I found myself quite close to the opposite side of the mouth of the bay, so that the whole of my journey consisted in making a tour of the bay, which by merely looking at did not appear to be half its real size. On arriving at Deal, I went to the inn for my luggage, and after some trouble I got a lodging in a very comfortable inn.

On the following day I amused myself in inspecting a very old martello tower, and tried to throw myself in the way of some smugglers, but did not succeed. In the course of the evening, as I was sitting in the landlord's parlour, in came a relative of the family. She was an officer's widow. "Major ——," I forget his name, "has been to see me," said she to the landlady, "from Canterbury, and told me he had come "purposely to see me;"—and here followed a long chat about the Major, and what his intentions might be, much to my amusement. I did not doubt what she said respecting the Major's visit; as she was good looking; and a pretty little widow in weeds is by no means uninteresting. I should not wonder if a strict injunction to secrecy was made on both sides; and the poor Major will have his ears greeted some day with the story of his sly visit to the widow at Deal; and tolerably enlarged

upon (for stories rarely diminish by being frequently told). "What a pity it is, you dear little "widow," said I to myself, "that your vanity "should get the better of your prudence. If all "your sex were like you, it would be dangerous "to go wooing." I chatted with her for some time, and certainly think the Major had no bad taste.

In the evening I strolled about a little; but I found it a very dull place, and resolved on leaving it the following day. In fact, Deal is altogether a methodistical town: I found the inhabitants by no means to my liking. It is rather curious (but I fear I shall be suspected of prejudice) that, on entering the town, the manner in which the people stared at me, made me suspect it was full of methodists. There was a slyness about them, and at the same time an inclination to *appear* modest. They were making signs to each other towards me, as if in derision; and when I had just passed them would give a loud laugh. Amongst the lower orders of people, I expected to be laughed at; and it was done openly to my face; but these Deal people affected to be very well behaved before my face, and when I had passed them they scoffed at me, and endeavoured to bring me into as much ridicule as possible. It was this circumstance made me suspect that they were methodists; and so strong was my impression, that the first question I asked the landlord was, were

there not a great many methodists in the town? and he told me there were. I was glad to find that my surmises in this respect were not merely the effect of fancy. The next day at nine o'clock I left for Dover, in a small van. At a quarter to eleven I arrived there; and at the top of the hill leading into the town I was very much gratified with the interesting appearance of the country. There are many hills, and these undulated with very great regularity. The town lying directly underneath, stretches itself unproportionably along, as if of scarcely any breadth at all. The sea on the left, and two of the highest hills crowned with forts, one of which is the old Castle, formed a *coup d'œil* both beautiful and curious. We stopped at the Fox Inn, where I got a room; and at twelve o'clock I proceeded out with my guitar. I took the direction of the Marine Parade; and after playing at one or two houses, I was engaged by three young ladies, who called me in to look at their music. They asked me if I had not played to a gentleman in Canterbury? I replied, I had; and they told me he was their brother.

They asked me a great many questions, as "How "I liked England?—How long I had been in it?" &c. and concluded by asking me where I intended next to go. "I shall go to London," I replied, "as I am promised a situation of permanency."—"Oh! what a pity," said one, as if inspired by romance, "it's more independent to

" be as you are, and travel."—I replied (the first thing that came uppermost), that my object in going to London was to teach the guitar, and I had had very good prospects held out to me. They then asked me if I would like to come to Canterbury, if they could ensure me ten pupils? I found this question rather a poser, and lamented my having said the first thing that came uppermost. My gallantry would not allow me to refuse their invitation, and I gave rather an ambiguous answer.

In came their brother, just arrived from Boulogne; and after giving to, and receiving from, his sisters tokens of endearment, a kind of salutation that I could not view *disinterestedly*, came very cordially up to me, saying, he was very glad to see me. After a short conversation he begged me to play his favourite piece of music, called a *seguidilla*, and every one seemed to be much delighted with it. He shortly went away, after expressing a wish to see me again. The young ladies now observed to me that they were occupying too much of my time, and wished me to come on the following day. I made my bow and retired; but finding that it rained, I waited in the hall. I was immediately recognised by the young ladies, who made many apologies for allowing me to stop there, saying that they were not aware of the rain. They brought me out their music, and begged me to select any that I pleased. I

observed that I was afraid I was robbing them of it, and showing some hesitation one of the young ladies picked me out four pieces, and presented me with them. They asked me the various places where I had been; and in my reply, I could not resist telling them the story of the religious smoking methodist, which seemed to afford them a great deal of amusement. "There is a Spanish "lady lives close by, who would be very happy "to see any one from her own country."—"In-"deed!" said I, affecting to be much pleased. "Which is the house, and how long has she been "in England?" The house was pointed out to me, and I was told she had been eleven years in England. I was very glad to find that she had been so long, thinking I stood less chance of being detected; and as I knew the house, resolved I would never go that way for the future. The weather holding up, I wished them good morning.

In the afternoon I went up to the Castle to look over it; but, upon my going to the entrance, I was stopped by the sentinel, who exclaimed, "You "can't go in there, master."—"Why not," said I, rather angrily, never having been hindered from seeing any place which was open to the public, "Foreigners are not admitted," was the reply; and, recollecting I was a *Spaniard*, I descended the hill into the town. On passing by the King's Arms Library, I was induced to look at some

prints I saw placed in the windows. Two ladies, who were about to enter the shop, spoke to me, asking me in Italian if I were a Neapolitan. "*Un Español*," I replied; when one of them, a Spanish lady, entered into conversation with me. I by no means found my situation the most agreeable, although I was talking to a very pretty woman; for the fear of being detected made me insensible to her beauty, and I was obliged to talk my very best: and, putting on a good share of assurance, as well as talking much faster than *Spaniards* ever do, I managed to continue a conversation for some time. "How long have you "been in England?" said she. "How long have "you?" was my reply, giving her a Quaker's answer. "Ten years," she replied. At the sound of this ten years I began to feel more easy, as in that time, thought I to myself, she might almost forget her own language. I found, however, that she knew enough to make me wish to get away as soon as possible, and, availing myself of a pause in the conversation, I bade her my *adios*, and left her, to congratulate myself on having maintained my character so well. I partly attribute this to a good share of impudence, which I found it necessary to summon, and from the lady having been ten years in England. I made up my mind also that she must have been the same that I had been told of in the morning, and I was rather glad as the matter ended, at having met her in the way

I did. I now walked on to the Pier, where, to my great surprise, I met the person with whom I had walked on the road to Canterbury.

We gave each other a hearty shake of the hand as *co-travellers:* he then told me that he had succeeded in his object in going to Paris, and was now about to go to Dublin on the following day. There he had a situation in the College, and gave me a most pressing invitation to come and see him. "You talk English uncommonly well," said he, apparently much astonished. "You have im-"proved since I saw you last. I wish I could "learn Spanish so quick as you do English." I was much amused with his remark, as I thought he was recollecting the long conversation on politics he had had with the itinerant coachmaker on the road, when they expressed their opinions without the least restraint, thinking that I could not comprehend the English language. The idea of treason and hanging might have flashed upon his mind; however, be that as it may, after a little conversation I wished him good night, first making an appointment with him for the following day to visit the Castle.

Returning to the inn, I met some soldiers, and thought that by giving them something to drink, I might be enabled to see the Castle. They told me if I would walk in unconcernedly, I might pass the sentinel without his notice. On the following day I waited until nine o'clock for my

Canterbury companion, who seemed to realize my previous suspicions, by not making his appearance; so that I did not wait any longer, and proceeded towards the Castle. On arriving there, I went in, according to instruction, with a great deal of *sang froid*; but had not gone very far before the sentinel came after me, and told me that foreigners were not allowed to go in. I observed that a sergeant told me I *might*. "It's out of his *power* to let you in," was his reply. Here a little conversation ensued, which partly his curiosity and my wish created. After I got him into a very good humour, I told him where I lived, invited him to come and dine with me, and then expressed a great wish to see the Castle. "I'm "now on guard," said he, "or else I'd take you "over; but at three o'clock I shall be off, and, if "you are disengaged, I'll call for you at the Fox, "and will then show it you." "Very well," said I, "and we will drink something together." I went away, much amused with the *faithful manner* in which this fellow did his duty, particularly as he said it was out of the *sergeant's* power to let me in, and yet he, if he had a little to drink, would be enabled to do it. However, whether he was good or bad, obedient or not, concerned me but little:—I wanted to see the Castle, and was resolved to let no chance pass by.

At twelve o'clock I went, according to my appointment, to the ladies on the Marine Parade,

and were soon ushered into the drawing-room. Their mamma was in the room, and certain particular pieces were requested, for her to hear, after which she retired. I was asked if I could speak English, or if I could understand it when spoken. "Not at all," I replied, as I suspected the drift of this question, "except to ask for things *à* "*manger et à boire.*"—"There is a divertimento, "Señor," observed one of the young ladies, "which I like very much, and I wish you were "going to Canterbury, that I might learn it." I immediately, for the fun of the thing, volunteered to teach her music (although I scarcely knew a chord), adding that I didn't profess to be a *musician*, but would teach her as well as I could. "*Merci*, Señor," the young lady replied, adding that she feared I should find her very stupid, meaning the reverse, of course; so I replied something civil to the purpose. "Can you draw, "Señor?" asked another. "A little," I replied. "Landscapes or figures?" Here I began to think they suspected my character was assumed, and that I might perhaps commit their likenesses to canvas, so replied, "I drew landscapes the best." "I "thought so," replied the young lady, "as you "have the phrenological sign." Then followed a discussion on the lumps and bumps of this art. I was appealed to for my opinion. "I put the "greatest faith in it," I replied, and enlarged upon its advantages like one of its votaries. "Is

"it much studied in Spain, Señora?" continued the young lady. "Here it is much followed; and "there is a person in London who examines "people's heads, of the name of De Ville; have "you ever heard of him?" I replied, "No," though in fact I had (curious to say) my head examined by Monsieur De Ville before I left town, and he told me I had this organ of drawing very prominent:—music, also. But the very first remark he made was, that I was very fond of *wandering*. He spoke very candidly to me as to my foibles, and I must confess that he seemed to know my own character better than I did myself.

The circumstance of my going to this phrenologist was rather curious. It arose from a very delightful pic-nic at Richmond, after enjoying an excellent dinner, laid on a cloth, with the grass for our table, at which the ladies were seated on the ground, God knows how, and the gentlemen in the Turkish style, or, perhaps, making a more vulgar simile, with due deference to his Mahometan Highness, like tailors. I found myself placed beside a lady who was particularly famous as a phrenologist. "Mr. ——," said she to me, "I have been "examining your head, and I see you are a "roving fellow; so whatever declarations you "may make to me, I shall never believe you." "Do not place any reliance," said I, "in such "nonsense; for I assure you that in this respect

"you are quite out in your theory. I am the "most constant person in the world." She declared also that I had the organs of music and drawing; and having in reality a great regard for these arts, I began to feel an interest in the science. "Pray do me the honour to con- "tinue," said I; the lady continued, making various good and bad observations on the front part of the cranium. I begged of her to examine the back part of my head likewise. "Oh, no," said she, as if horrified at my proposition, "I have "nothing to do with the *back settlements*." This little casualty created in me an anxiety to go to De Ville, to see if he corresponded with this account, as well as to know a little of the *back settlements*. To return, after a long digression, I resumed my guitar, and sang them a Spanish song of my own composition, to the air of *Meet me by Moonlight*. Having few Spanish songs, I attempted to compose one myself, after a fashion, "So you are a poet too, Señor?" observed one of the ladies. "*Si*," I replied carelessly, "to "a certain degree, and all Spaniards are so more "or less;" and asked if they were not so in England. On being told it was not so, I affected very great astonishment, and said I thought it a very easy thing. "Very few people in England "write poetry," was the reply. "I thought," said I, "there was a day in England called *Le* "*Jour de l'Amour*, on which every body wrote

"a little poetry."—"You mean Valentine's Day, "I suppose," said one of the ladies, "but its only "the gentlemen who write them."—"All letters "require answering," said I.—"The ladies never "send answers to them," was the reply; and I changed the conversation, fearing that I was pressing this subject rather too closely, and a short time after wished them good morning.

At three o'clock I looked out for the soldier, but he did not appear, so I proceeded off alone. On my entering, I was again stopped by the sentry; but a young officer belonging to the regiment was passing, and I spoke to him on the subject. He told me I must go to the Commandant to get permission. I returned to the town to visit the opposite fort; on my going to the town entrance, I was stopped by a sergeant, and on asking him how I could go in, "You can't go in," was his reply; "that's how you can get in."—"I'll "try, my good fellow," said I to myself; "per-"haps I may effect a breach in the rear whilst I "can't in front," so taking the direction up a lane skirting the hill on which the fort stood, I got over a wall and hedge, and soon found myself at the top of the fort. After making those observations I required, I returned to the town by a very splendid well staircase, and passed the sergeant on duty who had stopped me from going in. "Good "afternoon," said I to him, as I passed; but he looked most dreadfully enraged to think I had got

in. At eleven o'clock the next day I waited on Lieutenant-Colonel Smart, the commandant. I did not see him, but another gentleman, who told me *briefly*, that it was against the orders to allow foreigners to enter, and looked at me very hard from head to foot. I told him I thought the commandant had the power of giving admission to foreigners, and being desirous of seeing the Castle, having been an *officer* in the Spanish army, I had taken the liberty of waiting on the commandant. The gentleman, who looked like a military man, here bowed very politely, and told me he was very sorry it was against the orders. I apologized for the great liberty I had taken, but delighting in military objects was the cause of my present intrusion. He then very politely opened the door, and I made him my bow and went away.

About two o'clock I went off to my appointment with the young ladies on the Marine Parade. On presenting them two little pieces of music I had copied, they declared that the writing was very much in the English style. This had been remarked to me once before, much to my annoyance, as I had never noticed the foreign style of writing; so I again observed that I was not aware there was any difference between the handwriting of foreigners and English. On proceeding about the lesson, I scarcely could refrain from a smile at the idea of teaching the guitar (particularly as I did not *know* it myself.) "Ah!

"delightful task, to teach the young idea how to "shoot," says the poet; but my pupils were both pretty and elegant, and I had some apprehension of being *shot* myself. One of them gave me a specimen of their playing, and then asked me to play some of their music. I evaded her question (as I could'nt play music at all), and begged her to play something I had brought her. *Ah! vous dirai-je,* the very first thing by the bye my master taught me. After going through the preliminaries that masters make such a fuss about, and dilating largely and pedantically on the manner of holding the guitar, the arm, and a great number of *et ceteras*, the young lady played it off immediately, as well as sang to it; proving she was much better able to teach me than I her. "You will *soon*," said I, with a great deal of gravity, "with a little practice, play "*pretty well*;" but fearful that she would attract my attention to some of her music, I gave her a very difficult piece to learn, which had the desired effect, and playing it myself by heart, as I had learnt it principally by ear, caused her entire attention to be directed to this piece of music. "Oh! Monsieur," said she, finding it very difficult, "I would give ten years of my life if I could "play as well as you can."—"Begging your "pardon," I replied, "I think you would not like "to make so great a sacrifice."—"Why, at what "age do you think one is old? Men at

" thirty-five years I think, women forty; we " consider persons under twenty-five, boys." " *Vraiment*, I would recommend you not to " trust them as such, as they are rather " dangerous."—" At what age would you like " to stop at?" I was now asked. " If," said I, " I had such a happy controul over my " years, I would like to stop at nineteen; " but as that can never be the case, I should " not wish to live longer than thirty-five." I was now, indeed, expressing my real opinion. " At " nineteen years old, persons pass frequently as " mere boys," said one; " indeed we have young " lads of sixteen and seventeen years of age in " the army." " *Et ils m'affligent beaucoup.* I have " no doubt of it," said I. At this there was a great laugh against the young lady who said it, but she declared the mistake arose from her not knowing the French better; then added, " about " thirty is a very fair age for a man:—*vous aimez* " *mieux l'automne, je vois, que le printemps.* " *O que non, répondait-elle; je préfère l'été.*" " I'll go, Señor," said the youngest of the four, " to London for you to teach me the guitar." " I should feel too happy," was the reply; " *Mais* " *que dirait sa Maman?*" added another. " *Elle* " *pourrait bien dire à sa maman qu'elle n'allait* " *seulement être enseignée la guitare par un* " *petit garçon.*" This created a great laugh, and so concluded our subject on boys under

twenty-five years of age; and I now took my departure.

On the following evening I visited a baker, according to invitation, named I——, of whom I used to have my bread. He invited several young ladies to meet me, so that I managed to pass the time tolerably well. The baker, who was a good-natured fellow, did all in his power to make me comfortable. It was his wife who invited me, for she spoke French, and he did not. She was rather a handsome woman, and very attentive to me. There was a woman who played the violin, and with a great deal of taste. I must confess I was very much pleased with it, and thought it became her. This lady's husband was very jealous, and had, besides, a countenance particularly favourable to that expression; he was, in short, anything but one of nature's favourites. During the supper, this woman received a great deal of attention from some person beside her, and Mr. I—— remarked to his friend, that his wife was playing her *part* there. "Oh! yes," grunted out the man addressed, "my wife can "do as she likes, but she knows the conse- "quence;" and here he looked most *awful*. "Have you seen anything in my conduct that's "improper?" said the wrongly accused lady. "No," he replied; "if it had been so, you would "not have been there." "Well I know," added his wife, who seemed to be well acquainted

with her husband's *quiet temper*, "if you thought "my conduct were not to your liking, you would "*throttle* me." There was much emphasis laid on this word "throttle," that wore much the appearance of real feeling. This caused a general laugh, but not much admiring a jealous husband, which I think is almost synonymous with a rabid animal, and lest he should bite me in his fury, I wished them good night.

The next day I went, according to my engagement with the Misses E——. After making my bow, and the common salutations of the day being interchanged, I was, as usual, by way of a prelude to the future, requested to play something with them. There were two gentlemen in the room, who were referred to for their opinion upon my person, &c. "Why," said one, "I see nothing particular;" and the other nodded a common assent. But the ladies passed more satisfactory compliments upon me, *peculiarly gratifying* to my vanity; and of course I set down the *male opinion* at nought, giving, as *a matter of right*, the precedence to that of the ladies. These gents very soon retired, to my great satisfaction, so that I was again left *tête-à-tête* with the ladies. The *lesson* seemed to be quite forgotten, and I was very glad of it. The conversation became general; one of the subjects was beauty, and I was asked if I admired the English ladies? "*A la folie*," I replied,

" that there was great danger for a foreigner;
" that he might lose his heart without knowing
" it; that I had great fear of losing mine, if I
" *had'nt* lost it already."—"But would no Spanish
" beauty be pretty enough to please you?"
" The English are prettier a great deal," I re-
plied. " There was an evenness of expression and
" softness which I admired so much." One of
the ladies in particular possessed this peculiar
expression on which I made the above remark; and
I then continued:—" I think I can better convey to
" you my idea of beauty by the following com-
" parison:—Spanish women and foreigners are
" similar to the sun, whose brilliancy dazzles at
" first sight, making but a slight impression; but
" the English ladies, whose countenances are
" like the heavenly serenity of the moon, invite
" the attention, and the more we look the more
" we wish to do so, until we are gradually led
" on to a state of infatuation with their fascinat-
" ing appearances, which cannot ever fail to
" ensure a lasting love." They seemed to be
much amused with this little metaphor, and
observed that they thought it very possible I spoke
from experience. I thought to myself, that if
I saw them very often, I might perhaps speak
better on the subject from experience. " *N'êtes-*
" *vous pas mélancholie ou triste quelquefois,*
" *Señor?*" one of them asked me. I replied,
" Sometimes, but not often." A little discussion

followed, as to the difference of the two words, and they appealed to me for my opinion on them. "I should think by the word *triste*," said I, "that if a gentleman said to a lady he "was very fond of, in the language of your "English song, 'Meet me by moonlight,' and "she promised to do so; and after he had been "waiting for her a long time, and she did not "come, he would most probably be *un peu triste*; "but if he found out that the lady had intended, "from some unaccountable circumstance, never "to see him again, he would then have very "great reason to be *mélancholie*;" and thus ended the *second lesson*. I could not help thinking, as I went out of the room, that I should be a little melancholy the following day, when I left the town. I fancied that I was beginning to grow *un peu sensible* to the exquisite beauty of one of these ladies, whose name alone is the most perfect description of herself. I of course did not say I was going, and wished them good day, as if intending to give them another lesson.

CHAPTER VII.

I succeed in my Attempt to see the Castle—Disappointment—The Irish Soldier—A Bargain at the King's Arms Library—Leave Dover—Arrive at Folkstone—Sandgate—Hythe—The Barracks and circular Redoubt—Journey to Rye—Drunken Coachman—A Pugnacious Lady—The Donkey Cart upset—An untoward Collision, but accidental—Arrive safe at Hastings—I am discovered by a London Friend—The Old Castle—An Evening Party—A Good-natured Husband—Serenade a Lady—Follies of divulging Secrets—Determination to quit Hastings—St. Clement's Cave—A warm Journey—Meet some Dover Acquaintances—A Disappointment—How to relieve sore Feet.

In consequence of being behind my appointment with the soldier, he had called at the inn, to conduct me over the castle, and went away. It was not long before I was soon after him to the castle, and I walked in again at all hazards. The principal barrier, the sentinel, I managed to

pass successfully, and was half way on my road to the canteen, when some soldiers, who were coming towards me, suddenly halted, and addressed me with a "Hallo, master, how did you get in?" "The *Commandante*," was my reply: and it immediately turned out as I thought,—that they would infer from this, that I had a permit from the commandant. On proceeding a little farther I met another, who addressed me with a kind of "Hallo, master, what country do you belong to?" "Spain," was the reply, "and I want to go to "the canteen." He immediately showed me the way, and making a cross on his breast with his finger, said, "You know what that is? I deal in "this, you know." Perceiving he was a Catholic, I immediately acknowledged his cross with half a dozen. At which I perceived his countenance became greatly animated at meeting with one apparently so thorough a Catholic. "I am an "Irishman," continued he, "and there are a few "more here who do this you know, like you."

I now said that I was anxious to go over the castle, and asked him to show me; he said he was now on duty, but that he would come to-morrow at twelve o'clock, at the castle gate. Giving him my hand, I looked rather sternly, and said, I hoped he would keep his word. Making a cross upon his breast, he signified by that he promised me. "Now, will that do?" added he. "Yes," said I, and wished him good day. Pro-

ceeding farther, I met another man, and asked him to direct me to the canteen. By his speech I conceived him to be an Irishman, and I immediately made a cross upon myself, at which my suspicions were instantly verified, and he seemed overjoyed to find I was of his creed, and made several crosses in return. "I'll show you over the "castle," said he, on my explaining to him my wish. "Do you but follow me, and go as quietly "as you can, and you'll not be seen at all." I followed his directions, and we walked all round the castle itself, and then the outer fortifications. "Can't you take me to see the works under "ground (for I understand that it is nearly all "undermined.)"—"Oh! no," said he, "the "King of Spain could'nt get to see it." Finding this was all I could see, I was very much vexed at having given myself so much trouble about it.

The few things of interest that I now saw I could have seen as well without as within; but to say that I did not admire the picturesque appearance of the old castle would be untrue. Some parts of it are mouldering away, whilst others are undergoing repairs, wearing the appearance of important interest united with comfort and elegance. As a fort it appeared to be almost inaccessible to a besieging enemy. The fine views it commands, both by land and sea, were sufficient to render my visit to the castle gratifying of themselves: but all these advantages

I could have obtained on the outside of its fortification; and having taken so much trouble and met with so much difficulty to get in, my anxiety and expectations were raised to such a degree, that I could not help feeling vexed when I found I had taken such indefatigable pains to see a place in itself not worthy of half the curiosity. Having given Paddy a great deal of trouble, I thought I could do no less than invite him *to drink with me*; and going into the canteen, told him to call for anything he wanted. "A pot of beer, missus," was soon uttered by the Irishman, and, after his taking a tolerable good draught, he then handed it to me to do so too. "No, I thank you," said I; "it "hurts my head:" but not wishing to be *unsocial* I had some warm rum and water. On this being called for by the Irishman as before, in a rough, and perhaps not intentionally imperatively-rude voice—"I can't be doing all things at "once," grumbled out the landlady, as if feeling the manner in which he had asked for it. "She "no good—no Christian—she Protestant," said the Irishman to me in a whispering voice, and a shake of the head; then pulling a piece of chalk from his pocket, he marked out a cross on the table, with steps to it. "Me like," continued he, and pressed his hands to his breast. He now talked very warmly on the circumstances of Ireland, and after a short time observed, that he perceived that I could not understand what he

said, as he would write it down. He then wrote in a child—"Ireland is in a prosperous way of "gaining the rights of her religion;" and then, that I should understand it better, bawled it out close in my ear. I nodded, as if in accordance with his opinions, and said, "She no Catholic?" "Ah! no," he replied with apparent disgust, "no Catholic, no Christian." "These are "Orange men," alluding to some English in the room. "There are only ten Irishmen," said he, "amongst all the soldiers in the fort who are "Catholics, but the English don't like them." In came the fellow who was to have shown me over the castle. Addressing me with a "How "do you?" and giving me his fist; "No good," said the Irishman, and looked at him most scornfully for not being a Catholic. It was lucky the man did not see him, or else Paddy would have got, I dare say, a gentle tap on the head. Inviting the man to drink, I left them both together, and returned to the inn, much amused by the comical (but so truly Irish) manner in which he wished to make me understand what he had to say on his religion and country.

I wanted a good large map of England, the one I had taken with me being too small, and I went to the King's Arms Library, and begged some young men in the shop to show me one. I was shown several, and I picked out one, priced four shillings and sixpence; but my funds being rather

low, I wished to exchange some of my songs for it, and commenced with, "Do you like music, Sir?" "Very much," was his reply; "then I have got "some songs here with me, and I will sing one "to you; if you don't like them, don't take "them; but I wish to make an exchange with "you; they are very fashionable; I'll let you "have them very cheap, and you are sure to sell "them; you can charge half-a-crown a piece, "if you like; this is what I get for them myself." On finishing this string of inducements, equal, almost to a Jew from Monmouth Street, he said, "Well Monsieur, let me see your songs." The Spanish Exile was very soon laid on the counter, and in no paucity of number, as I always took good care to have plenty with me; they cost me only two-pence a-piece printing. "*Voulez-vous* "*bien avoir la complaisance pour le chanter,* "*Monsieur?*" said he to me, for he spoke French. "*Sans doute,*" said I: and giving the English words the termination of either *e* or *o*, I managed to give it a foreign pronunciation, and my hearer seemed to be quite satisfied with the song; "but," added he, as he beheld the price of *2s. 6d.* printed on the title-page, drawing in rather a large gasp of breath, "pray how much do you want for "them?" "Oh! sir, I do not charge the *trade* "more than a shilling, but if you think that is too "much—ten-pence?"—"*Eh bien,*" said he, very reluctantly, "I'll take them."—"Then how

"I much must I give you?" "Two shillings," was the reply. "*Oh! mon Dieu, que dest malheureux,*" said I, pulling out 1*s.* 6*d.*, pretending it was all the money I had. "You can "leave the map here, Monsieur," said he, very coolly, "until you come by again."

I did not much admire this latter observation, as it was a reflection on the *honesty* of my *nation*, so gave a *dénouement* to our little barter, and said, "Perhaps, Monsieur, you will *just* take another, "and then it will be quite square."—"Very well," said the fellow, almost involuntarily, as though he had not strictly understood what I said, but from a wish to bring out his French. I now gave him four songs and 1*s.* 6*d.* with them, which he slowly and very unsatisfactorily put into the till. I then bagged the map, and congratulated myself on my good luck, and the successful manner in which I had regularly jewed him into this transaction. He, of course, will sell them to a good profit; but being in the habit of getting things always at half price, I suppose he did not admire giving more: for, according to the real worth of my songs, as I learnt on my journey, the music is valued at a shilling, being two pages only.

However, it answered my purpose uncommonly well, as I got the music cheap enough. The next morning I proceeded to look for a conveyance to take my luggage to Hythe, and succeeded after a little trouble. I then returned to the inn,

and took leave of my landlord and landlady: the former, as is usual with all tavern-keepers, insisted on my taking something to drink before I went. Not much admiring spirits, I agreed to take a glass of shrub to his ale, and bade him adieu.

On getting out of the town I began to think of the four charming young ladies I was leaving behind: one of them in particular occupied my memory. I sent them a letter to say I was going to leave for London; and not waiting for their reply, lest they might have sent me money for *lessons given*, I made haste to leave the place as soon as possible.

It was not long before I arrived at Folkstone, and I was greatly delighted with the pretty appearance of the hills on the right of me, and the beautiful effect of the sun setting in their rear.

My next place was Sandgate—a watering place. There I fell in with a female traveller, with whom I walked on to Hythe. She was old, ugly, and very loquacious, yet I do not remember that she told me any thing worthy of narration.

On arriving at Hythe, I immediately went off to the inn I had directed my luggage to, and there asked the landlord to recommend me to some house where the charges were moderate. His son, who spoke French very well, took me to one, and made every arrangement for my comfort. At nine o'clock, being rather fatigued with my walk, I requested to be shown to my room. The land-

lord and servant both accompanied me up stairs, but perceiving that there were three beds, I expressed my great dislike at having any other persons in the room. "What?" exclaimed the astonished landlord, "do you think they'll eat you?" I smiled at his interpretation of my objection; but, on his assuring me that there would be no one else, I wished him good night.

On the following day (Sunday) it was very dull. I amused myself, however, in the forenoon, by visiting the barracks, close by. The privates, who seemed to be without a care, treated me very civilly; and as several of them had been in Portugal, it was "Hail, fellow! well met," with us. They offered me their fare to partake of, and in fact did every thing that the rules of hospitality suggested. I was much pleased with the cleanly arrangement of the rooms, but particularly their iron bedsteads, which I thought so much better than the horrid wooden ones in ordinary use, and so very liable to harbour those tormenting little animals that I had heretofore had such strong reason to complain of. From hence I visited a small circular tower on the coast, which was built during the time of Buonaparte's expected invasion. There was an old man who lived in it, and had, though small, very comfortable quarters. According to his account, it was bomb-proof: it was eight feet thick, and mounted a swivel gun. I passed the remainder of the day in my own room, reading.

The next day I started off for Hastings, paying five shillings to be conveyed there. I proceeded up the canal, in a boat, as far as Appledore; there I got into a one-horse van, which proceeded on so slowly that I took the reins, to which the driver readily assented, under a promise of some beer.

At four o'clock we arrived at Rye, where the horse was changed: here we got our dinners at the same inn. On finishing his, the driver came into the room where I was, and asked for something to drink, as he had *allowed* me to drive all the way. Instead of my paying him, the rascal ought to have paid me, for he was enjoying a sound sleep whilst I was coachee. I gave him some beer and whiskey, both of which he poured down his throat one after the other, with a great deal of apparent zest. His eyes began to sparkle, and he looked a world of good-nature; his walk was also somewhat unsteady, and I fancied I could detect certain symptoms of his being *un peu grisé*. But, poor devil! I fear I had humoured him rather too much in his favourite amusement. He was soon at the door in his van, as merry as a lark, when I mounted and we started off at a full gallop. Before he quitted the town he got six passengers, two of whom were by no means small women, and the cart was in consequence crammed full.

The effect of the whiskey began to show itself more conspicuously on the driver, who began to sing at a famous rate, and to exercise his whip

pretty freely over the unfortunate beast that had to pull us along. He was going to descend the hill as fast as the horse could gallop, but the women cried out to him to stop, and made such a noise that the tipsy fellow became more orderly for the next three miles. Here he got down at a public-house to have a drop, first inviting the women, who appeared to be very respectable tradesmen's wives, to go in with him.—"Oh! no, my good "man," said they; "we don't wish to drink: God "bless the man, he's had enough." The fellow stayed so long, that we drove on without him, but he shortly overtook us, and arriving at another well-known house of call, he again invited the women to take *summut* to drink, and then went in himself to take a *wee* drop. As it was getting very late, and we had a great distance yet to go, we proceeded with the cart, and I changed my seat from the rear to that which the driver had quitted. Taking the reins and whip, I made poor Betsey Bungey, as he called his horse, go along at a famous rate. After I had got on about a mile and a half, I perceived the tipsy driver at some distance, running after us as hard as he could, and I began to use the whip rather cogently, to give the fellow a good chace, in order that a copious perspiration might cause his drunkenness to evaporate. "Stop! stop!" cried a woman behind me, "don't "beat the horse: O you wretch! if they do so in "your country, they are a set of cruel brutes." I

was so much amused at the driver's efforts to overtake us, that I did not pay much attention to her abuse, and giving way to a good laugh, continued to whip poor Betsey Bungey, and pulled at the reins to make her go faster. Whilst I was thus busily engaged, the woman was tugging away at my cloak, and thumping away as hard as she could with her great fist on my back, until I found the appeal so forcible, that I was obliged to turn round and beg her to have mercy on my bones. "Don't beat the horse, then," said she; "you "deserve it yourself." Then a general discussion, *pro* and *con*, took place, and it was resolved by a majority that the horse required the whip, and that the Señor was perfectly in the right.

My back was so tender on account of her thumps, that I found it almost too acute to smile about, and concluded this argument of blows by exclaiming,—"What! you English woman's know "de box—de fist like de man's, Jean Bull." This created a great laugh, much to my amusement and the vexation of the poor woman, who looked annoyed, and said with anger, "*I'll* box you, you "brute." Up, at last, came the driver, very much blown, exhibiting a great propensity to swear, by broken oaths, which he was unable to give full utterance to from want of breath. After he had become a little composed, he gave us a tolerable specimen of his talent, which, as far as I can judge, was brought to perfection. This, of

course, could not pass unnoticed by the humane woman who had been thumping me so dreadfully, and she rebuked him accordingly.—"Lord bless "you, ma'am, I a'nt swearing; at least it's all in "a friendly way you know—no harm."—"Well, "well," said the woman, never mind: "do but "drive properly, my good fellow."—"God love "your heart, don't fear," said he, looking uncommonly amorous; "I'll drive you safe—dang "me if I wont." We now went on tolerably well, but the hills being very steep, the male folks walked up them, or poor Betsey Bungey would never have pulled her immense load of human flesh to Hastings.

After climbing to the summit of the last hill we all got into the cart, and the horse (or mare, more properly speaking), being conscious of approaching her journey's end, was proceeding down the hill at a very good pace, when the driver urged her into a gallop all the way down. I expected to be overturned every moment, but I did not care much about it, as there were plenty of us in the cart, and the fall would not have been very hard.

We had not proceeded far before we ran against a cart, upsetting it most completely, donkey and all. The women gave a most dreadful shriek; and I think, if such a thing were possible, the driver got a more severe drubbing than I did, for both the ladies went to work at the same time. He never stopped, of course, lest the owners of the donkey cart should come to look at his number, but

if any thing, drove on at a faster rate than ever, frightening the women almost out of their wits. After one more accident: running against another cart, which was greater than ours, and giving us all a most tremendous jolting, making friends and enemies embrace each other; I was regularly thrown into the lap of the lady who had been so attentive to my back. "Get away, you impudent "wretch, don't take liberties with me," exclaimed the lady, greatly offended. I attempted an explanation in broken English, but alas! in vain; she persisted in calling me an *impudent fellow*, until, as luck would have it, we completed our journey in safety.

On getting out of the van, I immediately proceeded to look after apartments; it was near the race time, and I found an immense difficulty. Accidentally meeting a beadle who spoke French, I told him what I wanted. He took me to his daughter-in-law, who spoke the language very well, and she provided for me a very comfortable room.

The next day I proceeded along the coast to reconnoitre a little, and had not strolled many yards, before I came in contact with a crony of mine, with whom I used to perambulate the streets of London. He looked at me so very hard that I could not refrain from smiling, and this assured him who I was. "Hallo!" said he, "what the devil "are you up to?"—"*Ne parlez pas Anglais, mon "cher, je vous en prie*," I returned, going close

up to him, and asked him to follow me to my quarters. On his arrival I explained to him the nature of my disguise; and, after relating one or two anecdotes, with which he seemed to be very much pleased, enjoined him to the closest secrecy. I wished him good day for the present, and went off to the races, distant about two miles from the town.

There were a great many people assembled, but, not much admiring the running, I left very soon. I went to view some ruins of an old castle on a hill at the back of the inn. Within the broken walls was a grass plat laid out in the modern style; at the entrance was a large gate, and a small lodge was on one side where the keeper lived, who expected some small consideration for showing it. It is, I believe, very much visited, but nevertheless, I was not much amused. A woman showed it, and I think she observed that there was a cellar or two under the ground, and told me that the castle was very old; she showed me a human leg-bone, a rusty key, and a piece of pantile, which she called Roman antiquities. On this head I was rather incredulous, and had this even been true, I was not so great a *curioso* as to feel much interested in them.

I went to a shoemaker's, as my shoes let in the water, and after bartering with him some time, I managed to get a good, strong, thick pair for four shillings and my old ones. In the evening,

the baker's wife came to my lodgings to conduct me to her house, as she had formed a tea-*cóterie* on my account, of several young girls of her acquaintance. I thought this too good a thing to refuse, so went back with her. I found her a very pleasant woman—she was very lively, and rather good looking, and spoke French very well, which made her rather interesting than otherwise. On entering the parlour, I was regularly introduced to all her company—" Monsieur Don Juan da Steca," for she had not got quite hold of my name, " Miss " Mary, Miss Caroline, &c." I made my bow, and every one resumed their seats. I found my fair hostess was not deficient in the knowledge of this kind of etiquette, her behaviour was of rather a superior kind; her having been in France made her rather *au fait* in these matters; she took great pains to see all her friends as comfortable as possible, assisted the diffident in the freedom of communication, and promoted conversation between all parties.

Having given her some *little idea* of my taste in beauty, on our way to her house, she introduced me to a very pretty woman, saying to her that I had told her I had fallen in love with her. " Indeed, " Monsieur Don Jin de Estany " (improving a little in the pronunciation of my name), " I fear " you are a flatterer."—" No, indeed" I replied; and the baker's wife, Mrs. B., went away, leaving to make myself understood as well as I could.

I found this creature very pretty, and, profiting by the hint of my lively hostess, I assured her that, from her pretty face, I did not require to see her frequently to fall in love. "Oh! Monsieur Don "Jin, you foreigners are such flatterers," she said; I declared I never said any thing but what I really thought; and, after a while, finding her a little more inclined to believe what I had been saying to her, I asked her where she lived. She would not tell me where, but said she hoped she would see me here again. Feeling very much interested in this woman, I asked Mrs. B—— for all the particulars relative to her. "She is "the *chère amie* of a gentleman in London," she replied, "and has come down here for the "benefit of her health. *Trouvez-vous qu'elle* "*est jolie, Señor?* "*Si, si, elle est très-*"*jolie.*"—*Pas très-jolie;*" and she laid a peculiar emphasis on the *très*, as though she were wishing to have that compliment paid to her. "*Non, non,*" said I, "*je ne la trouve pas extra-*"*ordinaire. Mais c'est vous qui êtes si jolie.*" —"*Oh, no, Señor, vous êtes un papillon j'en* "*suis sûre, et je ne vous crois pas.*" But I felt confident she did believe me; and in the delight of her agreeable conversation I began to forget the other's beauty. I continued talking with Mrs. B—— for the next ten minutes, and found this lively creature not deficient in the power of paying a pretty compliment: and, taking hold of her hand,

which was fidgeting a piece of string that I had hold of, I pressed it with mine (by no means harshly), observing, "*Qu'elle était grande co-* "*quette.*"—"I say, do you allow that?" exclaimed a fellow who had been sitting silently in the corner, and I dare say watching us, "why the "Spaniard was squeezing your wife's hand, just "now, and looked so uncommon loving—by "jingo, he'll be running away with her if you "don't mind." The attention of all the room was attracted to what this fellow was saying, and one and all joked the baker about his wife.

"What nonsense," said the man, very good naturedly; "I sha'nt trouble myself about it." He seemed to take all their jokes in very good part; and, poor fellow, I would not have wronged him for the world; and lest I might create in him a feeling of jealousy, or at all render him uncomfortable, I immediately ceased my conversation with his spouse. She was, as I have already said, rather pretty, and telling me so many agreeable things in French, which no one could understand, there was a kind of love and opportunity which required a Joseph-like nerve to resist. But, *Dieu merci*, I did effectually; and wherever I have the confidence of any unsuspecting cavalier, I hold it to be a sacred duty never to betray it. But, however, it is all very well talking: in that instance I behaved honestly, perhaps I might not in *another*.

Some one came running in, saying, that four

loaves were missing from the baker's shop, and he immediately departed to make inquiries respecting them. "My landlady told me," said I to Mrs. B——, "that there never was any robbery in "Hastings, and that she had never been robbed."— "A very good reason," was her reply, "because "she has nothing to be robbed of." I thought that, perhaps, a very feasible reason for my landlady's mistake. I shortly took my leave of this highly-seducing creature, and returned home.

The friend whom I accidentally met the day before called on me, and asked me to go with him with my guitar, and play before the house of a lady he was rather attached to, as it might bring her to the window. Her residence faced the sea; and he intended, whilst I played, to conceal himself behind a boat that was hauled on shore. It was, however, so late that nobody appeared. We now proceeded down the town, and this stupid fellow informed me that he had told some of his acquaintances of my being in disguise, but they had promised not to mention it to any body else. I was very much annoyed at this, and resolved that I would not on any account make myself again known to any body that I might meet, however intimate I might be with them. This man promised me sincerely not to divulge the circumstance of my disguise; and, like all promises of this nature, made only to obtain some information, are broken with the

utmost indifference, qualified either by saying, "I only told one, and he's sure not to tell "any body else;" or, "It was only to a parti- "cular friend, who always keeps a secret," or something of this kind—until the story, which was originally in the hands of two people only, from being told to one particular friend, and to another who always keeps a secret, very soon becomes in general circulation.

I know a most ludicrous instance of confiding secrets and revealing them. An elderly gentleman, with whom I was intimately acquainted in the country, received a visit from a gentleman who was the father of some children that he had under his care. Being, as he used to express it, rather hard up for money, as usual, he asked the gentleman to advance him six hundred pounds on account, observing that he was at that moment rather short at his banker's.—(He was very rarely otherwise.) The gentleman, with that usual generosity which so particularly characterises him, thinking that the other was paying every attention to his children, immediately acquiesced, and gave him a cheque on his banker for the amount. The country gentleman was so elated with the kindness of his patron, that, on the latter leaving his house, he seemed to feel that *joy was* born a twin, and calling his son Tim on one side with a nod, big with some important event, which Tim knew well how to construe, as

did the little ones also—and Tim immediately flew in obedience to his father's call, whilst Tim's mother, feeling mighty anxious to know what it was, stood with one thumb nail scratching the other. " Tim, my boy, the old man's booked " up."—" How much, Sir? How much?" was the impatient reply. " Six hundred! but don't " tell your mother, or else she'll go babbling it " to the *gals*,"—" O no, Sir," said Tim, promising faithfully not to do so, and congratulated his father on his good luck; and the country gentleman managed to keep the affair a secret the whole day, though he was longing very much to make his gude lady also acquainted with it. But on the happy pair retiring to rest, " I say, my dear," said the sposo, turning his head round to his sposa, " the old gentleman gave me a cheque for " six hundred pounds. But, mind you, don't tell " that Tim; or else he's sure to tell the *gals* of " it."—" O dear! no, of course not," her thumb nails rubbing with delight. " But it's very kind " of him, poor old man!"—" Ah! poor man, he's " a good creature," rejoined the other, who could be very sentimental when he liked, and do his friend justice or injustice as the fit took him—a slave to the feelings of the moment. But with regard to his revealing the secret to his wife, some little allowance must be made for the situation he was in. The secrets that are told within the bed-curtains, are told under an impression that

they will not go out of them; as far as I understand the world, I think the confidential communications of the bed are generally held most sacred. I offer this rather as a palliative for his revealing his secret; though I am perfectly convinced that it was utterly impossible for him, in ordinary, to keep his own or any body else's. What was the consequence? The next day as Tim and his mother were standing by the fire-side after breakfast, the latter looked at her son as though she had something to say, her thumbs being at work. Tim (who partook much after the father) commenced with, "I say, Mrs. P., the old gentle-"man gave my father six hundred."—"Why, who "told you that now?" exclaimed the old lady with astonishment.—"Why, my father to be sure, but "he told me not to tell you."—"Not to tell me!" exclaimed Mrs. P., "why he told *me* not to tell "you."—"What a strange fellow my father is," said Tim, who seemed to forget that he had been breaking his promise all the while; and the mother and son entered into a discussion on the unfortunate *penchant* that Mr. P. had for revealing his secrets. This fault seemed to be inherent in the family; and I never hear of confiding and revealing secrets, but I think of this curious country trio.

Now to my young friend who divulged the secret of my disguise. He asked me to go into a billiard-room with him, and wished to introduce

a person to whom he had spoken about me. Anxious to put the best face on what he had done, I went in, and about a quarter of an hour after I wished him good night. The next morning whilst I was at breakfast, my landlady spoke to me about the young gentleman who came to see me. "Loh "mounseer, he is so uncommonly in love, surelie, "with a young lady in this town, and he's fre- "quently seen alone, making sudden starts as if a "little crazy; and it's all out of wiolent love for "her." I could very easily give credit to this account of him, being well aware of his liability to fall in love. About six weeks prior to my leaving London he used to walk under a young lady's window near Manchester-square, heaving deep sighs, and looking unutterable things. If perchance the fair one came to the window, this enamorato would go through all the ridiculous antics of a left-handed lover, and then come and tell me he felt convinced she was in love with him, much to my amusement. I made propositions to him of a speedier way of finding out whether he was right in his conjecture, but he had not confidence enough to put them into execution. In comes the hero himself with a letter in his hand. He told me he had something very particular to say, and we went up into my room: he told me the letter he had in his hand was from the young lady I had serenaded the previous night, and begged my earnest attention to it whilst he read it.—"My

" dear S——t, you cannot conceive my regret in " telling you that I am obliged to leave here to- " day for Maidstone." Here followed a long dissertation on the folly of their thinking of each other, as it was only annoying themselves with delusive hopes—her parents being opposed to the match, and they never could be married. Here I broke out into a loud laugh, whilst the unfortunate and deserted lover was reading the letter with all the pathos of despairing love. " Mar- " ried," said I, " I thought you gave me to un- " derstand something different."—" Upon my " soul," said he, " I never promised to marry," hardly knowing what to say. " Why, you told " me," continued I, " she was regularly yours, " and I took it for granted, as a matter of course, " some delightful intrigue; and that your *superior* " *charms* and *general fascination* had placed her " at your disposal. A second Manchester-square " affair, I find." He did not seem to think it a fit subject to laugh about, and looked the most dejected fellow I ever saw in my life. After a short time I told him that I was about to leave the town on the following day, in consequence of his folly in making known who I was, and I shall therefore be obliged to leave a very pretty girl that I became acquainted with the night before. " I " am very sorry," said he; " but I assure you it " was when I was drinking some wine, and ad- " miring the project very much, I spoke of it."

" I hope, then," said I, " you'll not speak of it " to any body else, or you'll spoil the scheme that " you admired so much." He promised me he would not, but begged of me not to speak of the letter he had had from the young lady. " Of " course not, my dear fellow," said I; and bade him adieu. On *reconsideration*, however, I admired his project very much, and thought it too good to lie in secrecy, and took this opportunity of paying him in his own coin.

In the course of the day I visited St. Clement's cave, and was very much gratified with it. The entrance was quite modern, about ten feet broad, and seven feet high, running seventy in length. There were two rows of pillars, cut out of the rock, supporting the roof; the rock chipped very easily, and, when broken to small pieces, crumbled, by rubbing it with the hand, into a very fine sand, of the kind which sells in London at fourpence a quart. I was shown into a great many large rooms, branching off in various directions, making a length of distance equal to about a quarter of a mile. The whole of the cave was of a rock of the same nature as at the entrance, and the floor consisted of a great quantity of its sand crumbled very fine, making it very soft to walk on. The guide was asked by a gentleman who was also going over the place, why he did not, as there was such a quantity of sand, and it sold so very dear in London, send

it there. "It would'nt pay me," he replied, "for "the carriage;" but there must have been some other and more probable reason, for I think it would be sure to pay the expense of carriage. I asked the history of the cave. He told me he had only been the keeper three years, and that the last man told him it had been the haunt of smugglers. I thought this very possible, but I referred to an earlier date, and he told me he knew no more about it.

The cave resembled very much a large cavern in Blackheath, which was excavated by the ancient Britons; in which they used to retreat during their conflicts with their Saxon invaders. I passed my evening at the baker's house, and she sent out for the pretty woman who had come down for the benefit of her health. She looked prettier than she did the previous night, and before I left I became on such very delightful terms that I wished my love-making friend had been any where rather than Hastings, as I was obliged to leave her so soon.

On the following day I went off to the coach-office, to book my luggage for Tunbridge; and, after settling my account with the landlady, started off for that place on foot, at a quarter to ten o'clock. I must confess that I left Hastings with very great regret, in consequence of the pretty creature I had recently become acquainted

with. The weather was excessively warm, and I found walking by no means agreeable; but, in consequence of my funds being reduced to a very few shillings, from not having got any money in the town I had just left, I was obliged to travel on foot, and to summon all my fortitude to go through the fatigues of my journey. I arrived at Robart's Bridge, a distance of thirteen miles, by half-past two o'clock; here I was hailed by a person whom I had met at Dover. He was quaffing, under the shade of a viranda fronting an inn, some gin and water, and he invited me to sip a little with him. I felt rather glad to get out of the broiling sun, so accepted his invitation, and was soon seated by his side. Not much admiring the potent effluvia of the juniper extract in any way, I shook my head as he presented it to me, giving him to understand that it made me ill, and accordingly told him I preferred cold rum and water, of which a tumbler was immediately laid before me. "Very glad to see you, Sir," said he, taking up his glass. "See you, Señor," I replied, in imitation of his compliment, and, touching glasses, he added, "hope soon to meet again;" we then drank to each other, and I enjoyed the draught very much. He asked me many questions, as to my success in Dover, &c., observing that I travelled very fast, as he had a horse and cart, and could not get on before me. At the sound

of a horse and cart, I began to think I might perhaps get a ride with him, and observed that the *turn out* which belonged to him was standing before us: it was altogether a neat sort of concern, and very well adapted to carry two, so I said to him—"Which way you go, Sir?"—"To Tun-"bridge," was the reply. Fancy my joy, good reader. I immediately told him I was going there, signifying I should like to ride with him. "Ah! but I've got a pardner with me," who at this moment came up. My joy, alas! on hearing this, soon made way for some less agreeable feeling; and perceiving that his pardner, as he called him, was rather corpulent, I gave up all hope of being squeezed in between them, or any where else. "How you get on with your tantara, "Señor?" said his companion, whom I had also seen in Dover. "Very excellent," said I, but rather poor at present, thought I to myself. "And "you, what your business?"—"Oh! we travel "about with various goods, to supply different "shops in the country."—"A good trade," said I. "Oh! capital," was the reply. By the bye, I should think it must have been, to have kept up such a good horse and cart, which, at the moment, I fancied looked particularly snug, for I was rather tired. You cut me out quite with your buggy, I continued to myself, for riding is more than *I* can afford. After a little more

conversation, and our tumblers becoming empty, my friends wished me good bye, and drove off.

After walking on about four miles, I found my feet excessively hot and painful, so sitting down by a pond on the road side, I put them into the water, which I found very delightful, and tended greatly to their relief.

CHAPTER VIII.

Gipsy Encampment—Their Hospitality—Invitation to stay with them all Night accepted—A fatal Discovery—I escape by Stratagem—Arrive at Tunbridge dreadfully fatigued—A "hearty Tea"—The Night-mare—Generosity of the Landlord of the A—— Inn—Quit Tunbridge—Arrive at the Wells after a miserable Walk—Disappointed in Lodgings—A cheap Dinner—An old Acquaintance—A Public House Scene—Difference between a Baker and a Miller—A new way to make Punch—My last Shilling—Wet Day—An Invocation—Sunshine, and great Success.

THERE was a gipsey's tent close beside me, and a party of about ten of this wandering tribe were seated around a wood fire, which habit seemed to make them approach closely to, whether it was cold or hot weather. Their whole attention was riveted on me, and a very pretty wild-looking girl said to a furious-looking man, "Why, "Jack! he's one of us surely. Go and ask him "to come and take pot-luck with us."—"No,"

replied the man, "go you, Kate. It's better you "should ask him; he'll take it better." Kate now got off the ground, on which she was lying at full stretch, and coming up to me, in rather a masculine voice, said, "Will you join us, "friend?"—"Tanky you, tanky you," said I, and making signs that I could not talk English, but would come as soon as I had put on my stockings and shoes.

The girl now changed her countenance from one of sternness to a smile, and, disclosing a row of most beautiful white teeth, nodded good naturedly, and went back to her companions. "He's a decent looking chap, though," said she, "but aint exactly one of us, as he's a foreigner." Every one seemed to listen to her with the greatest eagerness, and when I had dressed myself I added one more to this motley group. Taking off my hat by the crown, I made my bow to them. Every one nodded their head in return, and Jack got off the ground, and, presenting his dirty hand, gave me a hearty shake. "Sit down, my "friend—sit down; you're welcome, my boy." I immediately seated myself cross-legged on the grass, and Jack, giving me another shake of the hand, said, "What'll you have to drink, old fel- "low?"—"To drink! what it is," said I, (pretending not to understand him.)—"Oh! Kate," said the other, laughingly, "bring out some of "Farmer Jones's ale; he doesn't seem to know

" what to *drink* is. Kate, bring me a bottle of it, " and a mug." He then poured it full, and giving it to Kate, told her to present it to me. This pretty creature, who could not have been more than seventeen, sat herself beside me and presented me with the beer—" You first," said I, being rather selfishly polite, as I never drink beer.— " No! no!" said she, smilingly, making herself as agreeable as possible " you must take it."—" It's " for you," growled out Jack, " not for her; she's " had her share: drink, my good fellow, drink."— " Confound you, and your beer too," I could have said, for he could not have offered me any thing I so much disliked; but to have refused might perhaps have offended, and to have drank it would have made me ill, so, keeping the jug a long time at my mouth, I pretended I was drinking, but merely took a sip of it. I then passed it to a man next to me, and the top of it being covered with froth, Jack could not observe whether I had drunk little or not. " I say, old un," said Jack to an old woman, who was filling her pipe with the fire-ashes to smoke, " Can't you give him summut to eat?"— " I'll see," said she, and crawled under her tent to the larder. " Well, old fellow, you're a rum- " looking chap," said Jack, who appeared to be the head of the gang, " where do you come " from."—" Hastings."—" What! are you alone," continued he, " and do you do this?" pointing to the palm of his hand. I affected not to under-

stand. "Do you do this," said Kate, taking hold of my hand, and pointing to the creases in it."—"Ah!" I ejaculated, as if in admiration of the art, and raising up one of my hands, whilst I squeezed her's with the other.—"Oh! see," said another man of the party, "he means he's an "astrologger: he's a regerlar one, you see: he's "an Egyptian, and has nothing to do with that "ere nonsense of your's, Kate."—"What are you "doing with that ere, you wagabond wench, "you?" growled out Jack, to a little black-eyed girl, who was untieing the strings of my guitar-bag, thinking, perhaps, her party had invited me to rob me, and so proceeded about her usual duty.

At the sound of his awful voice the child dropped the bag, and ran sneaking round to the back of the tent. The bag seemed now to excite general curiosity, and I was asked to show them what was in it. One of the little girls was ordered to fetch it, and they were all very much astonished to find it was a musical instrument. "Give us a tune, "my dear," said an audacious-looking little girl. "Sally," said Kate, "don't be rude."—"If you "can't behave yourself," said Jack, in his usual imperative tone, "take yourself on the other side "of the tent!—Come, my friend, let's have a "tune, if you please."—"Oh! certainly, Mon-"sieur," said I, and proceeded to put the guitar in tune.—"Hallo! Monsieur!" said Jack, "that sounds "a little French."—"Pshaw!" said Kate, "he

" a'nt a Frenchman, I'm sure: a good astrologger " knows all languages." The old woman here brought out various eatables on a large wooden plate, saying, " Here's only a leg of the fowl and " some pork, which little Mindee there prigged " yesterday, and some stale bread."—" Oh! that " won't do," said Jack; " come, down with the " pot, and out with the rabbit that's in it." " Lord-a-mercy! is the man mad? Why it has " not been in more than ten minutes."—" Don't " talk to me so," replied Jack, whose word was law, and the shrivelled old woman proceeded to do as she was bid. " I tell you what," said she, as she stuck her fork into the rabbit, softening down her tone of voice, " I know you wouldn't " like to give him it raw, and do but see now, it " isn't one quarter done."—" Very well, very well," said Jack, whom ocular demonstration had convinced of the truth of what the old woman had been saying; " let it be in, and perhaps he'll dine " with us, and for the present put up with fowl " and pork for his lunch. Bill, ha' you got any " backer to offer him?" Bill, after rummaging all his pockets, at last found a small piece of twisted tobacco, prepared expressly for chewing: " Here " mister, take this," said he. " No, I thankee " you, I don't like," said I. " Well, you're a " comical fellow, certainly," said Bill, " not to " like baccer: well, I do, if you don't;" and so put it into his mouth. " Now, my good friend," said

Jack, "pray help yourself to some of this," offering the leg of fowl and the pork, "I'll give you some-"thing better soon." I refused his offer, assuring him that I was not hungry, and returned him many thanks. The fact is, the viands looked so dreadfully dirty, that I didn't much admire partaking of them. "I'll play some of my country's music," said I to them.—"Ah! do, do," was buzzed all around, and Jack bowed his thanks, and then called the old woman out of the tent to come and listen to me.

They were all attention, and the silence was so undisturbed that a pin might have been heard to fall. I sang them a Spanish ballad, and they seemed very much pleased with it. All the little ones, as soon as I finished my song, got up and danced very merrily, after their manner, and Jack seemed to be so much delighted with his guest, that he said, "You'll stop with us to-night, of course, for "you can have a comfortable bed in our tent. "Mindee, you'll sleep in the cart to-night," said he to the little one who had been pulling about the guitar, in order to make room for me, I presume. "Oh! do," said Kate, looking at me with her large black eyes, and showing me her pretty teeth. There was *something* in this invitation which created in me a strong desire to accept it. *I wonder whether I am to turn in beside you*, thought I to myself, as I gazed upon her. No, no, no, Jack'll take good care that sha'nt be—but no matter; Jack's a good fellow, and I ought not to wish such

a thing—he'll treat me well, I dare say. A thousand thoughts flashed across me on the oddness of my situation, and thinking of the curious scene that would present itself, I resolved on accepting his offer, and for once in my life sleep under a gipsy's tent. "I thank you, Señor Jack," said I, "I will stop here to-night." My calling the man Jack, created a great roar of laughter amongst the whole of the gipsies. "That's right," said Jack, "make free, never mind their laughing, "what's your name, though?"—"*Juan de Vega," I replied. "What's his name, Jack?" said Kate. "Why, I suppose that ere means in our language "a wandering wagrant."—"Why, that's what "th' coveys calls us," said another man of the party.—"To be sure," said Jack, "all things have "their deriwation, and they calls us after this ere "man, as the horigen of our people was from his "country, somewhere in the Hindies."—"Well, "if that aint droll," said pretty little Kate, "I "never knew why we were called wagrants afore. "How soon we might tell he's one of us. Then "that's the reason we are all so brown, and looks "so foreign."—"Did'nt I always tell you we are "of a fine race of people—more ancienter than "any on the earth? It was our people who were "saved in Noah's ark, and that's the way we "know of every thing that has been and is to be, "and so have always been fortune-tellers ever

* This is pronounced in Spanish, as if spelt Hooan.

" since, or, as he more properly terms it, *wan-*
" *dering wagrants.* Does'nt that old woman take
" a great deal of pains to teach you her hart of
" fortune-telling?"—" Yes, Jack, she does," was the reply; " but I never believed of any truth
" in it."—" Truth!" exclaimed he, with a scowl on his shaggy brows, as though he meant all he said.
" Ay, as true as the Gospel. She was instructed
" by her mother—her mother was told in the same
" way, and in this way the hart was handed down
" from the time of the deluge, and has always
" remained a secret amongst our race, as they
" never learned to write, whereby others might
" find it out, and taught their children by word
" of mouth, as my old mother teaches you."

There was a look in this fellow, as he spoke, that riveted the attention of Kate to his subject, and seemed to enforce a belief; but it struck me very forcibly he was not speaking according to his real idea of the matter. I was pleased with the tact that he displayed in maintaining his argument, and trying to prove (which he effectually did in Kate's mind) that fortune-telling had its origin on a surer basis than sheer superstition; I thought it a great pity that his abilities should be turned to such bad purposes, and felt that if he had had the good fortune to get out of this dishonest life, he would not lack intellectual shrewdness to do justice to a better situation. From the earnestness of our conversation, and from a want of attendance, the fire had gradually become very low, and, the stock of wood

being burnt, Jack told Will to take the hatchet and go for fuel, adding, that he must take care not to let them be *too thick*. "Go you, Curly-top and "Ferret with him, and carry the wood," said he to two of the little ones, which appellations, I imagine, were distinctions of some particular quality. "Mindee, you stop and blow up the fire." Little Mindee came forth and set too with her mouth for a pair of bellows to do as she was bid. "I'll be with you very shortly," added he, taking up a large bag and a cut-throat sort of a knife, "Kate, be attentive to him;" and jumping with one spring over the adjoining hedge, I lost sight of him in an instant.

There was a ferociousness in his look as he went off, from which I was inclined to augur something dreadful; but there was at the same time something very manly about the fellow, although stern and furious looking. Still I could not think he would commit any cruelty on his fellow-creature, and that the knife was not taken to enter human flesh: but that if in his attempt to commit plunder he should meet with opposition, in defence of himself he will surely be induced to use his knife on his adversary. Gracious heavens! that I should be an inmate of his dwelling at the time. I should be considered probably an accessary to his guilt! at all events, if anything serious should occur, I never could pardon myself, for doubtlessly it was on my account alone that he has left us so suddenly, in order, perhaps, to present me with better

cheer. I'll be off, immediately a favourable opportunity presents itself, and rising from the ground to go away, Kate seized hold of my arm and stopped me, saying, " My dear, where are you " going?—what's the matter with you? don't be " alarmed, there's no one coming."

There was a softness in " my dear," which fell so agreeably on my ears, and being so perfectly unexpected, I felt it impossible to move away. " No, no, I not go," said I to her, putting my hand in hers, and pressing it rather fervently. There was a heat in my cheeks, arising from the excitement of my recent meditation; as I looked at the pretty Kate, she seemed to think it arose from diffidence, and on a sudden looked diffident herself. When our eyes met, she cast them down immediately; and from a wild rough-looking cunning woman, she was metamorphosed into a simple chaste-looking girl. Observing her confusion, I felt greatly embarrassed myself, and imagined the idea of our being left alone rendered her uncomfortable. Several things occurred to me, but silence continued, notwithstanding the eloquence of her fine black eyes as they accidentally met mine. She looked positively enchanting, and to remain without speaking to her was absurd. " My dear," said I, and pressing her hand more fervently, she suddenly drew it away, and still looked towards the ground. " Oh!" I continued, fearing that I had gone too far, " what does my dear " mean? I did not mean to offend you."—" Oh!

" no," said she, laying hold of mine in return. " You are right, there's no harm in the expres- " sion," and looked still embarrassed. Finding that the little Arcadian was not displeased with me, I took hold of her hand, and, affecting to examine the lines in it, asked her to tell me my fortune. " No, no," said she, " you are better able to tell " me mine; now you *must* tell me;" and she seemed to be recovering from her embarrassment. " Very well," said I, " but I don't understand the " hand, I tell by the stars at night, and by the " face by day;" and drawing myself very close to her, I desired her to look towards the heavens, and shut her eyes; she did so; I immediately seized the opportunity to kiss her pretty little mouth.

This style of Egyptian fortune-telling naturally surprised her; and she pushed me away from her with such gentleness of manner, as convinced me that she was by no means displeased with what I had done, the consequence was a long kiss, and I almost wished to have been her husband instead of Jack. At this moment, " talk of the devil and he " will appear," who should leap over the hedge but Jack, uttering most dreadful oaths, on account of the situation he had found us in. " What, you " traitor," said he scornfully, " do you come and " eat my bread, and then try to seduce my wife?" The fellow looked most terrific. The fire of jealousy seemed to burn within him, and what made his appearance more dreadful was the bag which he took out with him, filled with something,

and covered with blood; the large knife was in his right hand, covered with gore, and I had every reason to expect he would have soaked it in mine.

At first I must confess I felt very awkward, perhaps terrified would better express my feelings; and, after a short time, recollecting his long account of the origin of fortune-telling, I put on a mysterious air, and, raising my right hand to heaven, looked up steadfastly for a few moments, and pointed towards the high road, beckoning him to follow me. Poor Kate threw herself on her knees, and begged her husband not to hurt me. "Away," said he, and he then walked after me. I took him some distance on the high road without saying a single word, and getting over a gate, walked straight into the field until I came to a gravel-pit, and beckoned him to follow me. I perceived the mystery of my movement had worked considerable alteration in his countenance. "The star of your wife," said I, raising my hand to heaven, had destined an Egyptian to—and putting my hand to my lips signified to kiss her, but with the eye shut. "It was not her will—no "de star—she love you the same. But after this—(again putting my hand to my lips) "she tell de "fortune as good as Egyptian; go, and love her." Hereupon Jack threw his arms round me with delight, and thanked me for the power I had endowed his wife with. At this moment the *cause* of our sudden departure came running in, half frantic, exclaiming, "Don't hurt him—don't him, it wasn't

" his fault,"—an emblem of her sex's generosity in all unfortunate emergencies. To her great joy, however, she found her sposo had his arms round my neck in *affectionate embrace;* and seeing her he immediately transferred them to their proper place. " It wasn't his fault, Jack, I assure you, it " was mine," exclaimed the noble little creature. " My love," said he, kissing the tears from her cheek. " It wasn't your's or his either; it was " your star, and now ever after you are endowed " with the power of telling fortunes like an " Egyptian."—" Indeed! indeed Jack, it is so, I " knew he didn't mean any harm."—" Come, " my friend," said Jack, " I thank you much, and " so does Kate, for the good you have done her, " and am sorry I have done so much injustice to " the kindness of your actions: but come home " and take a bit o' dinner with us."—" No," said I, again raising my hand to the skies, and looking more mysterious than ever. " The star say no, go " and love each other," not by that direction, pointing another way. " Oh! do come home," said the pretty Kate, but I was afraid of another gravel-pit explanation; when the stratagem, perhaps, might not have answered so well, and continued saying " No, no," pointing out the direction they were to take, told them to return home without looking behind. They then proceeded back through the field, and I laid myself close down in the gravel pit, to avoid being seen. The man strictly did as I bade him, and looked forward all

the while. But Kate, the dear pretty Kate, gave one look, just as he was helping her over a stile leading into the road.

If this is not like magic, thought I to myself, as I continued sitting on the ground, I don't know what is; however, I have managed to escape from a battle royal, and perhaps from having the fellow's knife run into me. I have also maintained poor Kate's credit, and that's the principal thing. So much for superstition. Poor Jack! when I kissed his wife, I really never thought I was sinning, or doing him an injury, or even for a moment did the idea strike me, that I was his guest, or betraying his hospitality. His pretty wife gave me a kiss innocently; but as to myself, the inducement was very great, and whether wrong or right, the kiss was irresistible. To be treacherous in this respect is what I *hate* from the very bottom of my heart, but it was not treachery with me. It was a want of thought. If I have done him any harm, however, I have amply repaid him, by teaching his wife how *to tell fortunes* like an *Egyptian*.

I now came out of the pit, and walked out of the field to the main road, and continued my journey. That my thoughts continued on this recent curious yet awkward scene is natural to expect, and for some time I fancied that jealousy being excited in the heart of Jack might, perhaps, cause him to illtreat his wife: but seeing the effect that my mysterious conduct had on him, and that he was greatly a dupe to superstition; and remarking how

very affectionately he kissed her, when she came into the gravel-pit, I felt tolerably eased on this point; and after walking about six miles more on my journey, I was overtaken by a return post-chaise. It was about eight o'clock, and I was extremely tired, without having had any thing to eat all day. I had only two shillings with me, the rest of my money being in my luggage. I agreed with the man to take me to Pembray for one shilling and sixpence; here we arrived at half-past nine o'clock, and I had then to walk five miles to get to Tunbridge. I found my feet excessively tender from my long walk, and the temporary relief of this ride rather increased my suffering; but after toiling and hobbling along for two hours more, and thinking of poor Kate, I at last arrived at the town.

My luggage being addressed to the care of the keeper of the toll, I went to him about it, and asked him civilly if it had arrived. "It is not "arrived yet," was the reply; and not much admiring my appearance, as if he thought I was not worth any luggage at all, he was just going to shut the door upon me. "Are you sure," said I, "it "has'nt arrived," recollecting that I had only one sixpence in my pocket. "Oh! yes, I'm sure of it; "go about your business." Finding myself placed in this awkward situation, and all the inns shut up, I thought it best to make my peace if possible with the fellow, to get me a bed for the night; and assuming those manners which he could not mistake, I explained to him, that I had casually arrived very

late in the town, not knowing the distance it was from Hastings, and should feel very much obliged to him, if he could take me to an inn to get a bed. "What, have you walked here from Hastings to "day?" said he. I replied, "I had," and he then very politely conducted me to the Angel Inn, where he explained the circumstances to the landlord, and begged him to pay me as much attention as possible. Being dreadfully exhausted, I asked him to let me have sixpenny-worth of tea and bread and butter; not liking to tell him I had not any more money, as fearful that he would object to my having a bed. "Why," said the landlord, "we don't make six-"pennyworth;" and consulting with his wife, whom I overheard utter the word, "poor fellow," he told the servant to let me have some tea. Some hot tea and bread and butter was soon placed on the table, and which I relished with the greatest zest, or rather devoured it. "Poor fellow," was frequently uttered by the good landlord and his lady, as they were looking at me during the repast. Scarcely had my hunger and thirst been allayed than I fell asleep in my chair, whilst my bed was prepared. The landlady awoke me gently, and said that I had better go to bed. I readily followed the chamber-maid, and no sooner was I between the sheets, than I fell into a sound sleep, and remained so until I was called up the next morning at nine o'clock.

Excessive fatigue caused my sleep to be long and unbroken, but it was by no means a happy

one. The strange events of the day were renewed in my dreams, attended with horror and bloodshed. I fancied I saw poor Kate—I shall never forget her pretty face—tied by a cord round her neck, and fastened to one of the tent stakes. Her hands were tied behind her, and her bosom was laid bare, while the enraged husband was wreaking his vengeance by scourging her with the thorny briars of a sloe tree, and uttering dreadful imprecations for her infidelity. He appeared to glory in the torture she was suffering, and was grinning most hideously at me. The innocent martyr was supplicating for mercy, and, finding it of no avail, called out to me for help. I never suffered such agony in my life; I seemed to be about three yards from her, lying on the ground, but unable, from some fiendish spell, to move an inch. I struggled in vain; my limbs refused their duty, as if the punishment was deserved. I tore the ground with my nails, to try to pull myself on; but, alas, my whole frame seemed rooted to the spot. The cries of the dear girl became most distressing; and I fancied that her looks were turned on me with scorn for not coming to her aid. I tried to speak to her, and then to curse him, but the power of speech had left me. Deprived of every hope of assisting her, and all chance of revenge on the monster, I spat at him, and gnashed my teeth in despair with the most bitter hate. "Miscreant!" he exclaimed, and grasping his knife, he run it to my heart. I gave a sudden

start, and awoke. I was lying on my back, and had suffered from night-mare. I congratulated myself that it was but a dream, and that the poor creature had not been enduring the horrid tortures I had witnessed. For some time I felt in a mood to augur something ill, and began to think that the spirit of jealousy might perhaps excite Jack to ill-treat her. Alas! how miserable should I be, were such news to come to my ears. But why should I think so ill of him? It was doing Jack an injustice. He assured me that he would love her, nay, gave me a proof that he did; and told her it was not her fault, it was her star that had predestined such things to happen.

If there is any truth in old women's stories, dreams are always the very opposite of what is to happen; so I shall no longer dwell upon the painful subject, but persuade myself that the dear little gipsy could not have a better husband, or one who would treat her with greater affection. In this way I appeased myself, and mused on the occurrences of the past day with some satisfaction, and jumped out of bed to get up. No sooner was I on my legs, than, instead of being able to get up, I found the reverse, for they pained me so acutely that I fell down on the floor. An inspection of the affected part followed, and I found them excessively swollen and blistered. Recollecting a very simple remedy which a great

pedestrian traveller through Siberia recommended, I immediately rang for a lighted candle, and dropping some of the melted grease into some cold water, I bathed my feet in it, rubbing well the soles of them. It partly took away the inflammation, but I still found them very painful. Proceeding to the ablutionary duties of the toilet, I suffered very much from standing; indeed, so severely, that the thoughts of the dear Kate entirely left me to make room for more selfish ones. At last I hobbled down into the parlour, where I was received with smiles by the landlord and landlady. "What is de matter?" asked the latter, speaking bad English, in order to make me understand better, a practice I found very general. "My feet, my feet; I walk from Hastings all de "way, yesterday." They both expressed their warmest sympathy, and offered to do any thing for me that laid in their power, that might at all administer to their relief. "No, no," said I; "you can do nothing to my relief in this "respect;" making them understand that I should think the most serviceable thing they could do would be to prepare my breakfast, as I was excessively hungry. The good landlady immediately gave orders to the servants, and in a few minutes some hot buttered toast and tea was before me. After I had finished my breakfast I found myself getting gradually into tolerable good

spirits; I also felt the benefit of the bath I had given my feet.

My landlord and his wife evinced every disposition to be as agreeable as possible, and became very loquacious, and, in a light and common sort of conversation, my time passed on very agreeably, when suddenly recollecting the low ebb my funds were at, I inquired the distance to Tunbridge Wells. "Seven miles," was the reply. When I observed, that "I must be off there imme-
"mediately," and requested he would tell me how I could send my luggage there, which had arrived only this morning from Hastings. "Leave
"that to me," said he; "the coach comes here,
"and I'll see your luggage sent safe to the Coach
"and Horses there, and it shall only cost you
"sixpence." I returned him many thanks, and packing up my luggage to be sent by the coach, requested him to tell me what I had to pay. "I say, my dear," said he, going up to his wife, and whispering to her something about what he should charge; and returned to me, saying, "I'll
"only charge you a shilling for your tea and
"breakfast; never mind the bed." I felt much pleased with the generosity of the man, particularly the open-hearted honest manner in which he displayed it; and feel it only justice to those two kind people to mention it here. I returned him many thanks for his kindness, which, indeed,

could not have come more opportunely, or have been shown to one more in need of it. "Good "bye," said I to him, presenting my hand; and shaking hands with him and his good wife, and receiving their good wishes, I took my guitar under my arm, and proceeded on to Tunbridge Wells. This was the 3rd of October.

Habit had caused me always to carry my guitar about with me. When I first commenced my journey, I did it to *appear* as if it were my usual custom, and, by degrees, looked upon it to be quite a necessary appendage of my dress; and if by accident I had it not under my arm in my moving about, I felt like a sentinel without his musket. I had not gone three hundred yards on the road before my feet became so painful that I sat down on a bank, and took off my thick shoes and put on a thin pair, which I had with me in my guitar bag, but found no relief, and hobbled on in the greatest agony for another half mile. Here I stopped, and pulled off the thin shoes to try the thick ones again; but, as I proceeded slowly and fearfully to pull them on, I thought to myself that my Hastings trip should be the last I would ever tramp, as the walking travellers express it. My desire for renown as a pedestrian soon vanished, and the tortures I was suffering showed me too clearly the folly of such ambition—no, no, thought I to myself, as I contemplated the blisters on my feet.

This system of travelling, however, is not without its advantages as well as inconveniences. The country is seen better, and one meets with incidents; dear Kate, for instance—it was by walking I met so dear a creature as yourself, and it was by walking I nearly got my throat *cut*, I am free to confess. God knows what might have happened; but, fortunate or unfortunate, I should almost like to have such another meeting. As I walked and thought, I fell into a deep reverie, in which the pretty object of yesterday's eventful drama was the principal feature. A most piercing twinge again reminded me of the disagreeable consequences of long walks, and I once more examined the unfortunate sufferers. I had heard of tapping for the dropsy, and it struck me very forcibly, as I was endeavouring to invent some kind of relief, that, by making a lancet of my pen-knife, I might perform such an operation on my blistered extremities. I tried the experiment, and derived very considerable relief. After changing my shoes *only* twice more, and swearing that I would never walk my journeys again, I arrived at the Wells in *three hours and a half*. I crossed the parade, where a band of music was playing, and soon found the Coach and Horses, where I was glad to bring myself to an anchor, as the sailors say. On paying the sixpence for my luggage, and ordering some cheap refreshment, I rummaged every corner of my travelling bag, and could not

muster more than four shilliings. This was all I was worth. To go to play for more was quite impossible in the state my feet were, but I thought I would try to get myself an apartment somewhere else, in order to avoid the expenses of a public-house. After several attempts to move, I at last started off, with the assistance of my stick, and went up the town. I perceived there were a great many apartments to let, and flattered myself I should not have long to remain on my feet. "What apartment you got?" said I, to a rather sour-looking woman, who was standing at the door of her house, on which was written, "Furnished "apartments to let."—"Why," said she, examining me from head to foot, and with rather a sneer on her countenance, "I've got a first floor, "but that won't do for you, I suppose."—"No, "no, no," said I, and was going away. "I have "got a single bed-room besides," added she. "*Eh* "*bien*," said I, "then I will see it." I was accordingly shown up to a very clean attic. "Very "good," said I; "how much?"—"Seven shillings "a week." Being excessively tired, I was glad to get any, in order to avoid the public-houses, and agreed to give her her price. "Oh!" said she, with a kind of grunt, as if annoyed that I had accepted her terms; "well, then, come this way;" and we walked down into the hall. "Who are "you?" continued she, looking very sarcastically; "are you alone, and what are you doing?" My

feet paining me very much, and being rather absorbed in thought, I paid very little attention to what she said, and carelessly replied, "Oh! I "music man."—"Oh! music are you," said she, frowning her brows, "then the apartments won't "do. No, no; won't suit at all. You're come "too late here with your music. What is it "called?"—"A *guitarra*."—"Oh! a curra," muttered the old woman, in imitation of the pronunciation; "what sort of thing is it?" she asked. I began to grow very impatient, and, making signs with my hands of what it was, added, "Oh! I get "plenty of monish."—"Oh! my good fellow, "you're mistaken," said the woman, with a toss of her head; "there are too many of your country "people here now, and I'm sure they do not get "much; a few half-pence sometimes. I knows "what you mean, they squeaking hurdy-gurdies. "No, it won't do; the apartments won't suit:" and here she looked as if she wished me to walk off, her hand being on the handle of the door, which she was swinging rather impatiently, anxious to close it, but with me on the outside.

I felt excessively annoyed at not being able to have the apartment, and particularly at her impudence on the occasion, and, looking very hard at her, said, "*No importa*," and lifting up my stick to help myself along, she started back terribly alarmed (thinking, I suppose, I was going to make her feel the weight of it), and drawing herself behind the

door, which she strained to the utmost of its hinges, effectually to barricade herself against any thing like an attack. She seemed to be seized with a dreadful palsy, which the agitated handle of the door gave evident proofs of; and whilst she was uttering her "It won't do, Sir, and it won't suit," I walked out, very much amused at the fright I had so unintentionally caused this impudent creature.

Such was the state of her agitation, that she was crying out, "it won't, do, and it won't suit," after I had left the door several paces. I now proceeded to *suit* myself elsewhere; and went to several houses, but met with no better success. The apartments being either too dear, or else my appearance seemed to be the objection; so that I was obliged to return to the inn, after having tortured myself by walking about on my blistered feet. Here I engaged a bed at a shilling a night; I turned into the bar and ordered a sixpenny dinner. The landlord laughed (and very naturally) at my request, adding, "My "good fellow, we don't make sixpenny dinners, "nor sixpenny teas, nor sixpenny anythings unless "it is a sixpenny glass of gin and water."—"*Eh* "*bien*," said I, with a shrug of the shoulders, "I "only got two shillings; one for the bed, sixpence "for dinner, and sixpence for to drink." At the word drink, the man seemed to listen to my proposal as something feasible, and then, turning to the bar-maid, asked what there was cold on the shelf. "Some fat pork, and corned beef," was the

reply.—"Well then, that'll do," said the landlord: "Bring 'em out;—here, master, will you have "any of this here, with some bread to it?" pointing to the former viand. I shook my head, as a refusal, for it looked rather too much like prize-meat to suit my taste. "He won't eat that," said the bar-maid, "it's against his religion," paying me the amiable compliment, I presume, of supposing me a descendant of the tribe of Israel. "Will you have "some of this here, for this is all I got," said the landlord. "Tankee you," said I; and he immediately cut me off a large piece of beef, with a much larger piece of bread, and, putting the former on the latter, gave it me, with the knife, into my hand. "A glass "of rum, if you please, Sare," and I then walked into the tap. Plenty of weight for the money, said I to myself, and fingers were made before forks, using the thumb of my left hand for the latter article, I proceeded to devour my dinner; and I will candidly confess, notwithstanding the simple form, and the rough manner in which it was *served up*, I never enjoyed one more in my life. My funds being reduced to *two shillings* only, as I paid for my bed in advance, it was quite time for me to think seriously of getting more. To do so to-day was impossible; I could scarcely walk, and to play the guitar was out of the question. After a little reflection, I determined on staying in the house all day, and turn out early the following morning, when my feet would most probably be quite well,

or at least considerably better; and in the mean time two shillings, I thought, would surely be enough to meet all the expenses. My mind was now at ease on this point; and, as I looked round the room, I saw a man whom I met on my road from Hastings to Tunbridge. "How do you do," said he to me, as he met my eye, and held out his hand to me. I of course held out mine, and he gave me so *hearty* a shake, that I felt very glad when he had finished, his testaceous clenched digits leaving *strong* marks of the cordiality of his squeeze. ("I "like Spaniards,") "*Me gusta los Españoles*," said he. "*Cara* * *," said I, in reply (a sort of gentle Spanish d——n), and shook my hands from the pain he had inflicted? "My country and your "country are great friends," said this fellow. "What is your country?" I asked him. "Ireland," he replied. "Oh! then you——" making a sign of a cross on my face and chest. He frowned, and pointed to the English, signifying that I was not to do so before them. He waited for an opportunity when the rest of the people's attention was attracted another way, and whispered in my ear, "they no *bom* (good), no Catholic." This Irishman I found out afterwards was a very cunning fellow, and seemed to have acquired that very important piece of knowledge, that the surest and quickest way of pleasing mankind is by flattery. He spoke of Spain in terms of the greatest praise, and declared the happiest time of his life was

passed there, when with his regiment. "I hate "Spaniards," said one fellow; "they always carry "knives about them, and they are a revengeful "blood-thirsty set."—"You are much mistaken," retorted the Irishman, "they are as *fine* a race of "people (and here he looked at me), as I've ever "seen, and I'm sure this man doesn't carry a "knife;" and here again cast his eyes towards me, as if he had intended his remark as a compliment. "Is he a Spaniard," said the other, "then he is a "decent-looking fellow."—"He is indeed," continued this audacious fellow, "but you don't see many "Spaniards so *fair* as he is." I should think my good fellow, said I to myself, you must have had your eyes d—— pretty frequently, for you certainly cannot see very clearly now; and if I were to divine a reason for such causes, I should say, it was on account of the number of lies you tell. An empty pewter pint was frequently applied to the Irishman's thirsty lips, whilst he looked at me, to signify that there was nothing in it, and wanted me to befriend him as far as a pint. "Is it empty?" said I. "Yes," said he, turning it upside down, very far from their general line of conduct. Paddy's frequent application of the empty mug to his parched lips, and the looks he accompanied it with, disclosed the *grand* motive of his adulation of my country and myself. Admiring the tact the fellow had displayed, I gave him three-pence, although I could but ill afford it. A pint of beer was very

soon called for, and very soon drank. The Irishman looked as thirsty as ever, but had not the assurance to ask me for another (if he had, he would not have got it); but he said to his companions, he would go to the overseer, and try whether he could get any money from him. He immediately started off, and in about a quarter of an hour returned, with a countenance that immediately conveyed the bad success of his visit. "Arrah!—blood-an'-ouns, he's a Methodist," said he, "and wouldn't give me a farthing. I hate "those kind of varment religionists."—"Say "what you like of the Methodists," said a baker, "but if you treat them properly, you'll always "have good treatment from them. I always "tips them a good deal of humbug, and they "tips me (winking very knowingly) some money. "But I generally goes to those of the same trade. "What trade are you?"—"Trade—me—a "trade?"—said the Irishman, as if his disappointment had made him come forth in all his native brogue. "Faith, I'm no trade at all, but I takes "to all trades, as necessity obliges me; and if I "meets a tailor, why I calls myself of his trade, "to get something out of him; or if a shoemaker, "botheration, it's no matter, I call myself a shoe-"maker, if I think I can get any money by it." "I tell you what," says the miller, "your calling "yourself a tailor, or any trade, reminds me of an "awkward situation I was placed in, by calling

" myself of another trade—but you are very un-
" fortunate in not having a trade in your hands
" though."—" Devil a bit," said the Irishman—
" Well," continued the baker, " I once was in a
" town—I'm a miller by trade—and was hard up
" for three-pence for my night's lodgings, I never
" cares if I have but enough for my lodgings—a
" snug bed's a comfort."—" Faith, it is indeed,"
interrupted the Irishman, " It's a comfort I shan't
" get to night, I think."—" Well," as I was say-
ing, continued the miller, " I went all over the
" town, and could not meet with a single miller;
" so what do I do—I goes into the first baker's
" shop, calling myself a baker out of work, and asks
" for tempory 'lief. The master baker was in the
" shop, and says to me—' are you a baker?'—Yes,
" says I—' How much flour,' says he, ' do you put
" ' to a batch of twenty quartern loaves of bread?'
" Dang ye, this was a tuzzler, for I did'nt know
" nothing about it, and so I pauses a while, and
" then gives it him at haphazard, right or wrong,
" I says two bushel. ' You're out o' your
" ' reck'ning there, by one half,' said he. ' My
" ' dear,' said his wife, ' it might be so where he
" ' comes from.' ' Nonsense,' said he, ' what,
" ' twice as much?' The baker then put another
" question to me, which regularly did me up. So I
" says, with a great deal of *'chalance*, I tell
" you what, governor, I aint a baker at all—I'm
" a miller; I want three-pence for a night's

" lodging, and I can't find a miller in the whole " place to go to. ' Now I'll believe you,' says the " baker, and gave me a three-pence, and I bundled " off, uncommon glad at getting out of the 'fair so " well, and my night's lodging in the bargain." — " Faith!" exclaimed the Irishman, at the mention of the night's lodgings, which reminded him of the awkwardness of his situation, " I would give the " world to meet with such a baker just now, for " I suppose I must take myself off to a hay- " stack on the common." Poor devil! said I to myself, but its your own profligacy; and I suppose this will not be the first time of your having the starry heavens for your bed curtains, and perhaps exposed to a heavy rain—perhaps worse—use is a second nature, as the woman said of the eels she had been in the practice of skinning for the last ten years—*he* may be used to it. Each fellow, in his turn, told something relative to the life he had been leading, and of the good and bad luck that he had met with; so that I perceived, from their various accounts, it was a regular practice with them to travel about from one place to another, getting their livelihood by begging. Some were more honest, and committed the lesser crime of begging until they got work, though I could clearly perceive they all showed no anxiety to get employed as long as they had any chance of getting their money by easier means. The cook of the house came into the room to dress some

beef steaks; as these things were undergoing the grilling process, they cast out such very strong fumes that did not fail to attract the attention of all these hungry-looking travellers, and they sniffed up the meat-flavoured air with as much zest as a connoisseur would *Delcroix's mille-fleurs*. Poor wretches, they all looked very longing, and their very teeth fretted each other with excitement, and God knows what would have become of those steaks had the cook left the room for an instant. Such, however, was my peculiar disposition just now, that I don't think I ever felt such delight in witnessing the tormenting anxiety of human nature, as I did on this occasion. "I "wonder," said the wistful-looking, hungry, pennyless Irishman, knowing he was sure not to be the happy person who was to devour them, and affecting not to care anything about them, whilst his companions' eyes were all riveted on the frying-pan; "I wonder," continued he, with a forced grin, "whether 'bacco' sauce would be good for "them;" he had a large piece of tobacco in his mouth, and his companions all perfectly understood what he was alluding to. "No," said one of the party, eyeing the dear objects of his anxiety, "'twould be a pity"—"Not at all," said another, "if the man doesn't know nothing about it."—"You're right," said the miller, who appeared to be a little philosopher in his way, "you may "rely upon it, a man eats a peck o' dirt afore he

" dies. Every thing is in the imagination, and, " although a thing may be very dirty, and we " don't see it, we eats it, and thinks it just as " good as if it were not dirty at all. I'll tell " you what I heard once, as I was travelling " through Bath, and this aint no lies, for the land- " lord told me himself. There was a boiler on " the fire, just as this here may be, and some oil " accidentally fell into it—the landlord had to " make some punch for some company in the " parlour, and he comes and draws off some of " the water, but finds there was oil in it, so imme- " diately empties all the water out of the boiler, " and puts in fresh—well, this here soon boils, " and he draws some off, but still finds there is a " great deal of oil in it; but as the company " were continually calling out for the punch, he " makes it of this water, and the oil unluckily " still showed itself at the top of it—but in he " carries it. Hallo, says the gentlemen, what's " all this here floating on the top? A new way I " have of making punch, Sir, says the landlord, " and backs out. Well, they drinks this, and says " it was uncommon good, and calls for more. " The landlord went into the room to fetch the " bowl, and as he was going away, one of the " gentlemen calls out to him, don't you forget to " put that stuff in—your new way of making it, " you know! for it's excellent." This created an immense roar of laughter, in which I joined

most heartily myself, as the fellow related it with a great deal of humour. Being excessively tired, I wished these merry, thoughtless profligates good night, and turned off to my dormitory, leaving them to go to their's.

The next morning, I got up at about eleven o'lock, and, on looking out of the window, perceived it was raining very hard, and, from the cloudiness of the skies, was likely to continue for some time. My thoughts immediately turned towards my funds. I have but one shilling and ninepence, said I to myself, and to-morrow will be Sunday; supposing it should rain all day, I shall be obliged to make this last me until Monday. This is being hard up indeed. There is nothing like laying by for a rainy day; but it is not my fault, nor my imprudence; it is a casualty over which I had no controul. I have voluntarily taken this character, it is true; but I did not create my pecuniary distress in the same way. *C'est la fortune d'un troubadour.* I have enjoyed many of its sweets, why repine at its sours. Let come the worst, it's only to take one meal instead of three in the day, and that rather more simple than usual. I am in good condition to support it (looking in the glass, which happened to be before me), and I'm sure not to starve. But surely if I were to speak to the landlord on the subject, and were to assume a certain style of manner, he

would see that I had been a gentleman, and would give me credit. No, this won't do; it would frustrate the object of my disguise, and perhaps lead to my discovery. There are many hours between this and night, and the rain may clear up in the mean time. Then I looked out of the window again, but saw no likelihood of it. But why should I despair, whilst hope remain? It is time to be melancholy when night comes, and I remain as poor, or poorer, than ever. In the meanwhile I'll content myself with the *one* meal for this day, and order it.

I'll put the best face on my difficulty. Yes, yes, yes—*Vivent les gens d'esprit, et le diable emporte les bêtes!*—I then went down stairs, and, after some trouble, got a breakfast for threepence, consisting of a twopenny roll and a cup of hot water, which the landlord called tea; but, as I gave only a penny for it, I congratulated myself on being able to get a potation of any sort for so small a sum.—I have been without eating or drinking for a whole day in Columbia, said I to myself, as I sat down to the table (for I felt very much disposed to talk a little to myself on the subject), with twenty-four men under my charge, and only half a bottle of bad wine between us all. We travelled in the open day, under a burning vertical sun, and in a latitude of 11°, without meeting with a rivulet, pond, or even dirty puddle of water, to moisten our parched lips.

The half bottle of wine I peremptorily ordered should not be touched, as when we did meet with water, it would do to mix with it, water being unwholesome to take alone. The thirst-dying men grumbled much at my conduct, as if such a small quantity of wine would have given immediate relief to the languid exhausted frames of twenty-four men, or that they imagined a more selfish feeling prompted me to keep it under my care. Their sufferings were by no means greater than mine, but I bore them all with a patient resignation, as I was amongst mountains where water was rarely met with, and, not being inhabited, provisions were equally scarce. But, to be in the land of plenty, and surrounded by luxuries, without the common necessaries of life, caused me to murmur a little as I sat down to my bread-and-water breakfast.—My thoughts again turned to my pocket, and I then mechanically broke the bread in small pieces, and soaked it in the smoking-hot fluid called tea. I was by no means at a loss for an appetite, and ate with satisfaction rather than otherwise: the quantity I found was quite sufficient to satisfy my hunger. The idea, however, of a bread-and-water breakfast—a common felon's fare, the food given to the culprit who is condemned to the gallows—may perhaps appear to the reader a very great hardship for a gentleman who has been accustomed to sit at the board of plenty. It first struck me as such, but

I assure him I by no means found it an insipid breakfast. I had enough :—enough is a feast, they say.—The thought of my pecuniary embarrassment superseded every feeling of discontent at my simple fare; and as the difficulty appeared to increase of getting what nature required, so my appetite sharpened with it, and I ate my meal with zest and contentment. The thought of thousands who were not able to get this came vividly to my imagination, and tended to make me feel more satisfied with my humble fare. I waited with as much patience as I was able to muster, flattering myself that the rain would cease very shortly. My eyes were continually directed out of the window to watch the progress of the pelting rain; but, as if in opposition to my wishes, it seemed to increase rather than diminish. If it should but hold up, said I to myself, I would soon make the sixpences and shillings come tumbling out of the window.——Oh! ye well-meaning ill-timed showers (but I suppose some clod-hopping farmers will hail ye with delight); ye little know how unwelcome ye are to me; how many itinerant minstrels, out-door performers of all sorts, do ye throw out of employ? The rare guitar player—the numerous companies of harpers and fidlers—the speculative ballad singer —those curious-looking ever-laughing exotics, hurdy-gurdy squeakers—the grave-looking Swiss, like "Patience on a monument, smiling at Grief"

—the organ grinder—those foreign dancing girls, who after uttering a great deal of incomprehensible (at least to me) language, pull noses and bump backs, and cry, "*Tcha, tcha*" (God knows where *they* come from)—those comically dressed creatures who balance forks on their noses, swallow what is impossible to be digested (*à la* Fire King), and make their legs do what their hands do, jugglers—and those industrious ever-footing it "buy a broom" girls. Oh! no, ye showers, all, all but these, who are undaunted, though it hailed cats and dogs, "buy a broom," "a little one," is heard equally the same; whilst all our more musical sounds can't get a hearing on your accounts. I have enough of water at my breakfast. These Bavarians live better than I. Will not the soft appeal of music weigh with you, you musically-hissing showers? Cease, but for one hour only.—Here it pelted down so dreadful hard, as though it thought my invocation were full of sarcasm; and I turned off in despair, and went to my room. It was now half-past one o'clock, and I took some paper out of my carpet bag, and sat down and wrote a letter to London for money, as though it would be of any use to relieve me in my present difficulty. But come late or early, it will do to guard me against distress for the future. After thinking for some time of what I should say in my letter, and what port in Spain to date it from, and the best method

to get the money forwarded as quick as possible, I at last fixed upon Corunna, gave a description of the town, and said the bearer of it was Señor Juan de Vega, who would leave England again by the first vessel;—begged they would send my money to his care. After I had written this, and read it over about half a dozen times, and was perfectly satisfied with the story, I walked down stairs to get a lighted candle, when, to my great joy, and as if my invocation had been attended to, a gleam of sunshine met me. I ran out of the door to see if it rained—the very skies were perfectly cloudless. Hurrah! said I, *Vive la musique*, and hurried up again to my room, to the astonishment of all the good folks of the inn. I put the letter in my bag, and, tieing my music-book round my waist, sallied forth with my guitar.

Every thing had assumed a gay appearaace, and appeared to sympathise in my joy. The very birds seemed to chirp more gaily, and as I looked up at the cerulean vault above, brilliantly contrasting it with the late sombre atmosphere, I then thought I saw a reciprocal feeling there. Merrily I took my course up a hill at the back of the inn, with a full conviction that I should be in no want of hearers, and that I would soon make the sixpences and shillings come tumbling out of the windows. I took my guitar out of the bag to tune it, and whilst I was at this necessary prelude to action, I heard a voice utter—"Sweet youth,

" sweet youth!" and I immediately saw an old lady waddling towards me with her hand extended, and repeating the "sweet youth," gave me a shilling. "Sweet old lady," said I to myself, as I pocketed her charity. "What you give " to the poor, you lend to the Lord." And a more needy mortal than I, at this moment, never lived. I soon found myself in general request; I was called by some young ladies, where I got one shilling and sixpence, and very soon left them, for money was my object. Soft looks, pretty ways, and amiable compliments, had now become less interesting. Imperious necessity, and the bread-and-water breakfast, had strangely altered my sentimentality. From this I went to another place,—then to another,—and was so constantly engaged, that I fancied every one as eager to hear me as I was to play. The bread-and-water breakfast stuck in my throat; and although I *then* ate it with content, I had no desire to make a similar experiment. In the space of two hours and a half I got thirteen shillings, which I thought a *quantum sufficit* to last me till the next Monday.

CHAPTER IX.

Sent for by a Lady to play at an Evening Party, and excuse myself—A comfortable Night's rest—Visit the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells—A Seaman adrift—An old Sweetheart—Captain N. D.—— and the flannel Petticoat—Broken Victuals—A troublesome Customer—Cross Questions—A Dance in the Kitchen disturbed—The pretty Confectioner—A lucky Thought—A cozy tête-à-tête spoiled—Visit the high Rocks and Trees—Quit Tunbridge—A fortunate Ride—Uckfield—A religious Shepherd—A French Beggar—My night Companions discuss the propriety of robbing me.

I NOW returned to the inn, and had a most excellent dinner, of beef-steaks and oyster-sauce, and made the Irishman drunk into the bargain. "What extravagant fellows these foreigners are," said the landlord (well he might), for I had two shillings and sixpence to pay. "This here morn-"ing he was so poor that he could'nt afford but "two-penn'orth of bread, and a-penn'orth o' tea;

" and now he's living like any gentleman of the " land." I confess I relished my dinner uncommonly; the sauce was well made, and the steak admirably cooked. It was, indeed, as the landlord very justly remarked, " a great contrast." In the evening I went out to look for apartments. On going into a little coffee-shop, to take some of their cheap mixture, I asked the girl, who brought me some coffee, if she knew of any, and then explained to her the nature and price of such I wanted. The girl told me she knew of several, and would inquire about them. After sending to several places, she got me a room at B—— the tailor's, at a shilling a night; and I had my luggage immediately carried to my new quarters, which I found very comfortable and clean. On returning to the inn, for this purpose, I learnt that a message had been sent by a lady, to request me to go immediately to her house. Having got a sufficiency for the present, I thought I would not *over-fatigue* myself, so sent an excuse. As long as I could get sufficient to pay my way, I was satisfied.

As I was derobing for the night, my attention, for the first time since the morning, was directed to the tenderness of my feet. They were considerably better, but far from being well; and, after bathing them in some cold water, I got into bed, and enjoyed a most delightful sleep.

The next day I found my feet nearly well. After

breakfast, I took a walk to explore the beauties of the place. I really think I never saw any retreat so truly delightful and picturesque. The houses, except the little village, are scattered about at different intervals, surrounded with beautiful trees and shrubberies. I have contemplated the bolder scenery of South America with silent wonder. Here I fancied myself upon enchanted ground, to such perfection does the ingenuity of man refine the beautiful gifts of Nature, in pursuit of domestic happiness and ease.

As I was passing along a small winding path across the furzy common, a rough-looking fellow came close up to me, and joining both his fists, placed them up to his eyes in imitation of an eye-glass, and then broke out into a loud laugh. "A Spa-" nish galleon, by God!" said he. From his peculiar appearance, I judged him to be a sailor, and thought there was something too curious in his manners to let him pass without speaking to him. I walked up to him, and asked him where he was going to? "Why, to tell you the truth," said he, "I'm like a discovery ship. It little " matters to me, whether I put the helm to lee " or windward, as I stop at that port which is " nearest, and the best 'soundings;'" and his hands fell towards his stomach, at once explaining the simile. "You're an Espaniola, I think," continued he, "from the cut o' your jib."—"I am." "Then I'll tell you, that I was in the battle of

" Trafalgar, and was on board o' the Victory,
" when she laid alongside the *Santissima Trini-*
" *dada*, and we gave you and the *Parlez-vous* as
" good a licking as ever you had: but you didn't
" fight bad neither. You can't give us a bit o'
" 'bacco, can you, Señor?"—" I am very sorry I
" have none," I replied. " I tell you what, Se-
" ñor, the *Santissima Trinidada*'s a fine ship,
" and she gived me a keepsake. Here," said he, pulling up the sleeve of his shirt, " here it is. " D—n it, I'm so dirty you can't see it;" and after wetting his hands with his saliva, and rubbing it for some time, he discovered to me a large wound on the upper part, as also the print of an anchor, which was tattooed in blue ink. " I have got some " more on my feet," continued he, " but it would " take me a long time to show them to you;" his feet being regularly shoed with mud. This is a comical way, thought I to myself, of exhibiting one's honours. I have heard that some people's virtues are unknown, in consequence of the close privacy of their actions. Others have been gallant in battle, without eye-witnesses to tell the world of their glorious deeds. Men of the greatest abilities are unknown, from their talents being obscured in seclusion; but this was the first time that I ever heard of a man's honours being concealed by dirt. I was much amused with this fellow, and gave him a sixpence, desiring him not to tell any one of it, as I got my livelihood by

playing music in the streets. "Trust me," said he, winking his eye, "I'm awake." After a little more conversation, I asked him how he lived, as he had no employment. "Why, begging as you do," said he; "how do you think? I am sure to get "something in the day; I don't eat much, and "if I can get some 'bacco, and a little to ——;" and here he tossed his hand up to his mouth, with which he made a *borachio* kind of noise, that I could not fail to understand he meant to drink; "and if I meet," continued he, "with a naval "officer, why I'm sure to get a sixpence of him." You are a pretty scamp, thought I to myself, wishing him good day. You belong to that class of independent beggars that I met at the Coach and Horses. I now returned to my lodgings, where I stopped all day. The next morning, I turned out rather early, and was very soon engaged by two pretty interesting-looking women, who called me into their house. They showed me a great number of Spanish and Portuguese songs, and offered to copy any for me I liked. I thanked them, and thinking it would be perhaps a little memorial, I fixed upon one, which one of them promised to copy for me by the next day. They also gave me a new riband for my guitar, and one of them very politely put it on. I was next engaged by two ladies, who were sitting at their drawing-room window, and, after singing to them, "*Les yeux noirs*," one of them said to me,

" *Monsieur, avez-vous des enfans ?*"—" *Vraiment,* " *Madame, c'est impossible de répondre à cette* " *question-là.*"—" No, no, no. What a wicked " fellow he is," said she, turning to the lady next to her—" I mean, are you married ? "—I replied, " I could safely answer that I had no wife ;" and after another song or two, I made my bow and went away.

The weather was rather cold, so I returned to my lodgings, and got the tailor's wife to line my hat with cloth. The next day I went, according to appointment, with a young Oxonian to the Mrs. —— house, the same ladies who had given me a riband the day before. " I have brought a young " Spaniard," said he to the ladies, " to play the light " guitar to you."—" Indeed he was coming to see " us ; but, however, I am glad you are with him, " as his coming alone we did not think quite *comme* " *il faut.*" I wonder, said I to myself, against whom the scandal would be. I played, and sang to them of course, and a conversation ensued. One or two ladies came into the room, and there seemed to be a very great anxiety to know my age. Each one looking at the other to ask me ; but as no one ventured to do so, their curiosity was not satisfied. " Poor fellow, he must be very cold ; are you not " very cold, Señor ?" asked Mrs. —— " Yes, " very," I replied ; " this country is very cold." " You should wear flannel waistcoats," said the lady, very artlessly, making signs with her hand, in

order to make me better understand. I could not help smiling at this remark, it brought to my recollection—I do not mean to signify it was at all unbecoming in the lady to offer such kind and useful advice, quite the contrary; for women are better versed in these matters than men: but it brought to my recollection the story of a little Russian lady, with whom I had the pleasure of being on very intimite terms, having known her for some time. "What do you think," said she to me one day, paying her a morning visit, in her broken English. "That nastee man, Captain N. D. "* * * * * * * * say to—do you wear de flannel "petticoat?"—"Upon my word, Mrs. —— I have "heard that the gallant Captain is rather a Don "Giovanni amongst the women, but I never thought "he would proceed so curiously about his flirtations." "No, no, no—no," exclaimed the little Russian, "I don't mean that—how stupid you are; he ask "for the cold."—"Oh, I understand you," said I, "you should not be angry with the man, he did "not mean any harm I'm sure. It certainly must "have been pure disinterestedness,"—uttering my words very slowly, for her to understand me better— "for your health, lest you might find the climate "here too cold; do not be angry with him I beg, if, "from an over earnest solicitude for you, he has laid "aside all ceremony, and entered rather into detail." "*De tail, indeed!*" said the little offended lady, not understanding exactly what I had said; "he

" is a nastee man."—" You are very severe, indeed,
" Mrs. ——, with the gallant Captain. I'm sure he
" is too great a favourite amongst the ladies to de-
" serve that epithet. I cannot but agree with you,
" that such a question is enough to suffuse your
" cheek with a blush; but you know an officer hold-
" ing rank in His Majesty's navy must be very un-
" sophisticated,—pray impute it to the simplicity of
" his manners, since his rural retirement to L——
" Grove. He meant no harm, I assure you now;
" pray believe me. I see by your looks you are
" thinking of the Tartuffe you saw at the theatre the
" other night; but I fear you think I'm speaking
" partially, therefore I'll say no more about it."
" He nastee wicked man," uttered the little lady, in a violent rage, and walked out of the room immediately. So much for defending the Captain, said I to myself. I have regularly offended her myself I fear; she called him nastee man the first part of the story, and now it's *wicked*. There must be something more in it than I imagine; I fear I have been defending a culprit. The little lady now came into the room, and I said to her: "My
" dear Mrs. ——, I really have been considering
" what you have been saying respecting Captain
" * * * * * * * * *. Now, I sincerely hope you
" will not put a wrong construction on the kind-
" ness of his intentions."—" Well," said Mrs. ——
" I did not like his manners, certainly; but as
" you advise me not to be offended, I will follow

"your advice."—"That's right. Well, for the "present, I will say good morning."

I could not refrain from laughing, as I was going down the stairs, at the curious story of the Captain; but, *sans badinage*, I really always feel a pleasure in defending a man that I think is erroneously accused. Now to the flannel waistcoat again. I do not mean that there is the slightest shade of resemblance between the waistcoat and the petticoat; quite the contrary; but the one reminded me of the other. After I left these ladies, I played at a house where a great many young ladies came to the window. "Poor fellow!" said one of them; "are you hungry, master?" I affected not to understand. "*Etes-vous faim?* "—You know," said she. "*Merci.*"—"Poor "fellow! give him something to eat," said the little Samaritan, and, ringing the bell, ordered the cook to provide me with it. The cook threw open the kitchen window, crying out to me, "Master, take this." She held in her hand a huge piece of beef, and in the other an equally large piece of bread; and I thought of my tender toes if they should but fall. What shall I do? Suppose I accept, and deposit them in my guitar bag, for the fun of the thing; I shall require a good deal of Smith and Nephews' Lavender Water to purify it. "I meant, *Merci, non,*" said I to the young lady, "and not *Merci oui*, as I have just now lunched at a lady's up the hill." There was

a slight whisper, and I was afraid they were about to suggest my bagging it; but they did not, and, after receiving their money, I went away. I now played to a lady who kept her window shut, a style of listening I never could admire; and although she was smiling at an immense rate, and nodded her pleasure, that was not sufficiently satisfactory to me; so I abruptly left, and went away. I visited a great many houses with a great deal of success. At the last one there appeared to be a little party; every one flocked to the window to listen, and speak to me. There was an elderly gentleman, particularly loquacious and inquisitive, who questioned me as to the number of the regiment I served in, and the name of the colonel. In the course of the conversation, I observed two eyes from the rear of the group very intently fixed on me, and I immediately recognised an acquaintance; but so perfectly kept up my disguise that he did not remember me the least. I fully impressed him with his mistake. The old gentleman plagued me, rather, with his questions, and a lady by his side said to him, "Give him some money, my dear, and let him "go."—"Ah! by the bye," said the old gentleman, "how much money do you get a day, on "an average?" I perceived he had got a sixpence twiddling with his thumb, and I thought it a very fair time to pass a joke on him; so replied, "ten shillings always; sometimes fourteen

" shillings." " What, ten shillings always!" said he, with astonishment. "*Toujours, je vous assure,*" was the reply. " There now, that serves you " right," said the lady; and the poor fellow put back the sixpence, and gave me a shilling. I went away much pleased at the success of my joke.

It was curious, in the course of this day, October 8th, that I met three of my acquaintances; I had some doubt, at first, of the gentleman in the old man's party, but, on reading the arrivals, I saw his name announced. The result of this day's work was eighteen shillings. The next day I set off to an appointment I had at E——'s House, where, on my arrival, the parties not being at home, the maid-servants put their heads out of the kitchen window, and wished me to go into the culinary establishment; I thought the invitation too good to refuse, so I walked towards the door. " No, no," said they, beckoning to me, and, throwing up a small window level with the ground, made signs to me to get in (a secret outlet for lovers and friends, thought I to myself); after some difficulty I squeezed myself through. " Come old fellow, give us a tune," said the cook, powdered all over with flour; " be " civil to the man," said another servant, " and " he aint so very old neither."—" Yes, yes, yes," said I, " I play to you, but you must dance." " What a curious fellow," said the cook, putting her arms a-kimbo; " but I dont care; Sarah, what " say you." Sarah said nothing, but looked her

approbation; the proposal was put to all, seven in number, and every one seemed willing to have a jig. "Look, and see if Mrs. is coming," said the cautious cook. One of the men-servants went to reconnoitre, and came in with the joyous news, that he could not see them; so every one placed themselves in readiness for a country dance. There was one unfortunate lady without a partner, and this happened to be the cook, who was not one of nature's favourites. The liveried cavaliers had given the preference to the better-looking. "What "a pity it is," said one of the fellows, "that you "can't get a pardner; why I'm sure he looks an "uncommon straight-made man, and could dance "well; why don't you take him?"—"Oh, yes, "indeed," cried out one of the women, "what "are we to do for music? strike up old'n." I did'nt require twice telling, for I was anxious to see them at it, and played *Voulez-vous danser, Mademoiselle?* Every thing augured well for a comfortable dance, and while the first couple were going down the middle, I heard Sally exclaim, "Oh! "you treads on my toes, William." The cook, who had nothing else to do, being placed on the look out, all at once shrieked out, "Good God! "here's Mrs. coming." The words acted like magic on the dancers, and every one scrambled away as well as they could. The footman took care to be ready at the door, when there came a knock. "What's that noise about?" I heard the

lady demand. God knows what the explanation was, but I was soon ordered up; and, entering the parlour, I perceived a smile on the countenance of all the ladies; I guessed the reason, but I looked like a saint. This expression of countenance I was often obliged, from the peculiarity of my character, to assume; I had long studied it, and could adopt it with so much ease, that every one used to think it was natural. After singing a song, to which they listened with great impatience, one of them said to me, "Have you been long here, "Señor?"—"Rather merry were you not, below?" observed another.—"It was very kind of you to "give them some music," said a third. "I have "only been five minutes," said I, and looked down, to avoid the raillery of their gaze, when, to my great annoyance, I perceived the side of my cloak was covered with flour. This looks rather suspicious, thought I, I fear they'll not take me for such a *Saint* as I look; however, I endeavoured to change the subject to my music, and although I did play to them, I perceived that the too visible mark of the cook seemed to amuse them more than my music, so I was glad to relieve myself from their merriment as soon as possible, and framing an excuse for being in a hurry, wished them good morning.

Confound that cook, said I, when I had got into the road, and was shaking off the impression of her regard; I must be more careful when I flirt

with these kind of nymphs, since they are apt to make such lasting impressions. I now shaped my course down to the inn, and, passing a shop where I saw rather a pretty girl, and water cakes put up to sell, I entered to get one or two of them, just to chat with her. I am seldom at a loss to commence a conversation with a stranger, but on the present occasion I must confess I was not very quick. The girl looked remarkably reserved, and eyed me by side glances. I never used to imagine that these looks arose from the natural cause—the comical dress I had on—for I had become quite reconciled to it myself; but imputed these glances to softer motives. On such awkward occasions as these, I had always recourse to my guitar to introduce conversation. My guitar was to me what a *chevalier d'industrie's* snuff-box is to him—a very easy method of engaging a stranger in conversation, without the slightest hazard of the party supposing you to take a liberty by addressing them. "Do you like music?" said I to her. "Very much, indeed," said the girl. I then offered, after a little more conversation, to play, if she would shut the shop door and go into the back parlour. The girl assented to my proposition, never having heard or seen such an instrument before, and we were very soon seated in her snug little back parlour. I had scarcely been here three minutes, when a violent shaking came at the door, and the girl ran impatiently to open

it; knowing well who it was. "What, in the name "of patience," said an ugly old woman, "do you "shut this door for?"—"Oh! mother," said the girl, "do come and listen to a Spaniard; he's play- "ing such beautiful music."—"What!" croaked out the old woman, and she came into the parlour, looking thunder itself. I got up, made a low bow, and smiled. "Oh!" said the old woman, trying to smile too, and then walked slowly round the table, eyeing me most suspiciously. "Pray, "Sir," said the girl, "do sing another pretty tune "to my mother." Wishing to gain the old woman's good-will, for her daughter's sake, I sang my very best—a Spanish song to an English air. "Ah! that's very pretty," said the old woman; "go up stairs, you are wanted there," speaking to her daughter, and then addressing me with a smile, "it's uncommon pretty, Sir, pray sing another."—"Madam," said I, "I am excessivement occupy; "another time I come;" and then wished her good bye; for the old devil had sent away her daughter, and I could not see any thing in the mama to induce me to stay.

As I was returning home, a lady on horseback asked me if I would go to her house in the evening; she was going to have a *soirée*. Any thing for novelty, said I to myself, so I agreed. The hour of appointment arriving, I went off to the house. The footman was going to show me up, when a thought struck me that I would ask if any

persons of the name of my acquaintances were there. "Stop! stop!" said I, "is not Mr. —— " here?" putting the question as though I knew he was. "Yes," was the reply. "Oh! master, I " have forgot de strings; I will return *toute à* " *l'heure.*" As soon as I got out of the house I took to my heels as hard as I could, congratulating myself on having avoided so awkward an encounter, very little caring about the unceremoniousness of my departure.

The next day I took a walk to see the high rocks and trees, situate about a mile and a half from the village. I was much delighted with their appearance. The rocks were not very high, but the novelty of trees growing out of them made them very interesting. There is an inn here, and the speculative proprietor has gone to considerable expense in ornamenting different parts about the place, making little bridges of communication from one rock to another; and has beautified it very much with a large grass plat, with parterres, and various romantically-formed bowers for his visitors to retire to, either to sip tea, coffee, or any more potent drink which his rustic establishment may afford. As a sort of certain indemnification for his expenses, a charge of three-pence is demanded on entering this delightful retreat, called "Tea " Gardens." I was very much pleased with the ingenuity of the arrangement. As I walked about this solitary place, my thoughts turned upon my

family. They little think I am wandering about England, disguised as a minstrel. How astonished will they be to hear of my strange expedition. I was giving way to a very agreeable reverie in this strain, when I was suddenly addressed by a lady with, "Oh! where is your guitar?" I looked at her without replying, being rather absorbed in thought, but not with the characteristic humility I had adopted. "I beg your "pardon," said the young lady, very much astonished, "I thought you were a Spaniard."—"*Oui,* "*oui, madame,*" said I, recollecting myself, "*je* "*vous demande pardonne, et je suis fâché que* "*je n'ai pas ma guitarre avec moi,*" and then went away. On my return home, I found my landlord in deep consultation with his wife, and from his appearance I was induced to ask him the cause. "A bill of a few shillings he wished to "pay," was the reply. "Then," said I, "I will "pay you what I owe you; perhaps it may be "enough." I was happy to find it was, and then retired to my room. The next morning I packed up my luggage, had it carried to the van for Brighton, and started off on foot, notwithstanding the pain and excessive fatigue I had suffered on my journey from Hastings to Tunbridge. How like human nature! Directly our sufferings leave us, we forget them, and are ready to expose ourselves to the same difficulties again.

I had not proceeded far on my road, when I was

overtaken by a cart, and I asked permission to ride, to which the driver immediately assented. As we were jogging on, we overtook some hawkers, who, observing that the cart was rather large, and, according to their opinions, but slightly loaded, asked permission to ride. "No, no," said the driver. "We'll give you summut to drink," said an old woman. The driver still answered in the negative. What a lucky fellow, thought I to myself; without the powerful allurement of "summut to drink" I have been enabled to get a ride;—novelty pleases, and I doubt not this has been the cause of my success. My companion was remarkably talkative, asked me many questions respecting myself, and seemed much pleased with the account I gave him. After riding about a mile and a half he turned in another direction, so that I got down, and returned him many thanks. "You are very welcome," said he, making a low and respectful bow; and I almost fancied he gave me credit for having conferred an obligation upon him.

By half-past two I arrived at Uckfield, a distance of about fourteen miles, where I was glad to go into an inn to rest myself, as well as to get my dinner. As it would have cost me too much to have ordered one, I was obliged to perform the disagreeable part of caterer; and, proceeding to the butcher's and baker's, I brought back the materials for dinner, and delivered them over to the cook to

dress with her utmost speed, whilst I regaled myself with some shrub and water. I met with no events in my journey which annoyed me so much as the kind I was now subjected to. I never enjoy my dinner if I see it in its crude state; and, unfortunately for me, I was too frequently compelled, as I walked from one place to another, to become my own caterer. My dinner was cooked and laid on the table under my immediate inspection; and, as well as I could command my feelings, I proceeded to exercise my knife and fork over the mutton chops, which were all crammed into the plate I had to eat off. I had often heard that chops were best eaten hot off the gridiron. I must confess, however, that I am not so epicurean as to be of this opinion; and I would much rather, at any time, that my dinner should run the hazard of a cooling journey up a flight of stairs, than that I should be present while it was cooked.

However, I did not make so bad a repast; and after taking another glass of shrub and water I was in very good condition to renew my journey. I now proceeded on to Lewes, distant about seven miles, where I proposed stopping for the night. I overtook an old woman and her son, who had been at Uckfield, hopping. I had not said many words, before she told me that the hopping season was drawing to a close, and that the hop-gatherers were going to have a supper on Monday next; that a bullock had already been killed for the

occasion, and a large butt of beer had been provided. Her thoughts seemed to be entirely on the coming feast, and she was anticipating all the joy that good eating and drinking invariably creates in the minds of those unfortunate classes of beings who are little accustomed to know what it is. I was much surprised to hear her say that she was going to Lewes, from which place she was in the habit of coming to Uckfield every day, to gather hops, for the small sum of one shilling and sixpence. Sometimes she rode, but generally walked there and back. She was not singular in this respect, she added, as there were many others who walked the same distance, and many who would be glad to walk further, if they could get work to do. We little know the hardships the lower classes suffer, thought I to myself, living in gay and dissipated cities. If we meet with the slightest disappointment in the pleasures of the day—if we find, in the idleness of our lives, that the time hangs rather heavily—if we fail to meet with the same luxuries we have always been accustomed to, not from a reverse of fortune, but from some accidental circumstance: then do we complain of these *trifles* as hardships, and think ourselves unfortunate indeed. But if we could see into the lives of trouble, anxiety, and too frequently, alas! penury of the lower classes—if we could but hear even the story of this poor hard-working woman—then would we cease to complain

of the slight disappointments we meet with, and consider ourselves blessed in being so well provided for. Were I only to buy this experience by the journey I had undertaken, I should think myself amply repaid for the fatigues I had undergone.

God forbid, that I should be in want of a heart tofeel for the distressed, or a hand to relieve them, if I had wherewith do so; but this knowledge will surely make me sympathize more deeply with them. The unfortunate object of my meditation now called on some of her acquaintances, and I continued on without her. I now fell in with an immensely tall herculean-looking countryman, who had just come from London, after driving some sheep there. We had scarcely exchanged half a dozen words with each other, when, to my great astonishment, he entered on the subject of religion. I fancied of all his principles Piety was the weakest, but, to my great error, I found it the strongest. He seemed (according to his own account) to observe strictly the rules laid down in his religion, was a staunch protestant, and had a most thorough hatred of the Irish, because they were catholics; and spoke of them and their habits with horror. If, thought I, the low Irish are exasperated against the English protestants, and curse them, like the two catholics I met at Tunbridge and Dover, there are English who return the compliment with as much vehemence. He seemed to be well acquainted with the town I was going

to, so that I asked him if he could recommend me to an inn. He mentioned the Wheat Sheaf, as being a very good one; and after walking a little farther, we arrived at his cottage, and he wished me good night.

As I was entering the town of Lewes, a man came up to me, and begged charity, in French. He said he was a Swiss soldier, and was now making his road for London; that a baker was so kind as to give him a loaf of bread, which he had under his arm, but he wanted some money for a night's lodging. I opened my cloak, and discovered to him that I was not the person he had taken me for, observing that I played music for my livelihood. "I beg your pardon," said he, "for I "took you for a gentleman." There was something so very peculiar in this remark, that I could not help smiling, although I perfectly knew what he meant; but to beg a man's pardon because you take him for a gentleman, sounds, at first, rather droll. I assisted him as well as the scantiness of my funds would admit of, and he thanked me very gratefully, and went away. I inquired after the Wheat Sheaf, where, on my arrival, asking for a bed, I was told they were all occupied. I was then obliged to go in search of one elsewhere; and, after visiting several places, I got one at a little low inn called the S——.

I asked for some tea, which was immediately provided, as well as a tub of cold water to refresh

my feet. There were two lads in the room, who asked me if I could speak French. "You "have a cold," said one of them to me. "I have "indeed," said I. "I caught it by sleeping in a "room where there was a pane of the window "entirely broken out, notwithstanding I gave a "shilling for my bed."—"The English—" said he, "we are not English but Irish—impose very "much upon foreigners. They belong to a very bad "religion, and ill-treat the Irish very much; but "the Irish are making great preparations to gain "the rights of their religion by force, and are "practising every day the use of fire-arms." I was quite astonished to find there was such general antipathy from the Irish towards the English; I did not expect to find it amongst boys, if amongst men. High time, indeed, for the *Brunswick clubs* to be formed. There was a company of four persons in the room, and a care-worn looking woman, the wife of one of the parties: I did not like the appearance of these people. I have had but little opportunity heretofore of seeing suspicious characters, but I, nevertheless, felt convinced, from the peculiarity of their appearance, their significant looks at each other, as well as whispering, that they were not the most honest characters in the world. They were unusually civil to me in all they did say, and asked me as to what was my particular calling when I travelled; I answered all their questions as they were put.

without the slightest restraint. They all took to their pipes, the woman not excepted, and I then turned off to bed, for which I was asked sixpence, as payment in advance. I was shown into a room with four beds; out of this number I picked out the one that I thought was the best (though I believe they were all equally bad), and soon tumbled into it. Notwithstanding I was very much fatigued, my eyes were strangers to sleep for some time, arising from that horrid cause which made me say at Canterbury, "I "would not pass another such a night, though "'twere to buy a world of happy days." Whilst I was turning about in this state of torment, and pulling the sheet close about me, that I might perhaps in some measure exclude these merciless bloodsuckers, three of the party I had left below came into the room to occupy the remaining beds. After they had got into bed, and were proceeding to discuss some of their affairs, one of them said stop, and then asked me several times if I could talk English. At each time I answered him with no more than the common monosyllable, no! They then commenced a conversation in bye words, as if they wished to do a certain something.

I did not understand one expression of their jargon, but I began to suspect they belonged to the light-fingered art; and, although I had very little money, I thought it would be better saved than lost; so I softly bent down to the bottom of the bed, and

took hold of my trowsers, and placed them under my head. "Do you think it is worth while, for "the dubbs?" said one. Its lucky, thought I to myself, that I have just made this move, or else my dubbs, as he calls them, would stand a very fair chance of soon changing owners. "No!" replied the other, "not for such a trifle; he must be "leaky, and if you are nabb'd its awkward to be "clinking for such a trifle." They then talked of something else, which their peculiar language again made perfectly unintelligible, though I doubt not on a similar subject; one of their methods of getting a livelihood, I found out, was by begging, each one going a different direction about the town. One of the party was absent—the married one. They all seemed to dislike him for his over fondness for dress, always carrying with him a great many clothes, which they considered as perfectly inconsistent with their distressed situation, and that it would be much better to sell them. The conversation now began to flag, and, wishing each other good night, they fell off to sleep. I cannot say that I fell off to sleep so easily, as I was tormented too much. When all my little enemies had relaxed their nipping salutations, I then began to feel a little more easy, and, at last, to enjoy the sweets of a sound sleep. The first thing I did when I awoke the next morning, was to feel if my purse were where I left it, as the strangers were up, and gone out of the room; and, to my very great

astonishment, it was safe. I suppose this arose from one of the fellows not liking to be clinked, as he termed it. After breakfast I went off to the post-office, and put a letter in for London, to request that some money would be sent me to Brighton. I was resolved on not being pushed to the same awkward extremity that I suffered at Tunbridge Wells. I bought myself a flannel waistcoat, and, as the weather was getting rather cold, I found it very comfortable.

CHAP. X.

Arrival at Brighton—The Quakers' Meeting—Invited to Dinner by a Friend—*A Walk on the Pier—The Dinner—A new Scene on Sunday—"How happy could I be with either"—The Plagiarist exposed—Again detected—Prospect of a pretty Pupil—The Quaker's Farewell—The Post-Office—A Disappointment—A stout Resolution—The Boy's School—A theatrical Scullion.*

I ARRIVED at Brighton by twelve o'clock, and proceeded to the coach-office about my luggage, and then to look for apartments. It was some time before I could meet with such as I liked, and, going into a cook-shop to get some refreshment, I managed to get a very comfortable room in this eligible quarter. Returning to the coffee-room, a man entered into conversation with me, and asked me where I came from, what I was doing, &c. all which questions I regularly answered, and after a short time I observed to him that I felt very anxious to see the interior of the pavilion, and should like much to know how I could do so. "I

" have seen all over it," said he, " and I can get " you to see it next Monday at twelve o'clock, as " I know the porter." I returned him many thanks, but had my reasons for avoiding his society in future.

I went off to the van-office for my luggage, which I had sent to my lodgings; from this I walked on the pier, and was very much gratified with its elegant structure. The next day, being Sunday, I was considering what church I should go to, and in a moment I determined on a quaker's meeting: no sooner conceived than adopted. I asked the landlord where there was one. " There's " one in Ship Street," said he. " So you are a " Quaker, master, are you?" he added, " Well, " I thought somehow, by the cut of your pantile, " (hat) you was something or other in that way." It was near a quarter-past ten, as I went off to the meeting, according to directions; and putting on as sanctified an air as I could muster, I walked very slowly in, and was immediately conducted to a seat. I took off my hat, and held my head down a sufficient time to have repeated a good long prayer, but my thoughts were not directed that way. As I raised my head, and observed every body with their hats on, I replaced mine. Perfect silence prevailed, and each friend was in an attitude of secret adoration; the women on one side of the room, the men on the other; but I found that, notwithstanding their punctilious devo-

tion, they occasionally neglected the spirit to have a sly look at the stranger. Silence was at last broken, by a man of about thirty years of age, who rose, and took off his hat, then placing his hands upon the railing before him, with cast-down eyes spoke in a most disagreeably-squeaking voice, which appeared to be affected. He managed to spin out his address for about ten minutes, and then sat down, applying his hand to his head, as if in silent prayer. I could not, for the life and soul of me, recollect what he said; for his utterance being artificial, annoyed the drum of my ear, so that I could not distinctly understand him. About a quarter of an hour after, another person rose, and in the same squeaking style addressed us for about ten minutes; on this occasion the men turned their backs on the speaker. Prayers were again continued in silence, and at twelve o'clock the last speaker got up, and said the meeting was over; the male part of the community immediately shaking hands, departed in peace.

I then walked out very slowly, to attract their attention. To my annoyance, their curiosity did not show itself, as not one of them spoke to me; but being resolved to try to get into a conversation, if I could, I returned to the chapel, pretending that I had lost my glove. One of them came up to me, saying, "Friend! what is it thou seekest?"—"Oh," said I, pulling one glove out of my pocket, to imply that I came to seek its fellow. "He smiled,

and entered into conversation with me. With a shrug of the shoulders I told him I could not talk English, and asked him if he could talk French. He then called to one of the *Friends*, who was not slow to exhibit his knowledge in this language. "He's a nice fellow enough," said the person who first addressed me; "suppose I "ask him to dine with us?"—"Ask him to dine "with us," said he to the one who smattered a little French. The invitation was put, and very readily accepted—the very sort of thing I wanted. "I fear," said I, "my dress is not sufficiently "genteel." At which he smiled, and said it was not of the least consequence, and we all walked (six in number) to his house. My worthy host and his friend stopped at a door, on which was written, "B—s, Tallow Chandler and Grocer." *N'importe*, said I to myself, so that the fumes do not invade the dining-room. The door was soon opened, and in a few minutes one of the party proposed a walk on the Pier before dinner. I was consulted, and agreed, and we all started off together. I was placed between two of them, arm in arm, and a more comical-looking trio I think could not possibly have been seen. I enjoyed all this most gloriously, and, in order to appear a Quaker, I gave my hat, which I wore on one side, a gentle push with my shoulder, and put it square on my head, and looked as much like a Quaker as any of them. What extra-

ordinary people, thought I to myself, are these, to admit so strange a dressed fellow to walk with them. There was a statue of His present Majesty, just erected on the Steyne, and my friends stopped for some time to look at it. The large crowd of persons around it, however, very anxiously turned their eyes towards me. Many curious remarks on the comical-looking Quaker followed. "Shall we go on, friend?" said one to the other, supposing that I was annoyed, and we proceeded to the Pier. On arriving at the end of it, I found a great many loungers, who preferred the sea breeze to a close church, and used their glasses very freely to look at the fresh arrival. There were several Quakers here, who came up to my companions with "How dost thee "do? Who is that thou hast got with thee?" to which a full explanation followed, in whispers.

We walked several times up and down the cross walk, and I perceived every one was on the *qui vive.* One or two remarks, such as "*Qu'il* "*est drôle voilà un Quaker Espagnol!—un* "*Turque prosolyte,*"—met my ear; and, although not a muscle was altered in my countenance, I was enjoying their looks as well as their comments. We returned to his house by one o'clock, where dinner was all ready. Mr. B—— took one end of the table, his wife the other, with her daughter on her right, and I on her left; I wished particularly to be on the same side as the little

Quakeress. Our dinner was in the hospitable style of these people, called a cold one, on account of Sunday, and consisted of two hot plum-puddings, cold roast beef and pork, and apple-sauce, with potatoes, and pickles. Mrs. B—— helped me to some of the privileged plum-pudding, which was served first. Through an interpreter, I told her I was exceedingly uncomfortable in being assisted before the young lady on the right. She replied, with a smile, "that it was customary to "help strangers first." By the time she had assisted every one at the table, I was ready to return to "plum-pudding," for it was the most excellent thing in the pudding way that I had tasted since the last apple dumpling that the baker gave me at Canterbury; I was requested to help myself to wine, of which there were two bottles, port and sherry, placed on each side of my plate. I partook of the latter, and found it delicious. "What madest thee go to our Meeting?" said Mrs. B——. "Madam," said I, "I met some "*Quakeroes*."—"We call them *Amis*," said a young Quaker. "*Pardonne*," said I; "well, "I met some *Quakeroes*—no, *Amis*, I mean, who "were very kind to me." This I made up at the moment; when they began to enumerate several of their friends to me, who were in that quarter. And on my saying, "No! that's not the "name," they seemed for some time to be very much puzzled, and tormented themselves to find

out who the friend could be, until they were obliged "*to give it up.*"

After dinner, I thought it was my turn to put a few questions to them. Affecting frankness of manner, "I remark," said I, "that you do not "take off your hats on entering into a room."— "No," they replied.—"You do not do so if you "are in the presence of the King." "That is "equally true," said they. "We do not see any "reason," says Mr. B——, with exultation, at the independence of their tenets; and then added, "We never pay man the same homage we do to "our Creator." Then he looked towards the rest, as if he thought his remark was a religious axiom, and every body smiled their approbation. "The "taking off the hat," said I, "is a mere cere- "mony, which I would go through from polite- "ness, on entering a room; and to kings a cer- "tain respect is always necessary; let it be of "whatever form it may, and, although it should "resemble a religious one, still it would be "totally different, as we should adopt it with "very different ideas." At this remark, their smiling countenances became clouded. The worthy Quaker, Mr. B——, told Joseph to tell me it was their custom. "*Ami,*" said I, "what is thy "reason for not calling persons by *Monsieur* and "*Madame?*" Here the Quaker's countenance gladdened a little at being able to give a more reasonable answer. "We draw our authority from

" the Testament, which forbade any titles; and " we never acknowledge them, unless they are " the right of inheritance."—" I am not conver- " sant with the New Testament."—" Art thee " not ?"—" No," I replied; " I never read it."— " Friend, hast thou never ?" exclaimed Mrs. B——, in a dreadful fright, as if she thought the roof would fall on so impious a fellow as myself. " We will give thee one, in French." On which every one made some slight remark, as to the propriety of doing so. " Fren," said I, attempting to pronounce the English, " *Je* " *vous dirai.* If a person were to address me in " my Christian name without Monsieur before it, " I should think it a great piece of rudeness; " though, as I know it is your custom, of course I " do not expect it."—" Oh !" said Mrs. B——, " we do not mean thee any thing unkind, but " what is thy name?"—" Señor Don Juan de " Vega," was the reply.—" We do not understand " that, friend," continued the old lady, smiling at the idea of my supposing they did. " Wilt thou " write it down ?" I did so. Mrs. B —— read as follows, Señor Don Jooan de Vegay. " Don Jooan, " I declare," said she, with a smile on her countenance. " Wilt thee give it to me," said a young Quaker. She did so, and it was regularly passed round the table; and I perceived their countenances light up with gaiety, as if in recollection of some of the curious adventures of Byron's

hero of that name. My host seemed to enjoy the thing very much, and looked at the rest of the party laughingly, in allusion to the curious name I had. He showed very strong symptoms of wishing to express his ideas about it; but I suppose a sober thought came over him, that he would be perhaps giving rise to thoughts which were far from being so holy as the nature of the day imperatively enjoined, and would thereby be setting a bad example to the younger branches of his family; and a smile was all that he allowed his feelings to give way to. "Friend," said my hostess, "thee hast the "beard on the upper lip,—hast thee been in the "army?"—"I have," I replied, "and was in the "recent revolution of my country, am now an "emigrant in England, and play the guitar for "my support."—"We do not like music, or "dancing."

"Oh, war!" exclaimed a young Quaker, in a squeaking tone, "it is a most uncharitable, cruel "thing; it is sinful to fight against each other." "But, friend," said I, "had Buonaparte invaded "England, you would not have considered it "sinful to have fought against him." Here he paused for some time; and then added, "No, "friend; in thy own defence, thou shouldst "fight." I then continued, "I was once in an "engagement with cavalry; I was on foot, and "the men who were immediately before me were "killed; a French horseman rushed in, and

" made a desperate cut at me with his sabre. I " warded it off" (and, reversing the general English style of winding up their chivalric deeds of fiction, by saying I cut off his head, I observed a more feasible circumstance by saying), " I *ran him* " *through*; but, in defending my head from his " blow, he cut me on the thumb," pointing to a scar I had from an accident when a little boy. " Horrible! cruel! unholy! unneighbourlike!" were uttered by different members of the dinner party, who all alike appeared shocked at my story, and expressed the warmest sympathy for the dangers I had been in; and then a discussion followed on the folly and wickedness of going to war. " What a pity," said Mrs. B——, " that we cannot " always remain in peace; that we cannot be less " jealous of what our neighbour has, and do unto " him as we would wish him to do unto us." To this I assented. About three o'clock preparations were made for going to meeting again. " Wilt " thee come to meeting again?" said the old lady. " *Merci*," said I. What an amiable people, thought I to myself, as I was left alone at the table. What simplicity of manners; what genuine philanthropy—how perfectly ridiculous must the ceremonious forms of other classes of people appear to them. There was something so admirable, so artless, so unostentatious in their manner, that I determined, if ever I changed my religion, I would become a Quaker. " Well,

" friend," said my host, breaking in upon my reverie, " I wish thee farewell." I shook hands with him, but feeling some money in his, I suddenly withdrew mine, observing, that I did not require it. " Thou must take it."—" *My fren, je n'en* " *manque pas!*"—" Nonsense," said he, putting it into my hand, and ran away! I shook hands with them all, and then returned to my lodgings, and, putting my hand into my pocket, I found another half-crown. What a shame it is, I exclaimed, as I left their hospitable roof, that I should be so uselessly robbing these excellent people of that which they have to work so hardly for. However disagreeable these circumstances were to me, it was totally impossible to avoid them, in the forlorn appearance I wore; and although I practised a deception, their charitable virtues were pure, and I most sincerely hope that every happiness and success may attend their honest labours, for the sake of their own feelings, as well as those who need the aid of disinterested benevolence. Their invitation to me was neither marked by vulgar curiosity nor ostentation. They took me for a stranger in distress, fed me with luxurious hospitality, and gave their bounty with such exquisite delicacy, that I was perfectly overcome.

I had gone into the back parlour, and was indulging in this delightful train of reflections over my coffee, when a gentle tap at the door roused me, and, looking up, I perceived a woman with a

large tin ladle in her hand, which she used for a knocker, beckoning me to go into the room where she was. As I never allowed an opportunity of examining the manners of the lower classes of people to pass me, I opened the door, and went into the kitchen. Here were assembled a man-cook, a woman ditto, a housemaid, and a dirty-looking scullion boy. "You are an uncommon "nice-looking fellow," said the saucy cook, whose name I soon learnt was Martha, and gave me a hard gripe on the shoulder with her large hand. After rubbing the injured part a little, I gave her hand a squeeze, in token of my being pleased with her appearance. "Give us a tune," said she. "Yes," said I, "conditionally, that you dance;" for I had a peculiar *penchant* to see these kind of people jigging. "Oh Lord! yes," said she, and taking hold of the lame man-cook, the scullion boy (by no means wanting in gallantry) invited the housemaid to be his partner, and they commenced a reel, to the tune of Judy O'Callaghan. Whilst these happy creatures were "kicking a "dust," in came the landlord, half drunk, and swearing most dreadfully at the noise they were making. "Never mind, Señor," said Martha, as this fellow left the room, "I dare say we will be "able to pass our time very well," and then begged me to seat myself by her side. "Don't be so bold," said the housemaid, Fanny, at the same time making so bold as to sit on the other side of me.

I was, indeed, a thistle between two roses. The cook's arm fell on my neck, and Fanny's hand was pulling the button-hole of my pocket, so I, as usual, adopting my manners to my society, looked at the cook with all the love my eyes could express, which she returned, but added many sweet things into the bargain. Fanny was very restless, and fidgeted until she broke the button-hole. In this *loving position*, Martha's greasy cheek some how or other came in contact with mine, and, in order that Fanny should not be jealous, the same occurred with her. The landlady making her appearance, I was pushed into the parlour, "*O tem-*" "*pora, O mores!*" said I. Do not judge harshly, gentle reader; you will not find many such incidents in my journey. I was in search of novelty, and to submit was more professional than according to my taste.—I was amusing myself with my guitar in my own room about eleven o'clock, when the door opened softly, and these two nymphs appeared before me. I had no time to think of ghosts, before the real voice of Martha whispered, "Come, Señor, "give us a jig;" and I commenced the College Hornpipe, when they came in to trip it "on the "light fantastic toe." I shook with laughter, whilst these damsels continued to shake the room and furniture, till I expected to see it disappear out of the window. Fanny suggested the propriety of going to bed, or else it would be too late. "Very "well," said the cook. "Good night, Señor."—

"Good night, Señor," says Fanny, and both lingered at the door, in very strange doubt, as I thought. "Well, now, we *must* go," said Fanny, endeavouring to push Martha out, but no—Martha was more knowing, and, by a cunning manœuvre, made Fanny go first, and then gave me a sign that she hoped for a better opportunity. Fanny also moved her hand to me, and they went away. At half-past twelve I retired to rest.

In the course of the following day a person with whom I entered into conversation, told me he had been a long time in Spain, and was himself very fond of the guitar. I presented him with mine, and he played to me a piece of music which my guitar-master passed off to me as his own composition, giving it an English name. It was a very beautiful thing, and called a *Seguidilla*. I shall not fail, thought I to myself, to let him know how he has been imposing on my credulity, to bolster up his own merit. Well, indeed, might the author of this exquisite piece of music say,—"*Ego hos versiculos feci—alter tulit honores.*" However, it is certainly a dangerous thing to claim another's merit; and although the hazard is, at first, attended with success, the result is generally fatal. It has had such an effect with me towards my master, that I think I should be some time before I again gave credence to what he might tell me.

Brighton was now getting very full, and I found

myself in very general requisition, and I became generally known all over the town. My system now, of asking for employment, was merely by gently passing my fingers across the guitar, and looking up at the persons who might be at the windows. I one day saw a man-servant looking at me very hard, I returned his gaze, and discovered a pensioned coachman of my father's. The old rogue knew me immediately, and, raising his hand, shook both it and his head at me, and then gave way to a little laugh. This annoyed me extremely, and I frowned at him; when he changed his countenance, and went away.

A gentleman entered into conversation with me in Italian, and asked me if I would go with him to his house, and he conducted me to one leading out of the Marine Parade. "I have brought," said he, to a young lady whom he addressed as his daughter, "a young Spaniard, to play to you." The young lady rose, and, very graciously bowing, begged me to be seated. As she was very beautiful, I played with all the feeling that my little skill would allow; and, as usual, chose the *seguidilla*, it being the prettiest piece of music I was acquainted with. The young lady spoke of it in raptures, and asked me if I could teach the guitar. I affected to be reluctant in profiting by her question; and observed, that I feared I was unable to do so; but, if she could play by ear, I could teach it her immediately. She believed she could learn

music by ear with perfect ease. Papa and mamma remarked, that it certainly would be an advantage to her, to learn my *particular style.*

Our conversation turned on a variety of subjects, and more particularly to the cause of my coming to England; the time flew very rapidly, and until I was at the door, just going away, I forgot to speak to her about teaching her my *particular style.* I felt a determination to return, but 'twas too late—"*Bon jour*" was uttered, and I was obliged to go. It was only on occasions like these, when I met with an exceedingly pretty girl, that I turned "*Maestro de la Chit-*" *tura.*" I resolved on revisiting this quarter, and marked well the number of the house, and name of the street; and soon after reached my lodgings.

In the evening the servant came to my room, saying a gentleman wished to speak to me. I went down stairs, when a person came up to me, and said, "I have come to wish thee good bye."—"I am much obliged to you," said I, "but I am "not aware I have the pleasure of being ac-"quainted with you."—"Oh!" said he, with astonishment (and well he might, for I had perfectly forgotten him), "I walked with thee, arm in arm, "with friend B—, on the Pier."—"I recollect you "perfectly, now," said I, though I must confess I did not, all Quakers being so much alike. "God "bless thee, fare thee well;" and putting out his

hand, I shook it with cordiality, and a dollar fell on the floor; he picked it up and presented it to me. I endeavoured to persuade him that I was not in need of it, but he would not hear of a refusal; and, again shaking my hand, went away. I think this made up about twenty shillings, or more, that I had taken from these generous Quakers, and although they were not poor, I have no reason to believe that they had more money than they knew how to dispose of. The next day, Monday, 13th October, I went to the post-office, to see if there was a letter for me, in answer to the one I had sent off to London, for some money to be sent down to me. On my way, as may be supposed, I was naturally anxious about it. It was not the money alone, I wished to have some news of my family. On my arrival at the post-office, I gave the address of the letter I expected to the person in attendance; he read it, and then proceeded to examine the letters. The feelings I experienced at that moment I cannot faithfully describe; my eyes were riveted on the hand which was rapidly shifting the letters—my whole frame was in a tremour; I dared not flatter myself with success—a letter promised too much happiness. A very few remained for examination—I thought my case quite hopeless, when, to my unutterable joy, the last but one was for me. The man carelessly flung it down; I seized it with the rapidity of thought, and, paying for it, proceeded to my

lodgings as fast as my legs could carry me. I found it was addressed to me, to the care of "Señor Juan de Vega." These alwas soon broken, and my eyes ran with avidity over its contents. The first information was, I could not have the money I required; but such was my anxiety to get at the other news, that I passed this by carelessly.

I read it two or three times, with the greatest delight, laughing heartily at the earnest advice given to me to take care of my health, and be very guarded of what I *said* and *did* in Madrid. I then began to reflect seriously on my disappointment, in not being able to get the money; and will candidly confess I was by no means in the most amiable temper at this conduct of ——'s, in refusing to forward my money; it was, however, precisely in accordance with his general system of acting. It was of little use bewailing over my disappointment, and I had now only to make the best of it. I was very anxious to prosecute my journey through Great Britain and Ireland, and was resolved that so slight an impediment should not frustrate my resolution; and heaping a load of maledictions on the unnatural author of my wrongs, I left him to surfeit in the misery of his heart, and determined to proceed. The winter is coming on, thought I to myself, my hands are not hard enough to tinkle the guitar in frosty weather; the most favourable season for Troubadours is past; I have already got sufficient to pay my way, but

it remains a query whether, in the cold season, I can do so; as my guitar will be my sole dependance, for I cannot write to London again, and my family now suppose me to be abroad; I must make hay when the sun shines, and apply this principle to the cold weather. As the winter gradually comes on, I may, perhaps, in the same ratio, become more hardy. Past difficulties make interesting reflections, but are very disagreeable in anticipation. An awkward picture of the future presented itself, but I was resolved to undertake the task, at all hazards. There are men, continued I, and hundreds of them, who live solely by their out-door musical performances. They *must* play in winter as well as summer. I know the improvidence of the lower classes; they will not save up their summer earnings to guard against winter hardships. It is true, they are more hardy than I am, and well seasoned to all sorts of weather and adversities. I have once put up with a bread-and-water breakfast, why can I not again? I labour under many disadvantages which the usual itinerant musicians do not, but the glory of the undertaking will be the greater; and if I successfully prosecute it, then I shall know, for the future, what I am really capable of. It only wants resolution, so *Vive la musique!* on I'll go, and a fig for "——."

Carefully putting this unpropitious, though welcome letter in my carpet bag, I went down to breakfast. In the course of my wanderings I went

to a house called the Italian Temple. From the interior of the edifice I thought for certain it could not belong to any other than a person of consequence, either in blood or wealth. I went into the court-yard, and walked round to the front window. An immense number of boys came flocking to the window, and a young French gentleman, who also happened to be standing at the door, immediately entered into conversation with me. Having answered his questions, I asked if there were any Spaniards in the school, supposing it to be one. "*Non, Monsieur,*" said he, "I am very sorry, "they left but a few days ago." I am very glad, though, said I to myself, and then confidently walked closer to the door. It was now school hours, but the boys, nevertheless, kept close to the window, apparently much amused with my dress, making a great noise by their voices, sometimes mingled with laughter. "Silence! silence!" I heard repeatedly uttered, by a strong deep-toned voice. This word, and its application, brought back thoughts of ten years past! After a frequent repetition of this exclamation, the schoolmaster, finding that he could not keep his boys still, by simply calling silence! came to listen himself to my music. "Tell him," said he to the young French gentleman, "that we do not require any "more." He did as he was requested, and I walked away. The master went in, and the boys turned to their tasks again. The young gentle-

man accompanied me to the outer gate, where we had a little conversation. He asked me how I liked the English? I put the same question to him. "*Du tout*," said he; "that great fellow, "who told you to go away, is one, and a very "sulky one too. They have very good hearts, "but horrid manners." I now wished him good morning, and returned to my lodgings.

As I was reading the paper, after dinner, in came the scullion boy, whose name was Charles, and, putting himself in a theatrical attitude, asked me, in a whispering tone of voice, if I would lend him a sixpence, which he would return on the following day. As I am one of those mischievous beings who sometimes delight in seeing a fellow in an awkward extremity, I affected not to understand what he said. Poor Charles then changed his position, and, putting the left foot forward, began as follows, and with a peculiarly-interesting smile, said, "Will you," pointing his finger at me, "lend," here his hand fell to his pocket, "me," both his hands were placed on his heart, "a sixpence," and up went four fingers and two thumbs, whilst he continued uttering for some time, "pennies, you know—penny—penny." I broke out into an immoderate roar of laughter at this curious, but very expressive style to which the fellow had recourse, and put my hands in my pocket, to give him what he asked; at the noise, in came the lame man-cook, begging to know what it was

I was laughing at. "I don't know," said I, "but "Charles wants me—" "To play some music," added Charles; "your pretty guitar, you know;" for he did not like it to be known that he had asked me to lend him some money! "You are a "rum fellow, Charles," said the man, as if disbelieving what he had said, and then went limping back into the kitchen. "Now!" said Charles, "now!" (not in allusion to the music,) and I gave him a shilling, observing, that I hoped he would be punctual to his promise. He gave me his word he would, and strengthened it by moving his hand theatrically to his heart, turned his heel, and made his exit with a low bow.

This poor boy used to afford me an immense deal of amusement, particularly by reciting different parts of plays. He was by no means without ability, and though awkward in some things, from a want of instruction, he showed considerable talent in others. His very life was, according to his own account, a romance. He was only sixteen, and was obliged to leave his last situation from a love affair with a fellow-servant. I shall have an opportunity of saying a little more of him another time; at present I leave him to revel with his shilling.

CHAPTER XI.

A naughty Old Lady—Wright's Library—I am engaged for the evening in Hanover Crescent—Collins's Ode on the Passions, by the Seullion in Pantomime—I am engaged to teach the Guitar—An inquisitive Customer—Adventure at a Tailor's—A Brother Minstrel—An Introduction—The First Lesson—The Town discussed at the French Minstrel's—His Adventures—The Madman—A peeping Husband—The lost Husband.

THE next day I went off to the Marine Parade, to see the young lady whose beauty had pleased me so much a few days before. On sounding my guitar opposite the house, she came to the window, and I was invited to walk in. After a short conversation I was requested to play the *Seguidilla*; I did so. Her mamma said to her, "You had "better learn it."—"I *can* play," said she to me, taking up the guitar, and played to me, as well as she could, and then said she knew it. Confound your vanity, you sweet little creature, said I to myself, I perceive this is an insurmountable

objection to my teaching you "my particular "style," as your mamma calls it; and so framing an excuse, I abruptly went away.

Going up the Rock Garden, a very tall elderly lady, with a face apparently rouged, came close up to me, and, in a soft seductive tone, said, "Troubadour, Troubadour, excuse this liberty in "the streets."—"What?" said I, and with a smile at her loving countenance, "excuse," was faintly uttered, and she glided away. She had scarcely proceeded ten yards, when she turned round and curtsied; and positively kissed her hand to me. Dreadful—shocking—naughty—naughty old lady! I really believe she wished to lead the Troubadour astray.

On my return home, I went into Wright's, to buy a cord for my guitar. There were several people, whose curiosity prompted them to ask me who and what I was. I told them, and at their request played my guitar. In a few minutes I got four shillings. The lad in the shop, wishing to appear equally generous as his customers, refused payment for the cord, saying, "*Je vous la* "*donnerai.*" I thought him a liberal fellow, so accepted it, and then made my bow.

The next day, as I wandered about the town, I was a great deal occupied with my guitar, but too mechanically to be interesting. I met some dark-looking Arabs, who were curious to know what I was. They addressed me, I suppose, in their

native tongue; but as I replied to them in Spanish, they conversed in that language. "Are you a "Mussulman?"—"No, a Christian."—"Oh!" said they, "we thought you were one of us." "What's that?" said I. "Jews, from Arabia." Being very little flattered by their compliment, I wished them good morning. A carriage suddenly stopped by my side, and a lady asked me if I was Mr. Romero? and requested me to go to her house in Hanover Crescent, at nine o'clock. I promised to do so, and she drove off.

At nine o'clock I went, according to my engagement, and was soon ushered into the parlour. I was received with the greatest urbanity, and requested to be seated. Coffee being served up, I was presented with a cup by a young lady, who asked me if I would take milk or cream. I affected indifference, but took good care the latter was put in. I was closely interrogated about the cause &c., of my visit to England, and I gave a very glowing account, imputing it to the revolution. I was requested to sing, after receiving their warmest sympathy: I did so; and a gentleman, who seemed to be very much affected, said, "It's aston-"ishing what a mellowness of voice persons coming "from a southern clime have, compared to the "English." I could not help laughing at this remark.

As he played the guitar, and sung, he was requested to favour us. He resisted for a while, and then sang an Italian comic song. He not

only displayed great taste, but proved himself to possess a very excellent voice; and, at the conclusion, he was unanimously complimented. Here followed a dead silence, which will sometimes happen in the largest and gayest circle. It was at last broken by a person whose thoughts seemed to have been occupied with the Italian canzonetta; and he brought out, "Ah! you sing that very well." There was a bluntness and drollery about this remark that brought upon him the laughter of the company. He seemed to feel exceedingly annoyed, and said, I thought angrily, "You are "really very polite." This increased the laughter, and the poor fellow, finding he had so many assailants, thought it most prudent to remain silent. "Monsieur," said I to the person who had just played the guitar, "had I known that you "were so adroit in singing and playing, I cer- "tainly should not have ventured with so much "confidence."—"Ah, that's something like a com- "pliment," said the ladies, and another laugh followed at the *pauvre Jean Bull.*

The ladies, who were only three in number, made a great many very kind promises to assist me in the musical way. One of them had dark eyes, with a good expression, and I said to her, "You are very much like a Spanish lady, but I "don't know whether you esteem it a good or "bad compliment."—"Oh! a very good one, I "assure you," said she, "my grandmother was a

"Spanish lady." She certainly was like a Spanish woman, but I could not help smiling at her Spanish consanguinity. Being very late, I made my *congé*, and, receiving the generous donation of a sovereign from my *Spanish* patroness, I returned home.

As I was going to my room, Charles asked me, in a whispering tone, if I would like him to represent the *Passions*. "Ah! Master Charles," said I, "where is the shilling that I lent you?"—"Oh, "Señor!" and here his hand flew to his heart; "I really have been disappointed in the receipt "of some money I expected."—"Never mind," said I, "I'll give you credit a little longer; but "now to the passions: I have just been seeing a "very pretty woman, and suppose, by way of "commencement, you represent love."—"Love!" said the theatrical shoe-boy, "it is the very thing "I like best;" and making the image of a woman with a dirty handkerchief, then, taking a pin out of his coat sleeve, he pinned up this little figure against the wainscot as the object of his adoration. "Now, Señor," said he, "place yourself "there," (we were upon the staircase) "and hold "the light in your hand, that you may see the "better." I took a position parallel with the image of his idolatry, and had the inamorato directly opposite me. "Sweetest!" said the boy, placing himself in a most loving attitude, and showing a row of unpolished grinders—"No, no,

" Charle," as I used to call him, " it must be in " dumb motion—no speeches."—" Very well, Se- " ñor," said he; "now then," putting his right foot. " No, that won't do—looks too formal, " don't it, Señor? We'll have the left this " time." He commenced, with his mouth at full stretch—his eyes seemed to possess a brightness that I never gave him credit for—his head went coaxingly on one side, then on the other; a change of feet now followed—his hands were pressed fervently to his heart—now came a leer—and falling on one knee, with clasped hands, his eyes were cast up rapturously, showing nothing but the white of them; he then rose suddenly, and uttering a most ecstatic " O—h!" ran to and embraced his dirty handkerchief. His enthusiasm overcame the pantomime, and he ejaculated, " Dearest! you " know I always loved you; I left my last place " on this account." I was already laughing, as my reader may suppose, but at this natural confession, in his artificial love-making, I could not resist a loud roar. The landlord came grumbling out of his bed, with his nightcap on, when I hastily decamped; but I overheard him say, " You d——d " stupid hacter of a fool, what part of the play are " you hup to now?" and I left Charles to settle this point with his master.

The next day, as I was going to church, in a street leading from the New Steyne, a lady came up to me, and asked me if I was the Spaniard who

played the guitar. "Yes," said I.—"How much "do you charge for teaching?" said she. There "is a performer named Verini in the town, but "he charges so much." I knew the person to whom she was alluding, having been to his very delightful musical re-unions in Bentinck-street: he is an exquisite master of the guitar, and composed a divertimento, dedicated to Huerta, which was the prettiest piece I have ever heard arranged for that instrument.

The young lady was mistaken in Verini's prices, as he only charges half-a-guinea a lesson; though to her, as I learned from what followed, it was a great deal of money. I frequently met Signor Verini in the streets, but he did not know *me* of course. "I admire, Señor," said the young ladies to me (there were two), "your playing your "guitar. It is true, it may not be agreeable to "your feelings to do so in the street, but it is "much better than to starve in a garret. There is "a Spaniard in the King-street Bazaar, who sells "perfumery and various other articles; he was a "colonel in the constitutional army." Poor fellow, said I to myself, recollecting a misunderstanding I had with a Spaniard in that bazaar respecting a song I wanted to buy of him, but I had not the slightest idea what he had been. He had not the song I required, and I asked him to write out two verses for me; it was the hymn of Riego. He wrote out about twelve lines, on a

small piece of paper. "Thank you," said I, and presented him with a shilling for his trouble. "No, no, no," said he, with a frown, and pushed the money from him. I did not much admire his style of refusal, but I presented it again, saying, that I could not think of troubling him without making a return. "No, no," said he again, with a frown, pushing the proffered shilling across the counter. I was very much piqued at his conduct, and fancied that he had refused it contemptuously, on account of the sum; so I threw down the song, which I particularly wanted, and, taking up the shilling, went away. Had I been aware of his rank, I should not have acted so.

I called on these young ladies, when they again asked me to teach them. There was something in the principles of their reasoning that caused me to feel interested about them, and I agreed to do so. "For how much a lesson?" said they. "If you will "leave that to me," said I, "I dare say you will not "have to complain, when I send in my charges." "Very well," said they. I had played to them a great deal, and as one o'clock was fast approaching, their Mamma suggested the propriety, for the sake of appearance, of ceasing to play the guitar. "Thank you," said the young ladies, and, putting a shilling into my hand, observed, "we are not "rich," which I immediately accepted; as to have refused it would have created to them considerable annoyance, and they would very reasonably

have feared that I should have made a high charge for instructing them.

As I returned along the Marine Parade, the following day, a gentleman on horseback entered into conversation with me in Spanish, and asked me where I came from. "Corunna," I replied. Here he put many questions to me, respecting the place, and I was obliged to shift my ground. "I came "originally from Madrid," said I, "and only "stopped at Corunna two days."—"By what "road did you come?" continued he, "and what "language do you talk best?" "Spanish, of "course."—"Well, but how did you come from "from Madrid? I am in a hurry at present, "adieu," and he rode off. I was very glad to see the back of him, for he spoke Spanish like a native; and I began to get alarmed, as he showed evident symptoms of suspicion. About ten minutes after I met him again. "Well, my good fellow," said he, "now candidly tell me where you do "come from."—"I am, to tell you the truth, from "the Havanna," said I. He mentioned various places there, and asked me if I knew any of them. I told him I did not. "What place *do* you "know?" said he, impatiently. "I knew none, "but (a name invented at the moment) a place "called Mecatia."—"Mecatia," said he, "what "part of the Havanna is that? Let me see," and here he tried to remember, and then said, "Come, Hombre, you are not from the Havanna,

" you are from Mexico; because I was a colonel " in the Havannah, and have been fourteen years " in the Spanish service, so know it well. I have " a brother there, who sends me some of the finest " cigars in the world. I know all about it; you " are from Mexico, are you not?" I thought I would attempt to change the conversation, so exclaimed, " What, do you smoke?"—" Yes," said he. " Ah!" said I, " I don't like smoking." " But I do," added he, " and all good Catholics " do, you know." I managed to continue this kind of conversation until he rode off; and I congratulated myself on having so successfully maintained my disguise before this inquisitive intruder.

The next day I went to the tailor's, about a jacket I had bought of him. Here, to my annoyance, I met a Spaniard. " *Adios Paysano,*" said he to me. I was not backward in affecting to return his recognition with equal warmth, and he entered into conversation with me, though I said as little as possible. " What is it you want?" said the tailor. I did'nt wish to enter upon my business before my *countryman*, lest he should detect me in my bad imitation of broken English, or that, in offering to interpret for me, he might observe my bad Spanish. " He talks very little English," said the tailor. " *Pues, mi amigo,*" said the Spaniard; " tell me what it is you want, and I " will interpret for you."—" It's too tight," said I, making a genuine Spanish grimace, and hur-

rying over, with more than native swiftness, His Catholic Majesty's divine language, which he explained, and then told me, that he had been in England fourteen years, and spoke English better than his own language. This gave me courage, and I entered more freely into conversation with him; and he related to me the whole history of what he was doing in the town. "*Mi amigo*, what is "the reason you don't wear trowsers?" said he. "Custom," said I, "custom. In Spain they wear "these, you know, and I have never worn any "others."—"It's not the fashion here," said he, "only footmen wear them" (he was a valet himself), and he strongly recommended me, if I wished to be *genteel*, to throw off my tight inexpressibles. "I must now leave you," he added; "but I shall be very happy to see you at *my* "*hotel*;" and, mentioning the name of one, which I forget, he hastily ran away. I was heartily glad the fellow had gone, that I might give full directions to the tailor.

In the evening, as I was walking in the Rock Gardens, I saw a little Frenchman playing his guitar under a window; he immediately recognised me, and nodded. I should very much like to know this man, thought I; I may learn a little of the *real* habits of this kind of people; and after he had finished his song, he came running up to me with a profusion of bows, and declared how happy he was to have the pleasure of my ac-

quaintance—that he had frequently tried to meet with me, but never had the happiness—truly *à la française*; and I was not backward in my compliments. "*Allons, mon cher, à boire,*" said he. "I assure you," said I to him, "I am but a poor "drinker; but, for the sake of congratulating our- "selves on this happy meeting, I shall be very "glad to join; but you must allow me to take as "little as I like."—"*Comme vous voulez,*" said he; and we soon found ourselves in a sanctuary of unholy *spirits*. Two glasses of rum were ordered, and we *trinqued* and drank to each other. I was by no means in the humour for taking raw rum, but I did not wish to appear fastidious, or unlike a troubadour. "*Encore un,*" said the merry little Frenchman. "*Une autre fois,*" said I. "*Eh "bien, allons*—How do you like Brighton?" said he. "I succeed very well," I replied; and then put the same question to him. "*Comme ça*" said he, carelessly. "*Mais, que pensez-vous?* that "Italian Delli—I don't know whether you know "him—says, he gets two pounds a-night."—"He's "a very lucky fellow," said I. "I think so too," said he. "You must come to my house. I'm "married to an Englishwoman, and will introduce "you to her." At this moment his wife tapped him on the shoulder. "Oh, my dear," said he, "I "have just met the Spaniard." He introduced me to her, and we proceeded to his quarters, which were in B——-street; a fashionable name

certainly, but it was by no means a fashionable place here.

We walked up stairs, and on the first floor I was ushered into a very fair-sized room, answering the purpose of kitchen, bed-room, and parlour. He invited me to take some coffee, but I refused. "Do you know, *mon cher*," said he, "I had "always a particular partiality for Spaniards—I "admire them very much."—"*Vous m'accablez*, "*Monsieur*."—"*Oh, du tout*," said he, "*je ne* "*fais jamais des complimens.* I have now been "six years in England, and speaking *franchement*, "I like an Englishman. Will you do me the "favour," continued he, "to play me an air on "my guitar?" *Vous parlez franchement*, indeed, thought I to myself; I see what your compliments are a prelude to. However, I granted him his request, and played to him a *seguidilla.* He listened with the greatest attention; expressed the warmest delight; and begged me to give him some idea how to play it. "*De* "*tout mon cœur*," said I; "when shall I see you "again?"—"You must come to-morrow," said he; and then, turning to his wife, said, "I say, my "dear, how this would astonish Delli!—how very "much I should like them to meet. Well, Señor, "pray come and see me to-morrow."—"I will," said I; and, receiving his address, wished him good night.

The next day I went to give Miss —— the

lesson I had promised; but not understanding the theory of music at all, the case was reversed, and one of them proceeded to instruct me. I should not have minded this so much, but she pestered my soul out by teaching me to pronounce *Tunbridge Wells;* and concluded, by saying she felt convinced that she would soon teach me the English. To pronounce *Tunbridge Wells* over about fifty times, and that in bad English, was by no means agreeable to me; and my kind preceptress not possessing the qualification that I wished for, my situation was rendered very disagreeable, and I could have wished myself any where else, than under her instruction; I was annoyed, and went away as soon as I could.

In the evening I revisited the little Frenchman. On going into his room I found him puffing most unsufferable clouds from a short pipe. "*Ah, mon* "*cher, comment ça va?*" said he, and received me with the greatest cordiality. The pipe was laid on one side, for which I was by no means sorry, and he proposed a little music. Being anxious to hear him play, I willingly agreed to his proposal. "*Mais, mon cher,*" said he, "*où est* "*votre guitare?*"—"I have not brought it," said I; "shall I go for it?"—"Oh, that will be too "much trouble."—"Not at all."—"Well, then, "I must go with you;" and he took his umbrella, and afforded me shelter to my lodgings, which were only in the next street. On our return we

played together; after a while he sang two or three songs with a great deal of taste, and perceiving me in good humour with my new acquaintance, thought it a favourable opportunity to request me to play to him the *seguidilla*, in order that he might have an opportunity of learning it by ear. I had already watched his manœuvres, and pretty well guessed his object; but I humoured him, at the same time taking the greatest care to conceal that I was alive to his motives.

I played to him very frequently the piece he required, explaining every particular, and found him a very quick scholar; for he was not long before he could play it tolerably well. He was very assiduous in his application, and showed strong symptoms of wishing to keep me in tolerable close employment; but becoming tired of this kind of amusement, I proposed an adjournment, to which he had too much politeness to make the slightest opposition. "Have you," said he, as we laid our guitars on one side, "ever met with a "Quaker who liked music?"—"No," said I; "I "always thought it was against their religion." "So did I," added he; "but I am acquainted with "a family in G—— Place, where there are two "Quakeresses who give me a great deal of money "for playing to them."—"Are they pretty," said I. "Very," was the reply. "I met," said I, "a very "pretty one on the Steyne the other day—the first "pretty Quakeress I had ever seen. She smiled at

" me as I caught her eye;" and then added, just to hear his opinion, " of course I did not take the " liberty of returning it."—"*Oh, mon bon ami,*" said he; " I'll tell you what—I know three or four " women, where I'm sure I could have some fun if I " were not married. There is a woman follows me " about, and gives me money, notwithstanding she " knows I'm married. She has given me her address " in London, and says that her husband will soon " come to Brighton. She's very rich."—" You " are very lucky," said I to him, thinking he had a tolerable share of vanity; " I wish you could " spare me one of the four; for I have not yet " been so fortunate."—" *Cela arrivera,*" said he.

" I tell you what—when I was in London, and " my wife was in the country, at her father's, " I played before a lady's house; and after a " few songs she desired me to walk in. She " asked me to take some wine and cake. I did " so; and she begged me to draw my chair nearer " to her's; I was on the *qui vive, vous savez;* and " it was not long before I made a thorough con- " quest of her heart." Here followed a detail, which was certainly grounds sufficient to warrant a —— *versus* De G——. " *Mon cher,*" continued the heart-enslaving troubadour; " my happiness " did not conclude with the evening: for five " weeks after I was a constant inmate of this " lady's house, and she used to drive me out in " her carriage to the park, and gave me as much

" money as I wanted. *Mais ma petite n'en sait* " *rien.*"—" Of course," said I, raising my head, affecting to believe all he had said.

" My dear," said he to his wife, looking very amiable, " let us have some coffee." The notable little woman was not long in preparing for her faithless *sposo* what he requested. She appeared to be very fond of him. It was now seven o'clock, the time De G —— turned out in search of love and money; so I wished him good day.

Monsieur De G —— was a man of short stature, very regular proportions, and dressed like a *petit maître*—rather uncommon with musical votaries of his class. His neck was always encircled by a clean neckcloth, tied with tolerable taste; and a well starched collar laid alongside his cheeks. His head was small and well formed, surmounted by a profusion of good hair, which he always took great pains to arrange. His features were in very good proportion. He had a profusion of whisker, which was rather ornamental than otherwise. Added to this, he possessed all those civil and polite manners so peculiar to the very lowest of his very polished nation. I have given this short description of the little man, that my readers might the better understand this powerful monopolizer of love.

As I was sitting in the coffee-room, reading the paper, in came a man, named Jemmy, a little *non compos;* but not the unfortunate Daft Jemmy of

that ilk who was made free with in Edinburgh. His derangement was an exalted one; he called himself Sir James, and was highly pleased on being addressed "My Lord." He was well acquainted with Scriptures, and was in the habit of preaching in the streets. He made an extempore prayer for me, which certainly contained a great deal more sense than many sane preachers would have produced. Poor fellow! he was a melancholy instance of religious madness. As I was discoursing with the unfortunate fellow, the landlord came blundering into the room in a state of brutal intoxication, and I thought it quite time to retire.

The next morning I visited a Mrs. D——, who, after hearing me play, asked if I would teach her; and, as she was good looking, I consented to do so. There being a continual conversation, it was proposed we should go into another room, where our attention might not be distracted, and I was by no means unwilling to accede to this proposition. We accordingly went, and after the lesson had been slightly entered upon, a conversation took place. In the midst of this agreeable *tête-à-tête*, my eyes turned *par hazard* towards the window, where I discovered the very amiable face of her sposo peeping through at the diligent pupil and the attentive master. The lady observing my attention very suddenly taken from her, looked in the same direction as myself, and

there met the eyes of her omnipresent husband. A smile came upon her face and his also; but they appeared to arise from very different causes; and the carriage being announced, I was good morninged out.

There was something in this amiable little gentleman's (and not a bad-looking fellow either) coming to the window, that afforded me a great deal of amusement. He was not jealous, of course; but being induced, *quite accidentally*, to take a little walk in the very inviting dirty grass-plat, he thought he would *just* take a peep—that's all; or, as we say in England, for fun—when we can't give a better reason for what we do.

The next morning a woman wanted to see me; and being very fond of any thing feminine, I was not long before I went to see who it was. "Have "you," said a woman, with tears in her eyes, "seen my husband?"—"Your husband!" said I; and immediately recognised the wife of Monsieur De G——. "No, indeed I have not; but why do you "ask?"—"He hasn't been home all night," added the woman, and the tears increased in her eyes. "What a sinner!" thought I to myself. He is then positively the favourite amongst the fair he represents himself to be; and I have certainly done him an injustice, by disbelieving his amorous narratives. I attempted to comfort her, and begged her not to think seriously on

the occasion; but it was of no use—she was inconsolable, and went sobbing away with—"Oh, where "shall I find him?"

I called, afterwards, on the little Frenchman, who was undergoing the pains and penalties of infidelity at the hands of his neglected wife. He received her scoldings with exemplary patience, acknowledging, like a conscious and penitent sinner, the enormity of his crime. "Ah! De G——" said I, "*que tu es méchant!* I feel perfectly aware "that you must be a general favourite amongst "the ladies, and I think a *liaison* is allowable, "so that it be tempered with moderation; but "to be out all night—*c'est trop, mon cher, c'est* "*trop.*"—"*Mon cher De Vega, ce n'était pas* "*cela, je puis vous assurer,*" said De G——, whose feelings were greatly affected by the complaints of his wife, whom he knew to be very fond of him, and did not require my observation to make them keener; but I love a little mischief. "It was not that," said he, happy to prove the crime was not so great: he declared that, instead of sacrificing to Venus, he had been a votary at the shrine of Bacchus, and had become so exceedingly tipsy in the company of a countryman, whom he had not seen for a long time, that he could not return home. "*Vraiment,*" added he, "*je suis très-fâché à cause de ma petite* "*femme.*"—"Well, De G——," said I, "once in "a way is pardonable, certainly."—"There, my

" dear," said he to his wife, " Monsieur De Vega " says once in a way is very pardonable, and you " know I never did so before."—" No," said his wife, " he never did it before;" and good-naturedly pardoned her naughty better half.

" Let us have some music, De Vega," said he, his countenance lighting up at his wife's early reconciliation. " I am rather in a hurry," said I, not wishing to play, and asked him some particulars relative to his life. Like all Frenchmen's stories, he had once been in very good circumstances, had quarrelled with his parents on account of certain disagreeable restrictions they wished to impose upon him, and left them some years ago, resolving to seek his own fortune; and, having a taste for the guitar, he took to it. He married his English wife about four years ago, whom he supported very comfortably, together with her niece and a lap-dog. He generally travelled on foot, but on his journeys went by the coach, as he would lose too much time, in which he might have gained sufficient to pay for his expenses, and he always walked his short distances, as he never played in the day-time. " My good little wife," added he, " never grumbles, whatever may be the " awkwardness of our circumstances; although I " ordinarily get enough to live very comfortably, " still there are times when I am not successful, " and she is quite contented with a crust of bread " and cheese. Winter, for instance, is an awk-

" ward time sometimes, from the cold."—" Ah, by " the bye," said I, interrupting him, as I felt particularly *interested* on this point, " how do you " manage? I candidly tell you that I have " been so hardly driven, as only to be able to " have bread and water."—" *Ah, mon cher, c'est* " *très-malheureux, vraiment; mais vous savez on* " *ne peut avoir toujours du bon succès.* But " during the winter," continued he, " I certainly " find it very cold, my fingers have been so dread- " fully numbed, that I have not been able to play." This was a melancholy picture of what I might expect, coming from an old stager like De G——, whose hands I had had frequent opportunities of observing were by no means of the most delicate complexion. The ends of his fingers were positively corny, and contained a *ravine* in each on the left hand, from his constant habit of playing the guitar. " Come, *mon cher*," said De G——, " what are you thinking of? I wish you would " teach me the *seguidilla*."—" Very well," said I, taking up my guitar, as I thought him a very industrious fellow to support himself and so large a family with his guitar, and he soon played it very well.

CHAPTER XII.

Attentions of a Polish Gentleman—A Visit to the Quakers—The Tarts in Danger—How to get well out of a Scrape—An Invitation to the Kitchen—A Dance; or High Life below Stairs—The Young Quaker—Learn some new Songs of my French Ally—Introduced to another Minstrel; an Italian—National Vanity—Trial of Skill in a Public-House—I win the Palm—The infatuated Butcher—A Ladies' School—An amusing Scene interrupted—A Mistake—Bid Adieu to my brother Minstrel—Scene in a Lady's Bed Room—an unfortunate Chair—The parting Glass.

In the course of the next day, as I passed a house in the Old Steyne, a lady knocked at the window, and a gentleman immediately came to the door and begged me to walk in. I did so, and he invited me to take some wine. He asked me the cause of my coming to England, and sympathized with me very warmly, observing, that he was a Pole, and had himself felt the severe effects of a revolution. "We are very fond of the guitar," said he, after he had heard me play; "and how long

" do you purpose stopping at Brighton?"—" A " fortnight," I replied. " Then," added he, " I " hope you will do me the *honour* to dine with " me before you go." This language was highly flattering to an itinerant minstrel, and I replied, " As I was now reduced to a condition so far " beneath his, I could not aspire to the *honour* " he wished to confer on me."

" *Oh, mon cher,*" said he, very kindly, " I waive " all such ridiculous considerations. I am an old " traveller, and am not like an Englishman, who " has never been out of the precincts of the city " he was born in. Life is full of vicissitudes, and " and all are liable to them; why, therefore, " should we pique ourselves on the largeness of " our fortunes, and be above speaking to those " who happen to be rather unfortunate." Here he forced a great many biscuits and apples into my bag; I showed some *slight* resistance to this. I knew the apples were good, for I had already tasted them; the biscuits I did not care about. After a few more remarks, he again tendered his invitation; I left him my address, and, shaking hands with me very kindly, he wished me good morning.

In the evening I called on my Quaker friends. " I have brought my guitar with me," said I, after making my bow and nodding my " Very well," to their " How dost thee do, friend?"—" We do not " like music," said the old gentleman; " I wish I

" knew French, to explain the reason to thee."— " Don't like music?" said I, affecting to be very much astonished. " No, friend," said Mrs. B——; " we do not like it." Here a short pause followed, and I looked at the little Quakeress, who was sitting close by me, and whose eyes for the first time seemed to partake of something like animation. " I do like music, aunt," said she, " and I " should like very much to hear the guitar."— " Yes," replied the other, " and so should I; but " you know it is not according to our usual style " of thinking." I looked inquiringly at Mrs. B—— for her to explain the subject of their conversation. " I tell thee, friend," said she, in as good French as she could muster, " we do like music, " but we do not like to set a bad example to our " younger friends, as it is against our tenets both " to play or hear music: we think it is not essen- " tial, and leads to distract the attention from " pious objects."—" I admire your reason," said I, not over anxious for her to hear me, and then wished her good evening.

At eight o'clock I went off to Mrs. C——, in the East Cliff, where the man-servant, as I endeavoured to explain the object of my visit in broken English, relieved me by speaking Spanish. I found he spoke this so well, that I felt it necessary to ask if there were any one else in the house who spoke it. He told me there was not, and immediately went up stairs to acquaint Mrs. C—— of

my arrival. " Missus is at dinner," said he, on his return; " but if you will be so good as to sit down " a-while, the dinner will soon be over." The parlour door was opened, many apologies were made for the room being dark, and a chair was brought very near the door, to give me the partial benefit of the light from the lamp in the hall. I then seated myself, and the servant went away.

After I had waited about five minutes, a servant girl came up stairs with two pies in her hands, but, seeing me, she suddenly stopped short, looked bewildered, and exclaimed, " Oh! my God! there's " a man!" and then ran down considerably faster than she came up; and, as luck would have it for the people above, the tarts escaped unbroken. " What's the matter?" cried out another servant. " O Lord!" said the other, " there's a man up " stairs, and he stared at me so."—" Nonsense," said the man; " go up again."—" Oh, no, I won't " though, for I'm sure it was a man."—" Let me " see;" said the other, and he walked up stairs with three maid-servants after him. Just as this reconnoitring party came up to me, down came the man who spoke Spanish, and inquired into the cause of their coming up stairs, and then entered into conversation with me. " Why, Sally," said the leader of the kitchen forces, " says she's " frightened, and that there's a man somewhere." " Why, there, you fool," exclaimed Sally; " there

" he is, and if he a'nt enough to frighten any " Christian; I declare my heart's come into my " mouth:" she still looked very pale. " How the " devil did you get it down again?" said the Irish footman.

The cause of my visit being explained, a loud laugh was raised at the girl. I was shortly requested to go up stairs, and, being full of the joke that had just occurred—" Madame," said I, after I was seated, " I had nearly proved an unwelcome " visitor." — " Why, Señor?" said the lady. " Why, Madame, I was nearly the cause of de- " priving you of your last course at dinner, for as " the servant came up with some pies in her " hands, she took it into her head to be very " much frightened at me, and ran back with so " much rapidity that it was positively a *mercy* " the pies were not smashed to pieces, and I really " should have been very sorry at the occurrence." Every one smiled at my story, but the jocular manner in which I related it did not escape their observation, and they appeared to think (and very naturally) that I was taking a liberty. My guitar, consequently, was referred to sooner than it would otherwise have been, and I rebuked myself for having acted so inconsistently, but endeavoured to soften down the offence by making myself as agreeable as possible.

I played and sang, as a matter of course, with all the execution I was able. They expressed them-

selves very much pleased, and for a while appeared to forget the liberty I had recently taken. Our conversation turning upon Ireland, the ladies observed to me, that they were Irish. I seized this opportunity of paying them a compliment, in order more effectually to make up for my late error; and observed, that it was perfectly visible, at least to any one who had seen an Irish lady before. "Why, Señor, do you think there is any thing so "characteristic in an Irish lady?"—"*Sans doute*," said I, "no one can mistake an Irish eye; there "is an expression so incomparably soft: I think "that Irish women are mostly gifted with an ex- "quisite softness in their eyes." Indeed the one to whom I addressed my observation was so happily blessed. I perceived my compliment was received with satisfaction; the ladies spoke to each other, and concluded by saying, that they thought there *was* something peculiar about an Irish lady's eyes.

Something or other bringing marriage on the *tapis*, I was asked if I intended to place myself in that happy state before I returned to Spain. "Not "with an English lady," said I, desirous of finishing my compliment; "but if I go to Ireland, it "will not remain with me to determine whether "I remain single or not; but I suppose where "there is so much beauty, I should not meet with "any one to reciprocate a feeling which I am sure "I could not fail to entertain." Every one smiled

at this remark, and finding that I had effectually put them into good humour, and thoroughly repaired the little *faux pas* I had committed, I rose to depart, and received from them an invitation to come another night.

In the hall I met the man who spoke Spanish; he asked me, as a particular favour, to come down and give them a tune in the kitchen. "To "be sure I will," said I, and we marched down together. "I've brought my countryman to play "you a tune," said he to an old housekeeper and two lady's-maids. "We are happy to see him," said one of the latter, and then added, "pray be "seated, Sir: if it would not be giving you too "much trouble, we should feel great pleasure in "hearing a tune."—"Not the slightest," said I, and sang to them. "I say, William," said Mary (William was he who spoke Spanish; Mary, a lady's-maid), "let's have a dance—ask him if he "can play a quaddril." I played them one, and Mary took William for her partner, and two other servants were placed as the opposite couple. They started off; Mary and William went to the right and left tolerably correct, but the others came dancing hand in hand up the room. "How steu-"pid you arre," said Mary, "you can't dance a "quaddril at arll."—"Well then," said the other girl, "I don't know, but I always thought it "was down the middle and up again."—"Down "the middle and oop again," said Mary, with a

" laugh, and putting a tolerably dirty white hand-
kerchief to her face,—" why that's a vulgare coun-
" try dance."—" Well, that's what I mean," said
the girl, " I knows nothing about your squaddrils."

I now proposed an Irish jig, in which the well-bred Mary, after a little reluctance, joined with another girl and William. I think I never saw feet move about with so much rapidity; it was the first time I had ever seen a *rael* jig, and I was much amused with it.

The dance being over, the fair ones seated themselves round a table; Mary happened to be next to me, and I paid her a compliment on her dancing. " Yo do me infinite honour, Sir," said she, and then told the servants to prepare supper. She then resumed her conversation, and amused me mightily by using some hard words. It was quite a riddle to find out what her awkward imitations really signified. It was easy to see that she came from the green isle, by her brogue. " Mary," said I, taking hold of her large hand, " you are very
" pretty."—" Now you're tipping me a little Irish
" blarney, arrn't you?" said she. " No, indeed,
" Mary," said I, " I am not; and I can tell you
" more, if you will let me whisper in your ear."
Molly's great head was put close to my mouth, and, somehow or other, her cheek came in contact with my lips, which disaster caused her to bridle up, and she said, " You musn't do that, Sirr; don't
" you know its a great rudeness, to take such a

" liberty with a lady: I can tell you the Irish " ladies wont permit it."—" William," said I, " tell her it is the custom in my country to do so, " and that we mean it as a compliment." William was rather fond of her himself, and I perceived did not much admire my style of complimenting, but not wishing to appear ignorant of the Spanish customs, he said to her—" I tell you " what, Miss Mary, he doesn't mean any harm: " it's the custom of his country—I remember it " well when I was there; it's rather a *compliment* " than otherwise."—" Oh, then," said Miss Mary, who was looked up to as the very quintessence of refinement, " if it's the practice of his country, I " beg the gentleman's pardon."

" Pray, Sir," continued Mary, " take a bit o' " supper with us: how vulgare I am to say bit; " take supper with us, Sir." I excused myself, having become exceedingly nice in my taste since I had been living at the cook-shop, where I was used to hot suppers; and the fare, Mary so politely offered to me, consisted of cold mutton and hard cheese. I observed, " I never *take supper*;" and taking leave of the Irish *ladies*, as Mary calls them, I proceeded up stairs to the hall. " Stop," said William, the butler; " *Quiere vin beber el vino*," and immediately went into the parlour. I heard a rattling of keys, and in a few seconds he came out with a glass of wine. *Vm es buen muchacho.* " You're a good fellow," said I, " and here's to

" you," drank it off, and then wished him good night. I think it is the height of folly to refuse a good thing when you wish for it, and I found this wine by no means bad.

The next day (Sunday, 24th Oct.) a young lad from the Quaker's called upon me with a small parcel, begging the favour of my acceptance. I found a pair of white ruffles for the wrist, a pair of woollen socks, and a silk handkerchief. Poor lad! I was sorry I had put him to such an expense; it was his own generous gift, nor was it the first time he had displayed his good nature towards me. He belonged to friend B——'s house, and, I believe, had some idea of turning Quaker. The conduct of this lad towards me was truly amiable, and was another instance of the pure disinterested charity of these excellent people. I am fully convinced that this kind-hearted young man was amply rewarded by his own feelings: he chose this method of relieving me that it might have the least chance of becoming known. The ostentatious world in general seek every opportunity to publish their charity, and I very much fear, for the sake of society, that notoriety is the principal inducement to benevolence. Poor fellow, if this should meet his eye, he will indeed be happy to learn that the ruffles and silk handkerchief were of the greatest use to me; the latter I converted into a neck-handkerchief in the cold weather, and tied it within my shirt collar; they lasted me the whole of my

journey, and I have them now in my possession—a memorial of early virtue.

I now went off to the little Frenchman's, and found him acting as nurse to his wife, whose head was greatly swollen from a cold. She was scolding him very much, her illness making her very irritable; he bore it, however, uncommonly well. "I'm very sorry," said I, "your wife is ill; "I have come to teach you the *seguidilla*, but I "fear music would disturb."—"Not at all, *mon* "*cher*," said he, and then asked his wife if it would annoy her. She answered in the negative, and we proceeded to action. As I had been De G——'s master for some time, I thought it only fair that he should be mine in return; and, as I had but a small stock of foreign songs, I was desirous of learning a few from him; so, before he had tuned his guitar for the favourite piece, I said to him, "What an exquisite song that is you "sang to me, *Rosina mia cara;* I sang it to a "lady, and she was in raptures with it; I wish "you would sing it to me, for I am particularly "fond of it:" he did so. After this I got him to teach me another; and, before I left him, I learnt three, and got him to write me down about half a dozen besides.

I passed the rest of the day reading, and on the following evening I went to De G——'s, who asked me, as I was disengaged, to accompany him in his perambulations. I consented, and he took

the direction of the Marine Parade. He, to my infinite amusement, very frequently sang (but these Frenchmen are such polite fellows) a Spanish song of my composition, to the air of "*Meet me by* "*Moonlight.*" . He had taken much pains to learn this, said it was a particularly beautiful air; and declared it to be so characteristic of Spanish music. He had a very good voice, and used to bawl this song out most lustily; he admired it so much, that I have no doubt every street where the likelihood of getting money presented itself re-echoed it in turn.

As I was going home one evening, with my guitar under my arm, I observed another troubadour with his guitar under his: this was D——. I had had a little description of him from the Frenchman, and was desirous of becoming acquainted with him. He stopped first, and asked me if I was the Spaniard who played the guitar? "I am," I replied; "and you are Señor D——, "whom I have heard so much talk about?"— "I am Signor D——," said he, drawing out his snuff-box and handing it to me. I never *snuff*, but I took a pinch. "Will you come and take "something to drink?" said he. "With all my "heart, Señor," and we directed our steps towards the nearest inn. "Have you," said he, "met a "Frenchman here?"—"I have," I replied. "Well, "then, he sings most horribly," continued D—— ; "he pronounces the Italian villanously."

—" Pshaw !" said I, " Frenchmen can't sing like " Italians; he doesn't surely pretend to sing like " you ?"—" Me !" exclaimed the Italian, indignant at the remark, " he knows better; I am " well known for my abilities. I have played " before the King and the Royal Family." We had now arrived at an inn, and D—— led the way into a parlour.

Having seated ourselves, he called out rather authoritatively for a glass of rum and water. There were several people in the room, whose eyes were all cast upon us; but D—— treated them with the greatest indifference, and very coolly entered into conversation with me about my success. " I get on *comme cela*," said I. He told me he had been at a Mrs. D——'s, who gave him a guinea, which was his usual price for the evening. " She told me," added he, " that she only gave " you half a one."—" You're right," said I, " you're " right," (although he was much mistaken on the point.) " Señor D——," said I, after drinking to his health with his glass of rum and water, " I " have heard great talk of your superior abilities; " perhaps you would favour me with an air."— " Well, I'll play to you a little," said he, and he played a very pretty piece of music; but the fellow was so full of antics, that the music lost much of its interest. He sang a comic song also with a great deal of taste. " Come little un," said one of the fellows in the room, " you seem to be very

" quiet; give us a song yourself." Every body seconded this proposition, and I sang them a Spanish song. It seemed to meet with general approbation, and D—— condescended to say, "*C'est* " *assez bien.*"—" D——," said I, " you do me " honour; but I wish you would favour me with " a little more of your superior performance."

He did not require much pressing, and played another piece with very great taste. I was exceedingly pleased, and paid him many compliments. He treated my remarks with negligence, and bridled himself with a kind of conscious superiority over me. There is nothing I like so much as to take the starch out of a fellow who arrogates to himself more than his due. " I will now," said I to D——, " play you a little Spanish piece of " music:" he curled up his nose with contempt. I piqued myself particularly on two of my pieces: one was the Spanish *seguidilla*, the other an Italian *divertimento*. I played the former to him, and he was perfectly astonished. The applause was unanimous as I finished it, and D—— exclaimed, "You must be a musician."—" *Sans* " *doute*," said I, looking with all the arrogance of D—— himself, " do you think that any body could " play like this without knowing music *well?*" D——'s vanity became wounded, and he played his very best, to gain the laurels. This amused me excessively. He played with excellent taste; but unfortunately for him and his antics, our hearers

were more pleased with me. I perceived the fire of jealousy kindle in his eye. "Señor D——," said I, "*I fear that these English* make such a "devil of a noise, that your delightful playing "can't be heard."—"He's an uncommon nice fel- "low," said a man who had a smattering of French; "he says the English are a set of devilish "good fellows."

Every one was now lavish in their praise of me. So much for this man's interpretation, which made up for a worse mistake. "Where "do you live?" said D—— to me, rising from his seat. I wrote my direction on a piece of paper. "This is mine," said he, presenting me with his card, on which was written, "D——, musicor, 55, C——— Street," and adding, "I shall be happy "to see you;" (but looking as if he could cut my throat) and wished me good evening.

"He's a jolly little fellow; I like his manners "much," exclaimed a red-faced butcher; "tell "him," added he, to the man who spoke French, "that if he wants a rump-steak, I'll give him "one at any time."—"Thankee you, Monsieur "Butcher," said I, shaking his great fist, which was extended to me as his friend interpreted, and receiving from all the fellows a hearty shake of the hand, I wished them good-night. What fun, said I to myself, as I was thinking of the Italian who had played before the Royal Family—what fun this will be for the little Frenchman; and I resolved

to call the first thing, and let him know of my victory.

The next day I went accordingly to De G——'s, and told him of my encounter with the Italian. The little Frenchman was uncommonly amused, and related to me one or two anecdotes that occurred between him and D——. This Italian was a very pompous sort of fellow in his way, and gave himself a great many airs, quite out of all character with his condition; De G—— was the very reverse, and a better behaved man for his situation I never met with in my life: he disliked the Italian, on account of his pride. "How do you "do?" said D—— to De G——, once, as they met on the Steyne.—"Very well," replied De G——, "I hope you're getting on well."—"I always do," replied the other; "but there are so many people "playing in the streets, that I think I shall leave "the town: how are you getting on?"—"Why," said De G——, with all the adroitness of a Frenchman, and regularly beating the other in his affectation: "I always do well, also; but it entirely "depends on how it agrees with *my health* whether I stop here much longer; *bon jour*, Monsieur D——." The little man related this anecdote with a great deal of humour, and still seemed to enjoy the recital of it.

I now proceeded with my guitar along the West Cliff. Observing several young girls at a window, I stopped, and pointed to my guitar. They

tapped at the window in approval, and I commenced. A great many girls joined them, and I suspected it was a school. "What songs do you "like best?"—"Oh! any," said one of them. I affected not to hear, and she threw open the window. "It is rather windy," said I, "and I "fear my guitar will not be distinctly heard out "of doors; it would be much better in the house." "Oh! no, no," said a girl like a governante, "we "shall feel quite satisfied with it out of doors." I sang "*Les Yeux noirs et les Yeux bleus.*" This made them all titter, and the sober-faced governante could not refrain from a smile. Suddenly the mistress came into the room, and every one ran from the window. She came up to it and looked at me with a terrible frown, and then forced the sash down.

I was, of course, obliged to turn to the right about, and was soon engaged by two ladies, who were sitting in their parlour. A crowd had collected round me, and I observed to my fair listeners that I did not like playing before the *canaille*, and begged permission to walk into the house. "Oh! certainly," said they; the door was immediately opened, and I was ushered into the parlour. "What songs do you like best?" said I; I found them both very pretty. "You can sing "any that you most admire," was the reply. I sang, "*Les Yeux Noirs.*"—"*O, Dieu!*" said one, "how wicked he looks. Señor, *parlez-vous*

" *Anglais.*"—" *Du tout,*" said I. " *Vous chantez* " *très joliment,*" said one of them; " do you " know any more pretty ones?"—" *Aimez-vous,*" said I, " *Che dice mal d'amore ?*"—" *Si vous* " *aurez la complaisance,*" was the reply, and I sang it. " Amelia," said one to the other, " how well " he suits the action to the word, doesn't he?"—" Yes, but he's a very ———", and their old mother came into the room. Disagreeables never come singly, thought I to myself, for I was now obliged to sing to the old lady, and was very shortly thanked for my music; and, receiving their money, I wished them good morning.

As I went through R—— Square, I was called into a house by a gentleman at the window, and was requested to play. There were two old ladies in the room, besides this gentleman. I did not repeat " *Les Yeux noirs et bleus,*" but gave them the Spanish patriotic song. " It's very " pretty indeed," said one of the old dowagers; " what have you got in that book by your side?" " *Chansons à vendre, Madame.*"—" *Eh bien,* " *voyons donc,*" said the lady, and my music-book was soon untied, and its scanty contents laid open for their inspection. The ladies took up some French songs to look at, and the gentleman the " Spanish Exile."—" Hallo, Lady V——, why " here's a friend of your's, and, I think, in print."—" Mine?" said her ladyship; " let me see; so it is: " it's that stupid puppy of a Kipturn C———

" ——; he hasn't put all his name down. He " ran over head and ears in debt, you know, and " then ran over the water to his father, Sir Alex- " ander O——" (I thought she pronounced it *Odd-eye-see:* she spoke a little like a foreigner), " who, by the bye, is little better than his son. " He himself is most dreadfully in debt, the rents " of his estate at M——— are seized upon by " his creditors, and he himself is obliged to live " abroad, to be free from them. He's an extra- " vagant old fellow, and changed his name on " account of some money that was left him." My good old lady, said I to myself, I think you must be mistaken about the author of this song; for I am sure he is by no means the person you imagine. " Would you like to take this song, " Madame?" said I to her, after she had concluded her remarks respecting Kipturn C—— and his comically-named father. " *Merci,*" said her ladyship, " I'll take another," and she bought a French song, and, giving me half-a-crown, wished me good morning; I then returned home for the rest of the day.

I resolved on leaving the town for Worthing the next day. After breakfast, I told the landlady of my intention, and, paying my account, packed up my luggage. I called on De G—— to leave my P.P.C. On arriving at the door, De G—— inquired, " Who's there?"—" *C'est moi,* " De G——."—" *Oh! mon cher, vous ne pouvez*

" *pas entrer, parceque ma femme n'est pas en-*
" *core levée.*"—" *Eh! bien,* I am come to wish
" you good bye."—" Oh! come in, then, come in."
—" I'm very sorry, De Vega, you are going," said
he; " my dear, you'll excuse Monsieur De Vega's
" coming in. The English, you see, would call
" this indelicate."—" A false notion of delicacy,
" my good fellow," said I. " *Mon cher,* De Vega,
" sit down on this chair with your back to the
" bed, whilst my wife gets up. Come, my dear,
" Monsieur De Vega won't look at you, and you
" can get up." I did as De G—— told me, but
there being a glass in the room directly before
me, I saw one of his wife's legs slowly pushed out
of the bed, and then came the foot of the other.
I laughed so intolerably at the odd appearance,
not only of her legs, but at her having her eyes
constantly fixed upon me, that I shook the chair
so in which I sat, till the broken leg gave way,
and I came tumbling to the ground.

The wife scrambled into bed again, ill concealing
the leg she had first thrust out, and the little
Frenchman exclaimed, " *Oh! mon Dieu, De*
" *Vega, ce n'est pas juste cela, vraiment—c'est*
" *trop. Monsieur de Vega, il ne faut pas.*"
" *Très-bien, très-bien,* Monsieur De G——;
" assure you it was not my fault, and this time I
" will go into your cupboard whilst your wife
" makes her toilette." — *Ah! mon cher, il ne*
" *faut pas badiner comme cela,*" and he then told

me that he would trust me again, and got another chair for me to sit down on. I now placed myself away from the looking-glass, until his wife was dressed, and tapped me on the shoulder, telling me I need not sit there any longer.

Breakfast was soon laid on the table, and we immediately seated ourselves round it. "I am "very sorry," said De G—— again, "that you are "going to leave so soon. I hope it is not because "Brighton is not sufficiently favourable for you." "I am very sorry, Monsieur De Vega, that you "are going," said his wife. "So am I," cried out the little girl. "You are very kind," said I, "and "I assure you I equally regret leaving you all. "As to Brighton, I have done very excellently, "and I leave it to go to London, to try to establish "myself there."—"If you are going to London," said De G——, "I shall be going also, and I will "give you my direction—I always frequent this "inn." He then wrote down "Monsieur De "G——, musicien, B——'s Coffee-house, E—— "S——t, M———— S——e."—"*Vous savez*," added he, "I call myself a musician there. Where "do you live?" said he. I gave him, poor fellow, the very first address that came into my head. "*Eh bien, mon cher*," said he, "I hope we shall meet in London."—"I hope we shall," said I.

I wished to repay him for the little attentions I had experienced from him, and, desirous of making him some return for two or three breakfasts and a

dinner that I had taken at his table, I said: " instead of my being displeased with Brighton, I " assure you I have gained a great deal more " money than I expected. You, I know, have " abilities to gain a sufficiency, but, as we have " already observed, it does so happen that our " purse is not always so heavy as we could wish; " and if you should be so circumstanced at present, " I have a sovereign at your service, which you " can return when convenient."—" *Mon cher,*" said the little Frenchman, " I would not think of " taking it."—" I hope you will," said I, " for I " assure you I have plenty more; it will keep us " to our appointment in London."—" *Mon cher* " *ami,*" said the generous little fellow, " I am " happy to tell you I don't require it, and I wish " you had two hundred sovereigns more; but I " hope, whether I owed you or not any thing, you " would call upon me the same."—" Certainly," said I, and I was obliged to remain a debtor for his hospitality I now got up and shook hands with his wife and little niece, and bade them my adieu. De G—— accompanied me to my lodgings, to take my luggage to the coach for Worthing. " *Mon cher,*" said I, recollecting the usual custom of the lower orders of people, " *un petit verre* " *avant mon départ.*"—" *Eh bien,*" and we went off to a dram shop. " *Que voulez-vous?*" said I. " *Ce m'est égal,*" said he. " *De Cognac?*" " *Eh bien,*" and I ordered two glasses of Cogniac.

" *Trinquons*," said I. " *Bon voyage, mon cher*; " *bon succès*," said he. " *Vive la musique et* " *l'amour*," I added, looking jocosely, as if in reference to his love narratives. " One more," said I. " *Non! non! mon cher*," he replied, " *pas* " *avant diner*," and the price of the brandy being paid, we returned to my lodgings.

My luggage being all ready, De G—— took the carpet bag, and I the guitar, and we proceeded to the coach-office. The coach was going to start in five minutes, and De G—— waited to see me off. " I am very sorry you are going, as we are ac- " quainted with each other for so short a time; " but I hope we shall soon meet."—" I hope so " too," said I, " and who knows, when we meet " again, but our fortunes may be changed for the " better—De G—— a baron—De Vega an " esquire."—" *Oh! mon cher*," said he, " I do not " flatter myself with such good fortune. I rejoice " when I am prosperous, and when I am not I " meet my difficulties with a light heart; and as " long as I can get sufficient to pay my way, I rest " quite contented."—" I admire your philosophy," I replied, " your reasoning is mine; but as our " fortunes are as humble as they can be, and " human life is full of vicissitudes, we surely have " a right to look forward to a change for the " better." Here the coachman mounted the box, De G—— pressed my hand very fervently, and made many kind protestations; I returned them

with equal warmth; we bade each other a most sincere farewell, and I mounted the coach. We started off; De G—— watched me to the end of the street, and we again waved to each other adieu. I admired the honesty and generosity of his character, and could not help feeling distressed as I left him. Since my return to town I have made inquiries, according to the direction he gave me, but was sorry to hear that he had not arrived. I was told, however, that he usually called at that inn whenever he was in London.

CHAPTER XIII.

Arrive at Worthing — Procure some warm Clothing—Make Friends with a Frenchman —His Wife—Short Commons—A lucky Day —Go to Arundel—The Castle—The Journey to Chichester—Arrive there—Tea Party of Independents in a Chapel—Lieut. N——'s generosity—The Bishop's Palace, and Adventure—Little Rosetta—A Straw-bonnet Maker's Work-room.

As the coach proceeded along the cliff, I perceived the eyes of the loungers directed towards me, as if astonished at the comfort of the itinerant minstrel. I now bade this emporium of aristocracy adieu, as well as my numerous engagements, and soon arrived at Worthing; leaving my luggage at the coach-office, while I went hunting for lodgings, I engaged one in a short time, the town being very empty; and then bought some warmer apparel, as the weather was becoming very cold, against which my cotton stockings were a very poor defence. I procured two pair of white lamb's-wool stockings, to wear out of doors.

On my return home, I met a Frenchman, who entered into conversation with me, and, after asking a few particulars as to my movements, invited me to his house in the evening, at five. I was received very cordially by him, and was then introduced to his wife, a Scotchwoman, who was squatting down beside a dying wood fire, and was smoking a very short pipe with the bowl of it almost touching her face—I made my bow, and she gave me a nod, saying—" Now plase to make yoursel' at hame." I was handed a small stool, and, dragging it close to the fire, I sat down. The Frenchman again inquiring of me my occupation, dilated greatly on the disadvantages of the direction I was taking. " Watering places," continued he, " are the very " worst you can go to, at this time of the year; " shun the coast as much as possible, every body " leaves it."

He then mentioned a number of cities which he strongly recommended me to visit, " and I tell you " what, *mon cher*, you *say* you are an emigrant— " that's right. The English are very romantic! " You can tell them a little *conte* or two of " your life, which you know you can easily—— " you understand me. The women are uncom- " monly fond of the guitar; English girls humour " their own liking—don't stand upon the ceremony " of asking their parents' permission—you may " stand a very fair chance of getting married! " you are very —— *mon cher*."—" You are

" flattering," said I, stopping him, " *tout à fait* " *Français, vraiment.* What do you mean " though? I am an emigrant in reality."—" *Oh!* " *mon cher, je ne le doute pas,*" said he, looking as though he did all the while ——. " But what " is the nature of *your* profession," I asked. " I " am," said he, " a broom maker by trade—some- " times I mend shoes, when they come in my way, " when I'm disengaged. I can tailor a little also; " I travel from one place to another, selling my " brooms; and if I don't succeed in one town, I go " elsewhere; I generally succeed, and have some- " thing to do; we walk ourselves, but our furni- " ture and stock is carried by our donkey."

" I have an engagement I recollect," said I, cutting his history rather short, for I began to feel a titillation which was by no means agreeable, and thought the sooner I was away the better. So I wished him and his wife a good night.

The next day, as we were going to dinner, I fancied that I was again in the land of living, for I lodged at a cook-shop. There were more customers, however, than were expected, and my economical landlady had only dressed enough for four. The strangers amounted to this number; so poor Mrs. —— and her husband were obliged to forego the pleasure of a hot dinner, and put up with a cold one, in order to maintain the credit of their house, by offering good accommodation to their visitors.

In the course of the morning, I had heard the landlord and landlady talking of the nice dinner they should have. Their disappointment must have been very great, for, according to my idea, I think it a very tormenting thing to be foiled in this grand operation of life; which promoted no doubt that selfishness and want of gallantry in me that I did not resign my place for the worthy hostess. I did, however, the next civil thing, and offered her *verbal* consolation. "I am very sorry "that you do not sit down with us. I feel "quite uncomfortable that you are not at the "table."—"Oh! pray don't mention it," said she, with a most gracious smile, "I am always "happy, if I can but give satisfaction to my "*visitors*. Doesn't care at all for ourselves; "does we, my dear?" addressing her husband. "N - - - - o," said the fellow. "What is the "Señor laughing at?" said the complaisant lady, with her large carving knife in her right hand. I made some slight excuse, but I could not resist a stifled laugh at the unfortunate man's face.

The next day was Monday, and one of the luckiest I had ever experienced. I played but little, and got thirty shillings. My auditors seemed to be particularly generous. With this money I bought a variety of things which I stood in need of; an extra pair of stockings, two handkerchiefs, some guitar strings, &c., which, although I required, my funds would not have admitted

my getting before. It was necessary for me to exercise the greatest prudence and economy.

On the following day I started for Arundel; on my way I learned by heart some Italian canzonets, that the little Frenchman had given me. On arriving there, I found it was market-day: I stopped at the Crown Inn, and then proceeded to reconnoitre a little. I did not much like the appearance of the place, so resolved on proceeding to Chichester by the first conveyance; but not until I had gone over the Duke of Norfolk's beautiful castle.

I inquired at the inn I stopped at, how I could see it, and was directed to go to the Duke of Norfolk Inn, and ask for a ticket. Thither I went, and was accommodated with one; and immediately proceeded to the castle. On showing my order to the housekeeper, she conducted me over it. I ascended a grand staircase, and admired its very elegant structure: the balusters are of solid brass, mounted with mahogany hand-rails, very highly polished. This led into a fine gallery, about 12 feet wide, and 160 in length, along which were ranged a great many antique chairs, with gilt frames; and, as this lady told me, their coverings were of tapestry, worked by the ladies of the Norfolk family. I was next taken into the baronial hall, where several members of the ancient family of the Howards are painted on the windows, dressed, or armed, according to the respective ages

in which they lived. From this, I went to the dining and drawing rooms: the latter is furnished in a most costly style. I then saw the library, which was apparently well stocked, fitted up with the choicest mahogany, and mounted with the richest carvings. There is a gallery round the room, to which you ascend by a very elegant mahogany staircase. The *tout ensemble* presented a very rich and classical appearance. I do not remember, but I was told, how many years the workmen had been employed in completing the ornamental part of this library. I now visited one of the bed-chambers, called the Prince's room: the bedstead was very beautifully carved—the drapery was made of velvet, and cost twenty-five guineas a yard; the curtains were of the same material, combining the extreme of luxury and splendour.

From this, I visited that part of the Castle called the Ruins. It was overgrown with ivy, which gave it a very picturesque and interesting appearance. There were several horned owls kept on the top. The keeper of them put himself into a square position, and, addressing himself to me, said, "These are the horned owls from "America." That was all *he* had to say respecting them. He repeated it over about half a dozen times, that he might do something, at least, for taxing my purse. It was not without success, and I gave him a trifle, for which he returned me many thanks. I then ascended the small dilapi-

dated staircase, from the top of which I enjoyed a most delightful view.

I examined both the Castle and its position, and structure of the ruins on which I was standing. It must have been of great importance at one time, and no doubt great military skill had been bestowed on it.

I returned to the Crown Inn, highly gratified with my visit, and made inquiries when there would be a coach to Chichester; being told in an hour, I employed this time in a very laudable way, I think, by joining a party at dinner. The hour passed away, and the coach came up; my luggage was put in, and whilst they were changing horses, a young gentleman very politely took off his hat, and asked me, in Spanish, if I was a Spaniard? I told him I was; and a conversation ensued until the forcible appeal of, "Now, Sir," by the coachman, caused us to mount.

He invited me to sit by his side, which I did; and, every one having got up, we started off at an admirable pace. In the course of our conversation, I found my *compagnon de voyage* was an officer in the 10th Hussars, and had been in Spain several months. He was smoking a cigar, and offered me one, an act of civility very general in Spain. At my refusal, he appeared much astonished. He spoke next in approbation of the guitar, and gave me his address, to pay him a visit on the following day.

On arriving at Chichester, I proceeded to look after apartments, and, strange to say, I again fixed my abode in an eating-house. The town appeared very pretty, as I entered. It is ornamented by a curiously-built cross, situated in the section of the four principal streets. I was desirous of seeing a little more of it; and, as was usual, whenever I wished to avoid the public gaze, I dressed myself as a stable boy. Throwing off my cloak and hat, and concealing my shirt collar; tieing my red handkerchief round my neck, and wearing a common round fur cap (my thick shoes of course); then putting both my hands into my jacket pockets, and assuming a careless sort of walk, I managed to proceed about the town tolerably well.

As I was taking coffee at my snug new habitation, the landlord came into the room, and asked me if I would like to go to chapel and take tea. "It's only a shilling admittance, and it's for the "benefit of Sunday Schools." I thought this rather a curious sort of place to fix upon to give a tea party, and from novelty I felt inclined to go; but I first asked if there would be any pretty girls. "Lots! my good Sir," was the reply. At the word lots, I felt a stronger inclination than ever, and told him I would go with him; was a perfect stranger to English customs, and hoped he would *chaperon* me well. He promised every attention; and I retired to my room to make my *toilette* for the tea-party. I paid more than usual care to see

that my collar fell carelessly on the shoulder, the ruffles of the hand set well, and that my thin shoes were well blacked. I cared little about the rest of my dress. It was perfectly clean, of course —putting on my hat, and throwing my cloak around me, I went down stairs, where I found the landlord waiting.

We procceded to the tea party, which was close by; and, on arriving at the chapel, we paid our shillings; and leaving my cloak, hat, gloves, and neckhandkerchief, we marched in. At the sight of the pulpit, I suddenly stopped, and felt embarrassed on observing the revelry going on in a place of worship. The thought of the object of the meeting now flashed on my mind; and, although it certainly appeared irreligious, still, as it is not the deed but the intention that we ought to judge from, I soon overcame the awkwardness I first experienced. "What's the name of this sect?" said I, whispering to my male conductor, not having yet heard of one which made a banqueting-house of a chapel. "We are *Independents*," said he, drawing himself up with an air of conscious pride at the title. You well deserve this name, thought I to myself.

He now conducted me to a pew, where tea was served up, with bread and butter, some few biscuits, and a little pound-cake. "Will you take a cup "o' tea," said an old woman, with a large tea-pot in her hand. I nodded my "if you please," and a cup was placed in my hand, and biscuits

were also handed to me. After taking a sip of it (which, by the bye, I found by no means over strong), out of compliment to the maker, I took a general survey of the room.

Every pew in the place was well crammed with visitors, all very busily employed in the tea feast, and apparently in the very height of enjoyment, giving way to the most unrestrained mirth and laughter; whilst four or five of the people were busily engaged in carrying about the kettle of hot water to numerous applicants, who seemed to entertain a much better opinion of this diluted beverage than myself. I was surrounded by little children, and bewailing my ill-luck at being so unfavourably placed, suddenly I was tapped on the shoulder; and, turning round, saw a very pretty-looking girl holding a plate of cake to me, saying—"*Je vous demande pardon, mais voulez-vous des gâteaux?*"—"*S'il vous plait,*" said I, and took a piece of it, and then made some slight remark on the agreeable re-union.

"I'm very happy," said the girl, "you find it so. *Voulez-vous*, Señor?"—and then she looked at another to help her. "*Oui, venez ici,*" added the other. "*Je serai trop heureux,*" said I, very glad to change my situation for one so much more to my liking, and I was not long before I was in their pew.

After the eyes of the people in the pew (about eight in number), half males, were taken off me, I

gave way to a most agreable *tête-à-tête* with the girl who had first invited me in. She wore a cottage bonnet, which, from the large front, was particularly favourable to our whispering conversation. Beneath this most useful ornament, the fair one conceals from every body, except the favoured one, her smile of admiration; and at the same time is under no apprehension of giving way to her feelings by meeting the eyes of prying inquirers.

I don't know any thing so delightful as to chat with a woman (pretty I mean) in a cottage bonnet. "I fear," said I, after a little conversation, "my "attention will be totally distracted from religious "objects by gazing on the beauty of your face." "*Non, non*, Señor," said the girl, "*C'est moy*, "*c'est moy*." The Independents are no such fools, after all, said I to myself, and amongst the rest of their tenets, they have good sense, I perceive, to admire more tender amusements. This "*C'est* "*moy*," as she called it, particularly flattered my vanity, and I was not backward in rendering my protestations still more fervent.

The preacher (confound the fellow) broke in upon our delightful love confabulation, by standing up in the pulpit, and, twisting his watch-chain about, said, in a familiar sort of way, "Now, "I think, we'll sing a psalm or two! By way of "commencement, two verses of the 58th Psalm." Every body began to sing; and in my pew were the

employed singers, three girls and three men, and two musicians, players on the flute and violoncello. I was much amused at the confusion and irregularity of their singing; they were continually correcting each other.

After this, the preacher got up, and said, "I "think we'll have the tea-things cleared away, "before we proceed any farther." This being done, he rose to explain the object of the meeting, and told the secretary to read the report of the Sunday Schools. This man mounted himself on a bench, from which he read to them something full of religious miracles, and extraordinary advantages arising from Sunday Schools.

"Mr. W ——," said the preacher; up got Mr. W ——, after the manner of the last speaker. This worthy man was an amateur orator, and a great admirer of the Sunday Schools. He commenced as follows, with one hand in the pocket of his trousers, and in the other a slip of paper. "Mr. Chairman, and Ladies and Gentlemen!—I "rise now, to explain to you the object of a "motion—a motion, Sir, is divided in three parts: "—first, when it comes from any public party, "such as that on Penenden Heath. Ah! my "eyes, there's been a pretty row about that ere." A laugh all through the chapel. "Well, Sir, the "second part of the motion is, when it springs from "the orators disagreeing with each other, and

" spreading their different opinions over the " country—and the third, the motion, Sir, that's " made in the Hole in the Corner—ah! that's " where all the mischief lies!" Here was another burst of laughter, and the stupid fellow began to swing his arms about, as if he thought he was applauded. " Now, Sir, I tell you what, that " motion at Penenden Heath was a fair one, " when we showed the Catholics that we were " not to be diddled! But as to the Hole in the " Corner, Sir, that's where the force of my argu- " ment lies;—well, Sir, as I was saying, when " several persons, privately, and cunningly, Sir, " assemble together, to make their motions in the " Hole in the Corner." Then followed another roar of laughter, and in this strange style the fellow continued for about ten minutes more. Several other people got up to speak, but I was too much engaged with the cottage bonnet to pay attention to them.

" I'll come to your house to see you," said I, at last. " It's of no use," said the girl, " I'm going " to leave to-morrow." That I should have had all this trouble for nothing, thought I to myself, and then turned round to another girl, that was next to me, and managed to make my peace with her, who accepted of my offer to escort her home.

The business of the evening being over, I

marched off, with my fair charge under my arm, and we soon found ourselves at her lodgings, a room of about twelve feet by ten, and seven high.

There's room enough for *two* thought I, and a knock came at the door—'twas opened, and about a dozen more people came rushing into the room, which soon became too hot for my pulse, and I made an attempt to go away; but their cordiality would not admit of it, so that I was half suffocated! I whispered to the girl that I was not well, and asked her to let me out, and I would come on the following day. She told them all I was ill, and every one immediately expressed their regret, and made room for me to go away.

The girl and her sister lit me with a candle a few yards from the house. She was a merry little independent, and blew the candle out. I was not slow in taking the hint, and gave her more proofs than mere words, that I would keep to my promise. I secured the sister to secrecy by displaying the same gallantry to her, and then returned to my lodgings.

The next day I went off to the Barracks, according to my appointment with the gentleman I met on the coach. He took me to the field-officer's quarters, and introduced me there. This officer treated me with the greatest politeness, and so did his lady; and after I had given them a little musical performance, he invited me to partake of some refreshment. This was immediately laid on the

table, and he begged me to help myself to wine, at the same time very politely filling his glass, out of compliment drank to me. On my going away, the gentleman who invited me generously put a sovereign into my hand, and told me to go to the bishop's. Acts of liberality ought always, in my humble opinion, to be made public, but not by the *donors*, and I have no doubt that Lieutenant N —— will be much surprised to find that his intended donation to the Spanish Minstrel was bestowed on one who feels great satisfaction in paying this tribute of respect to his liberality, and gentlemanly manners.

I then went to the Palace, and rang the bell; a servant opened the door, and shrugged up his shoulders, saying, "My good fellow, there's no-"thing for you." I attempted to explain, when he again repeated the same observation. At this moment a person came out of another door into the corridor where I was standing; he seemed very much like a valet. I addressed him in French, and told him the object of my visit. He answered abruptly that I could not be attended to. I again explained my object to him, which was received with equal rudeness; and I was just going away, when his Lordship made his appearance. I stated my case to him, in French; not understanding me, he shrugged up his shoulders, and observed that he had nothing to give me.

"He says," observed the man I took for a valet,

sneeringly, "that he was sent by an officer of the "10th Hussars to play to the ladies."—"Well," replied the Bishop, "if that's the case, I dare say "the ladies would like to hear him," and begged me to walk in, and then called them from the drawing-room: we all proceeded into the parlour. As I was in the course of my minstrel duties, I observed the person whom I thought a valet entering into rather intimate conversation with the company, and I was the more astonished at his ungentlemanly treatment of me; had he really been a servant, I should have expected nothing else, but, as a man of education, and most likely a divine, he ought to have known better.

In an interval of my singing, he asked me if I would give him my present address, and, thinking I had an opportunity to retaliate—for there is nothing so offensive to me as rudeness from well-dressed people, a beggar or a gentleman is equally entitled to civil treatment — I wrote it on a piece of paper, and, suppressing the awkwardness and diffident manner of my disguise, I walked across the room in as gentlemanly a manner as I could, and presented it to him. To my great delight it had the desired effect. He cast down his eyes with apparent confusion, and made a very low bow in return. I heard a young lady observe, "How well he walks; he seems to be quite a "gentleman."

This person busily employed himself in going

to all the ladies, and whispering something to them; and, from his continual glances towards me, I felt persuaded it was in allusion to the manner in which he had treated me at the door. He then entered into conversation with me, and became polite to an excess, after his style. I was very much amused at the effect of my manœuvre, and particularly at his awkward method of making a reparation. He finally concluded his atonement by making a low bow, and, presenting me with five shillings, said "*Je vous remercie*," and then went away. I echoed his thanks, and, making my bow to the ladies, retired.

Giving money as a douceur for acts of incivility is ordinarily an ample recompense with minstrels in general, but with me it was a sorry method of making amends.

I went to see the "Little Independent," and found her quite alone, employed with her needle. "My dear little Rosetta," said I, "how happy "I am to see you," *alone* I muttered to myself, and, shaking both her hands, I placed myself beside her. I perceived her left hand particularly rough, and on examining the why and wherefore, I found it arose from her industry with her needle, which had frequently scratched her finger till it became rough. "*N'importe*," said I, I do not come to admire your hands. I talked of Rosy's eyes, mouth, and hair, and a great many compliments were exchanged. "Ah! Rosy, I forgot," said I,

rising, and went through the same ceremony as I did at our parting the night before. "That's wicked," said she, gently pressing me from her, whilst her eyes seemed to say that it was a pardonable sin. "I declare," said Rosetta, looking at the clock, "its half-past four; you have been here an hour "and a half; who could have thought it?" I must confess myself I did not think I had been more than half an hour. "Now, go away," she continued; "do go, and fetch my sister."—"Ro- "setta, I'm sure, does not love me," said I, looking as though I meant it. "I do, indeed; but pray "go for my sister."

I now proceeded to execute her commission. I was not long before I arrived at the house, where her sister was working: it was a straw bonnet establishment. On telling the object of my mission, I was desired to walk in, and was immediately shown into a room where several girls were employed, surrounded with matted straw and threads.

Rosy's sister came up to me with a "How do "ye do?" and a shake of the hand, and begged me to wait while she finished some work in hand. I nodded assent, as the proposal just suited my wishes. The girls were all tittering, and whispering to each other, at the odd sort of herald; but they were severely censured by Rosy's sister, for such want of politeness to a stranger, and every one became perfectly silent; I found they were likely to remain so unless I commenced the con-

versation. "You are very busy," said I, to a jolly red-faced girl, close beside me. "Yes, Sir," she replied, with a smile, "we are obliged to be;" and another titter passed round. "*Obliged*, indeed," said I, affecting to be astonished; "had we, in "Spain, such pretty girls, we should know better "than to allow them to work."—"Oh, Sir," said the girl, "they aint so polite here;" and the rest looked amused to find the stranger was not quite so uncivilized as the exterior of his dress had, at first, caused them to expect.

Every one seemed to throw off their previous restraint, and, in turn, I received questions from them all, and found myself well employed in giving answers. I was requested to pull off my hat, and show it them: they laughed heartily at it, and said it was a most comical shape. They now examined the straw; "It's Leghorn," said one. "Non-"sense," said another; "it's Dunstable, I know "it by the plat. "It could not be," said another, "it was made in Spain."—"I don't care where it "was made; it's Dunstable: I have not been three "years at Mrs. H——'s, and don't know that." "Where was it made, Señor; it's Spanish, is it "not?—It aint Leghorn;" and a variety of similar remarks were made by these nymphs, mightily eager to display their knowledge of their art: I nodded it was made in Spain. "Put it on again," said the rosy-faced girl. I stuck it on. "How "well it looks," exclaimed the girl, pulling it off

again; "let me see how I should look." It was soon placed on her own head, under the guidance of a mirror. "Delightful!" said I, "delightful!" Every one expressed their approbation of the style; and the girl who had been three years, hinted at the probability of its being brought into a summer fashion for women. "Oh, give me your cloak; I "must see how that would look too." I took off my cloak, and putting it around her, asked her if she would like to try any other part of my dress. "Fye!" said she. "Lord, what a funny man," said another. "Oh!" said a third, simpering, with her hand to her mouth. I could not help laughing at the girl, who was ogling herself in the glass, with my hat on.

They all, in turn, begged to put the hat on, which the girl permitted; but she would not part with the cloak, and, sitting herself beside me, said she was a Spanish Senore. I never enjoyed a farce at the theatre so much as I did this. The hat, at last, reverted back to the girl in the cloak, and she again put it on, as coolly as if it had been her own. "I'll be Mr. Señor, with his guitar; and she ran into a yard to act the part of a night minstrel. I followed, and took good care to fasten the door. "My dear," said I, "I allow no person to "put on my cloak without paying me the usual "forfeit."

On the present occasion my exaction was not the simplest, and I found it had brightened the

colour of her cheek. "There's a knock at the "door," said she. "We must go," I heard a voice exclaim, "the tea is getting cold," I thought I remembered it. I walked back with her, and opened the door, and, to my great astonishment, Rosetta stared me in the face. She looked at the high-coloured face of the girl, who being dressed in my hat and cloak, rendered my inconstancy the more evident. She then cast her eyes at me, and perceiving that I was excited also, looked a thousand rebukes. Poor little Rosy seemed to be too much taken by surprise to speak to me, and she sat down in a chair. I knew I had been sinning, and had done injustice to her "I do love you," which she had uttered a short time ago; but I endeavoured to put the best face on it, and went smiling up to her, saying it was her sister who had caused so long a delay. She answered me with a gentle rebuke. What made the matter worse, was, the girl would put my cloak on me, and poor Rosetta, the much-injured loving *independent*, had the mortification to be an eye-witness to it.

I walked off with Rosetta again, and tried to prove my innocence by talking rather sarcastically of the other's red face, but I was far from succeeding to the utmost of my wish. We soon arrived at her cottage, and entered a little parlour where tea was laid on the table. "I am sorry," said she, "it is "cold," but she cast down her eyes, as if recollecting the cause. "Indeed," said I, "I like cold toast."

" Señor," said Rosetta, " when we have done tea, " will you let me send for your guitar?"—" You " know," said I, " what *you* wish I am happy to " do."—" Well, if that aint an avowal I don't " know what is," said one of the female guests.

A little more water was put into the tea-pot, and, giving it a peculiar shake, the cups were filled and emptied. This operation was repeated again and again, until the water came out as colourless as it went in, the signal I fancy for these little tea-drinkers to clear away. My guitar was sent for; after I had sung a little, Rosy, at my request, favoured me with several songs.

" Let's have a dance," said one. The assent was general, and putting all the furniture in one corner, sufficient space for a reel was made. I played *Judy O'Callaghan*. They were all in the best possible glee. The reel over, it was decided to be unfair, that I should have all the fiddling and no fun. And one of the girls took away my guitar, insisting on my dancing with Rosetta. " Now, then," said Rosetta to her sister, " keep " good time," and she commenced humming lull la, lull la, to our waltzing. Rosetta was pulling to the left, I to the right; so that her feet came in such frequent contact with mine, as almost to threaten my equilibrium. " You're wrong, Senore," said she; " now then, and we started off again, " but to no purpose; it was as bad as ever."—" You don't do it right, Senore," said Rosetta,

" this is the way, and we then turned *round* " several times."—" I am really very stupid," said I, " do pray excuse me, for I never learnt to " waltz."—" Very well, Senore," said she, " it cer- " tainly requires time to learn it ; but it is uncom- " mon elegant when you know it!" We then tried a country dance, and the room became so exceedingly heated, that I almost sighed for some *Eau de Cologne.* I wished Rosetta good bye until the next day.

The next day, as I was pacing about with my guitar, a Mr. N —— spoke to me about playing in the streets, recommending me not to do so, and consulted some time with a gentleman he was in company with respecting it. Desirous, however, of continuing my street wanderings, I endeavoured to advance as much argument in its favour as possible. Mr. N —— observed, it would be necessary " to get permission from the magistrate, and to go " with him to the *alcalde.*"

Not finding him at home, he told a gentleman the object of his visit to the magistrate, who replied, that I certainly might play in the streets, but the order of the magistrate was relative to beggars only. This was repeated to me; I thanked him for his trouble, and, seeing that his feelings were much concerned about me, I told him I should not play again in the streets, and, accompanied him to see the town-hall. I then wished him good day, and returned to my lodgings.

This was one of the greatest annoyances of my journey. It generally happened, that, after a short intimacy with people, they concluded that I was not accustomed to play in the streets, and felt distressed in witnessing my condition.

I resolved on leaving the next day for Portsmouth, and went to pay my farewell visit to Rosetta. She was at home, and her mother also. "I'm going away," said I, "to-morrow; but do "not tell any one, I beg."—"You're joking," said the girl.—"I must go," said I, "to-morrow; but "I shall return shortly." Poor Rosy looked mightily surprised, she asked me the reason, and begged me not to go so soon. The last words falling on her old mother's ears, who was busily occupied with her needle, she took off her spectacles and looked at her daughter. I am not an admirer of the pathetic, so I bade her my adieu, hastily, and then returned to my lodgings, where I passed the evening.

CHAPTER XIV.

Portsmouth—A Russian Seventy-four—A cunning Man—Visit the Fleet—My Relation's Tomb—Southampton—Followed by a Mob—The Artist—A Conquest—French Idioms—Sit for my Portrait—Mr. M——'s Family—Terrors of a Spanish Name—Generosity of an Artist and his Wife—Affecting Adieu—Leave Southampton.

THE next day (November 9th), at half-past three, I left the town by the coach; as we drove by the straw-bonnet shop, all the girls were at the door. There was enough waving of hands to turn a poor troubadour's head. "Good bye, you little tea-"drinkers," said I. "I'm very sorry for you, but "I can't stop." I found it uncommonly cold, and was very glad when I arrived at Portsmouth. My fingers were so excessively benumbed, that I could scarcely draw out of my purse the money to pay my fare. I went into the first inn I came to, and drank a glass of hot rum and water; and, after seating myself before an immense kitchen fire, in about a quarter of an hour I began to be reanimated.

Not being able to get a bed at this inn, I was recommended to go to the B—— P——. Having thoroughly recovered the effects of my cold journey, I started off to this place, getting a boy to carry my luggage. I was indebted to an Irishman for this advice, whom I had seen at the house I had just left, and by him was introduced to the landlady of the B—— P——. My object was stated, a few praises uttered in my favour, and *Madame* was all accommodating to my wishes, and, further, gave me the best bed in her house.

This Irishman (a private soldier) was a catholic, and made the sign of the cross as soon as he spoke to me. He requested, of course, something to drink for his trouble, which I gave him in a parlour where a common sort of man was smoking. The Irishman pulled a short pipe out, and then felt all his pockets for some tobacco. He had none; but perceiving that belonging to the person who was smoking lying on the table, he said, "Well, Master, how do you do? give us a little "bacco." The other, not much admiring the liberty, gave it him. "Aint your name Tom "Simmons?" said the Irishman, knowing very well it was not. "No," said the other, evidently very much annoyed. "Well, now," said Pat, "I've been thinking you were Tom Simmons all "the while, or else I shouldn't have taken such a "liberty." I was much amused at the fellow's method of coming the old soldier over him. The

smoke becoming rather strong, I retired to my bed-room, where I had a fire lit, and passed the remainder of my evening.

The next day was Sunday, and I amused myself in walking about the fortifications. In the evening, as I was reading the French Testament which the Quaker at Brighton gave me, a girl came into the room. My gallantry, of course, put a stop to my employment. She was attended by her aunt, the landlady of the inn, by whom she was introduced to me. I made my bow, and, drawing a chair, begged her to be seated. We laughed and talked, and I found her very cheerful; and, as I more closely examined her countenance, I perceived one of her eyes was slightly elevated above the other, enabling her, as I thought, whilst she was looking at me with one eye, to be watching the motions of her aunt with the other.

The latter person soon went out of the room, and the other very shortly followed, observing, that she did not think it was quite correct to remain. I returned to my book, but it was not long before she came into the room again. "Are you not "very dull," she said to me, "being all alone?" —"How can I be?" said I, putting on a very sanctified face, and pointing to the book. "The "Testament," said the girl, looking at it; "Well "I like persons who are religious."—"And so "do I," said I, begging her to be seated. The

time passed very agreeably; we chatted a great deal, and I made a great number of protestations, having now quite recovered from the powerful charms of Rosetta. The old landlady at last came to call her niece away. I wished her good bye, and she promised me to return the following evening. She told me she was a methodist, and went to church two or three times a-day.

The next day I took a boat, and went to visit the Russian fleet that was lying at Spithead. I directed the men to go alonside the largest vessel, and they took me to a seventy-four. The sentinel said something; I could not understand him, but I supposed it was a refusal to go on board. I answered him in French, and was overheard by a midshipman, who came to the side, and begged me to walk up. I told him I was a Spaniard, made many apologies for the liberty I had taken, and requested permission to see the ship. This young gentleman called to another, who joined us, and who spoke French. I again stated my wishes, and he did me the honour to meet them. He begged me to follow him below, and then conducted me into the mess-room.

Here I was introduced to the officers present. They were all smoking very large pipes, and among them was a particularly handsome man; his black hair was parted in the middle of his forehead, he wore a large beard and mustachios, which gave him, in the *tout ensemble*, a most

disciple-like appearance. He approached me with a very complacent smile, and placed his chair beside me. I addressed him in French, but was very sorry to find that he did not understand me. The midshipman said, if agreeable, he would show me the other parts of the vessel; I rose, and making my bow followed him. On my asking who the handsome gentleman was with a beard, he confirmed my supposition, by replying that he was their pastor.

The men's dinner was being served out at this time; it consisted of a kind of pea-soup: a hardier set of fellows I think I never saw. I had a peep at their cooking apparatus, which seemed to be in very good order. We then went to the gun-room. The armoury was arranged, as in our own vessels, in various devices. The midshipman attracted my attention to the letter N, neatly described by the arms; this, he observed, was done in honour of the Emperor Nicholas, and that the name of the vessel was the *Grand Duke St. Michael.* I visited his cabin, which was nearly filled with coats and cloaks, lined throughout with very fine fur. He showed me a Spanish guitar, for which he gave fifty rubles in Russia, and observed that it was generally played there. I asked him about the regulations of the officers' mess, and was surprised as well as pleased to learn that all the officers dined together except the senior captain.

He told me that they were shortly going to

leave, and he thought he should visit Spain, where he very much wished to go, as he was a great admirer of the Spaniards. I made him a low bow for his compliment, and said I should be happy to *see* him in my country; and, returning him many thanks for his attention, we touched hats, and I descended into the boat which he ordered alongside, very much pleased with the politeness of my reception by this young officer.

His manners were much after the French style; his uniform was neat, although it had seen service, consisting of a green frock coat and trowsers of the same colour, two round flat epaulettes, and a plain cap. As to the vessel, I am a poor judge of ships; I have, besides, a particular dislike to the sea; but I asked the boatmen for their opinion. One of them observed, with a shake of the shoulders, "She is a fine ship, but rather clumsy." The other seemed to agree in this opinion. I asked if she were as elegant as an English one? They laughed at the question, and, with a shake of the head, said "No, no, master." Whether this was a true account of the *Grand Duke St. Michael*, or a specimen of national pride, I am unable to decide.

Finding it very cold I went to a furrier's, and bought some white fur, for the collar of my cloak, and took it to a tailor's, to have it put on. The next day, I went out with my guitar, and visited a long row of houses on the Common. I played

about two hours, during which time I got ten shillings. There was a man who amused me very much; he came out of his house to the garden gate in front, and called me to him, and asked me if I were playing for a wager, as if I should have told him. I affected not to understand. "Oh! ah!" said he, "I thought you might "have been doing it for a wager, but I perceive "you don't comprehend me; let's have another "song," putting two-pence into my hand. The idea of the man's interrogatory, and then having only two-pence ready, to give me to assist me in winning the wager he asked about!! "No, no, my good fellow," said I, "Señor de Vega does not "sing two songs for two-pence;" so, pocketing his money, I walked away.

I left my guitar at the inn, and, taking a boat, was rowed up the river, to have a look at the shipping. I went on board His Majesty's yacht, and the comparative simplicity of the interior decorations surprised me very much. I was, however, greatly delighted to pass through the ponderous mass of shipping which are lying here in ordinary. The weather was so very cold that I was happy to go on shore again, and, by the side of a comfortable fire with a good dinner before me, to play a tune on my knife and fork.

The next day I left Portsmouth, and, being very anxious to visit the grave of a long-departed relative, I embarked in a steam-vessel which would

conduct me to the spot, where I might offer some tribute of affection to his highly valued memory. The morning after my arrival at ———, I proceeded alone, to seek his monument. Fortunately for me the day proved wet and dreary, preserving me from public gaze, and adding a melancholy charm to my pursuit. After a great deal of search I met with the object of my anxiety; I ran to the spot—my feelings will not allow me to continue.

Before I left the neighbourhood, however, I went through the painful but gratifying task of making many inquiries respecting his premature demise, and I had the happiness to find that his memory was beloved by all who knew him. It is more than thirteen years since he fell by the hand of another. The particulars of this unhappy event were related to me by those who yielded to the warmest sympathy; and his manly conduct on this fatal occasion was described in terms which were highly honourable to him. It was truly gratifying, although my feelings were painfully questioned, to find his memory so affectionately cherished; and I left the place, after one more visit to his tomb, with feelings of great, though gloomy, satisfaction.

I arrived at Southampton about three days after my departure from Portsmouth. My funds were by no means in the very best condition, but, as luck would have it, I got into a clean though very humble apartment, for which the good landlady only asked me two shillings a-week. Having

settled about my lodging, I went to the first *restaurant*, to dine. The house was kept by a widow woman; at least she called herself so. She related to me all the particulars about the quarrels with her husband, and, feeling myself rather flattered by her very confidential manner, I resolved on calling at her house in the evening to take some coffee. I did so, and was treated so very *civilly*, that I always patronised her establishment during my stay in Southampton.

The next day was Sunday; I went to church, and afterwards amused myself with exploring the neighbouring country; but being excessively annoyed by a large mob, as I was walking up the town in the evening, I took them down a very dirty narrow lane, where I presumed their Sunday clothes might become the worse for following me. The constables, at last, interfered, and dispersed them, allowing me peaceably to return to my lodgings.

The following day I went out early with my guitar, to try if I could not replenish my nearly exhausted purse, and I soon picked up eleven shillings. As I had just finished playing before a girls' school, a gentleman came up to me, and asked me if I would permit him to take my portrait. I told him I would, as I rather admired his proposition, and he gave me his card, as Mr. M ——, artist, New Road, and made an appointment to see me on Thursday (the following day),

at nine o'clock, and then went away. I was rather desirous to have my portrait taken; but having met some ladies in the town, that I was acquainted with, I wished to leave as soon as my purse became a little heavier; after this I played at several houses.

At a house where I was requested to walk in, I was again asked if I played my guitar for a wager? I affected not to understand. "You understand "English?" said the gentleman. I shrugged up my shoulders, to signify I did not. "You are "mistaken," said his sister. "Oh, certainly," said his mother, "he has a most perfect Spanish "face." The gentleman now observed to me that there was a person last year who played the guitar in the streets for money. "So do I," said I, affecting not to understand the drift of his remark. "Ah!" but continued he, "he did it for "a wager."—"*C'est une autre affaire*," said I, and, after a little more music, I went away. I made inquiries respecting this troubadour of last year, and I found he was tolerably well known, and that he had gained a great deal of money.

Whilst I was in Davies's music-shop, a Mrs. P —— requested me to play to her, which I did, and she very generously gave me half a sovereign. I now thought I had made a very fair day's work, so returned home.

The next day, as I was wandering with my guitar, I saw a young lady sitting at the window of

a large house, a few yards from the high road. She beckoned me to sing to her, and then walked across the lawn to the outer gate, where I was standing.

She asked me, if I had not been in Chichester. I replied, I had. "I observed you pass my house "very frequently," continued she; "I was stop-"ping in North Street." I thought I wouldn't be wanting in gallantry, and said I recollected her perfectly well too. "Do you play the guitar?" said I, making a guess. "Yes," was the reply. "It has a blue riband?"—"Yes," replied the young lady, apparently much astonished that I should even recollect the colour of the riband, and looked on the ground, as if full of thought. A pause ensued, which she at last broke, by saying, "*Etes-vous marié?*"—"No," said I, "who would "marry me?" She smiled, and curtseying, wished me a good day. A conquest by the *cordon bleu*, said I laughing, as I went away, amused with her very innocent question—*êtes-vous marié?*

I then crossed the Ferry, to try my luck on the other side; there I soon found myself in employ. As I was coming out of a garden, into the road, I saw two young ladies waiting. One I immediately recognised, having neglected to keep a musical appointment with her the previous evening. "Oh, "Monsieur," said she, "how is it you did not "come last night?"—"I assure you, Mademoi-"selle, I am exceedingly sorry, but I was ex-

" tremely ill."—" I am very sorry," said the young lady, and we conversed together for some time, whilst her young companion became a silent looker-on, not being able to talk French. Our *tête-à-tête* was wound up, by my saying, I would come on the following day, if agreeable. " *Je serai charmée de* " *vous voir*," said she, and, curtseying, went away. Very pretty indeed. If your Mamma did but hear you; but restraining my vanity for *once*, I thought she might have learned this little complimentary remark in Porney's *Dialogues*.

I visited several places after this, and met with a great deal of success. Returning to my lodgings, I laid down the produce of my Southampton trip, and found that I had collected two pounds in the whole.

The next day, 20th November, I was punctual to my engagement with the artist. He showed me into his painting-room. " Now, before I proceed," said he, " I must know how much I am to give " you for your loss of time."—" Nothing at all."—" But I must make you some acknowledgment," said he, " or I will not take your likeness."—" I shall " feel perfectly contented with three shillings." He said he would give me five, and I was requested to seat myself in a chair, placed on a small elevation. " It is my intention," said I, " to leave the town " to-morrow, so that you had better be as quick " as possible." He expressed himself very sorry, and offered to pay me if I would stop longer, as he

wished to have my half portrait as large as life. I then agreed to stop till Saturday, if he thought he would be able to do it in that time.

Mr. M—— made many inquiries respecting my dress—its national propriety, &c., and then proceeded to put me into a variety of positions.

It was at last settled that I was to look up, as if playing to some one at a drawing-room window, a position which I hinted I most admired. I was requested to keep my eyes constantly elevated, and to smile, till my unfortunate cheeks and eyes began to ache. The worthy artist was too much pleased with his occupation to understand my feelings; he continually observed that he was anxious to get a good likeness, would wish to give a whole month to it, and never permitted me any relaxation until he had finished the part for the present to his satisfaction.

At half-past one I was released, and took some refreshment, after which I resumed my seat until three o'clock, when I found he had effected a tolerable likeness.

Mr. M—— invited me to breakfast the following day, at eight o'clock. On my return home I was exceedingly ill, my eyes pained me, my head felt giddy, I experienced great nausea at my stomach, and was so ill that I went to bed. The artist had by no means a well-wisher in me at the time of my sufferings. If all the unfortunate wishes I uttered against him had come to pass, the good

gentleman, together with his paints and brushes, would have been in the lower regions long ago.

The next morning I got up, pretty well recovered, and proceeded to Mr. M——'s. I was asked into the parlour, where an excellent breakfast was laid out, and I was not long before I proved to my worthy host and hostess my opinion of it.

After breakfast, the portrait was taken in hand, and Mr. M—— proceeded with the drapery. I left him rather early, receiving another invitation to breakfast the following day. I was punctual to the appointment. Mr. M—— applied himself very assiduously, for it was the last time I should sit for him. During this occupation, he very generously offered me a variety of articles, such as coats, pantaloons, shirts, maps of England, and books. I returned him many thanks, and answered him, that I needed for nothing—that my wardrobe was very well stocked, having in London every thing I required. "I am very happy to "hear it," said he, and again requested me not to refuse.

"Mr. Fernandez," said the servant, ushering a gentleman into the room. The name was truly Spanish, and the gentleman so perfectly Spanish looking, that I felt considerable alarm lest I should be detected. I was very happy to hear the Señor talk English like a native, and I spoke to him in Spanish. To my astonishment, and very agreeably so, he could not speak a word.

" What! can't you talk Spanish," said I, " and a " Spaniard?"—" No," he replied, that he was an Englishman, but partly of Spanish blood. I could not help smiling to hear him say he was English; a more Castilian-looking person never came from Spain.

On his retiring, Mr. M—— resumed painting, and continued, except during dinner-time, until dark. He had now made a very good likeness, and I expressed myself very well pleased, though I suggested there was still room for improvement. I perceived his countenance light up with apparent satisfaction at my great approbation of his work, and he seemed to regret that I could not give him another sitting. " I can give you an- " other," said I; " I will come to-morrow."— " Oh, no, my dear Sir," said he, with a gentle shake of the head, and a very serious look, " it's " not the custom in this country to do any thing " on a Sunday." I did not, of course, repeat the offer.

I must confess that I was very much delighted with my portrait; not because I had a likeness of myself, but from the circumstance of its being taken in so strange a disguise. After tea we had some music, when Mrs. M—— favoured me by singing, and accompanying herself on the piano-forte, executing both with a great deal of taste.

In the course of the conversation, the ruffles which I wore happened to be mentioned, and I

observed that they were made a present to me at Brighton. "Then," said Mrs. M——, "you "must do me the favour to accept this purse." "I never refuse a lady's present, but I fear I am "depriving you of it."—"Not at all," said she. "I am, indeed," said I, taking the purse, "an "exception to the general rule, for I have plenty "of money, but have no purse to put it in, there- "fore your present will come doubly acceptable."

Pulling the purse about with my fingers, I saw something like gold, and suddenly pushed it from me, observing, that "I could not think of accepting "any money; further, that I did not require it." Then followed a scene of pressing me to accept it, and I obstinately refusing it, when Mr. M—— came into the room. "Monsieur de Vega," said his lady, "is going to quarrel with me, my dear," and explained the nature of our dispute. "Now "we are on the subject of money," said Mr. M——, "I will give you the five shillings we "agreed upon." I attempted to resist his offer, but I found it impossible. At nine o'clock I wished them good evening, and returned to my lodgings.

The next morning I was awoke by my landlady scolding her children, for, as she termed it, making a noise. The little brats were certainly piping and whining at a furious rate, but, when compared with the horrid shrill voice of the mother, it was perfectly musical. All my drowsiness was

thoroughly driven away by this woman's unfortunate system of keeping her children quiet, and I became an earlier riser by an hour, getting up at seven instead of eight. The whole of my day was passed in writing, and reading.

At five, I went, according to invitation, to tea at Mr. M——'s, whose lady favoured me with some sacred music. She also sang *Adeste fideles*, and some other hymns, with infinite taste. I made an *attempt* to join, but must confess the style of singing was rather foreign to me. Mr. M—— told me that he had obtained a free conveyance for me by the coach to Salisbury.

I have no doubt this generous creature paid for it himself; he also presented me with a written order from the coach proprietor at Salisbury, to let me go to Bath at an under price. He asked my address in London, observing he should be going there in the month of January next; but I felt it most judicious, for the sake of secrecy, not to give him my real one, and wrote down, No. 3, Thayer Street, Somers Town. He then gave me his address in town.

As I took my leave of them for the evening, I was again invited to breakfast the following morning. Proceeding to my lodgings, I began to reflect on their farewell invitation, and felt convinced that the kindness of these worthy people would painfully call my feelings into play. I would have given any thing to have escaped the

meeting, and tried in vain to make up some consistent excuse.

The next morning I was up at seven, packed up my luggage, made my toilette, paid my small reckoning, had my luggage conveyed to the coach-office, and then went to my appointment. Mr. M—— met me half-way, anxiously looking out for me. "I was afraid that you had gone," said he, and shook hands with me very cordially. The breakfast was ready: I drank and ate quite mechanically; as to appetite, I had none—the thoughts of my departure had driven it away. Mr. M—— was continually asking me if there was any thing in his power that he could do for me, a parent could not have shown greater anxiety; he proposed a thousand little comforts. I assured him that I stood in need of nothing except a large cotton umbrella. As the minutes drew near to the period of my departure, I perceived the countenance of Mrs. M—— become clouded, and she suddenly left the room, calling her husband to follow her. In a few seconds he returned.

He said to me, and the poor fellow was very much distressed himself, that he hoped I would excuse his wife wishing me good-bye—her acute feelings, on account of my present situation, overpowered her so much, that she could not take leave of me. I was so exceedingly hurt at hearing this, that I scarcely knew how to act. I was at first inclined to reveal my secret, or to have done

any thing to alleviate their distress. At last I said to him, pressing his hand very fervently, "Pray assure Mrs. M—— that I am perfectly "happy, and directly I arrive in London my con-"dition will be meliorated."—"I sincerely hope "it will," said he. I again repeated that it would, and begged him to assure Mrs. M—— of it.

The time for my departure arrived: I took a farewell glance at my portrait as I left the room. Mr. M—— presented me with the umbrella and a little wooden box, which, he observed, his wife had filled with refreshments. "I entreat," said I, "that you will tell her how truly sensible I am of "her kindness." This he repeated to Mrs. M——, who was in the parlour, and she made no answer. By her silence, I concluded that her distress was the greater, and felt more and more embarrassed myself. "Adieu, Madam, adieu," I exclaimed, and we were soon at the coach-office.

I perceived that my generous friend was struggling with his feelings: we spoke but little on our way, the few words, however, which he uttered, clearly proved to me how much he was distressed. I shook his hand very ardently, and assured him that I should never forget their kindness, and, hoping that I should shortly see him, bade him adieu. My luggage was now put on the coach, and we started off.